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THE DEGRADATION OF RIDLEY.

To face Title, Vol. II. Page 47.

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THE

ENGLISH MARTYROLOGY

ABRIDGED FROM FOX,

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

"HERE IS THE PATIENCE AND FAITH OF THE SAINTS."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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ENGLISH MARTYROLOGY.

CHAPTER I.

BISHOPS RIDLEY AND LATIMER.

Man is a polluted being: his best righteousnesses are as filthy rags; and whatever degree of relative and comparative holiness he may exhibit among his fellow men, not one of our race ever did or ever can take his stand before the throne of God, until washed in the blood of the Lamb from innumerable sins and defilements. It is especially needful to bear this truth in mind, when dwelling on the Acts and Monuments of our blessed martyrs. God, for his own glory and praise, endued many of them with such singular gifts and grace, that we are in danger of overlooking what they never forgot; and while they, in the act of giving their tortured bodies to the burning flames for their Lord's sake, uttered their last breath in supplications for mercy, abhorring the very idea of merit, and knowing that the reward was reckoned unto them not of debt but of grace, we, looking only on that which God effectually wrought in them, are in peril of forgetting that all the praise must be to the glory of his grace.

We now, thus guarded, enter upon the story of one of these vessels of mercy, in whose life and death the Lord was pleased alike to magnify himself. Dr. Nicholas Ridley was a native of Northumberland, born of an ancient and honourable family, and distinguished from childhood by great aptness and dexterity in learning. Being early sent to Cambridge, he soon became famous for his proficiency in all knowledge, and was rapidly promoted to the higher functions of the university, obtaining the degree of doctor in divinity, and the headship of Pembroke Hall. He then travelled on the continent, visited Paris, and on his return was made chaplain to king Henry VIII., who shortly

promoted him to the bishopric of Rochester; whence he was translated to that of London, by good king Edward.

Such was bishop Ridley in the exercise of his pastoral functions, so diligent, so laborious, so devoted, in preaching the true doctrine of Christ, that, as Fox observes, never good child was more singularly loved of his dear parents, than he of his flock and diocese. Every Sunday and holiday he preached to them in some place or other, unless unavoidably prevented; and wheresoever his sermon was delivered, thither the people resorted, swarming round him like bees, coveting the sweet flowers and wholesome juice of the fruitful doctrine which he not only preached but exhibited in the whole course of his life. He was so blameless and harmless, shining as a light in the dark world, that no one could fasten a reproach upon him. His learning was very great, his reading extensive, and his memory such as to rank him among the first of our sages and divines. Of this his sermons and disputations afford proof; nor did his worst enemies deny it.

To all this he added great wisdom in counsel, sharpness of wit, and deep political knowledge. In winning souls from error, his custom was ever to use the greatest gentleness and tenderness: he delighted in mercy; and when, during Edward's reign, an obstinate opposer, Heath, who had been suspended from his archbishopric in York, was committed to Ridley's care for twelve months, the kindness and courtesy of the good bishop towards his refractory guest sufficiently bespoke the principle of universal love which reigned in his heart, and ruled his life. But the most remarkable instance of this, rendered more striking by the infamous requital he experienced, was his conduct to the aged mother of Bonner. She dwelt in a house adjoining the bishop's palace at Fulham, and invariably, at the hour of dinner and supper, Dr. Ridley would say, "Go for my mother Bonner." A chair was reserved for her at the head of his table, and from that she was never displaced: even when, as was often the case, some of the king's council dined with him, the bishop would say, "By your lordship's favour, this place, of right and custom, is for my mother Bonner." In every respect, he treated her as though she had been his own parent; and to her daughter Mrs. Mungey, Bonner's sister, he extended the same hospitality, with all brotherly love and respect. In frightful contrast to this appears Bonner's extreme cruelty to the sister of Dr.

Ridley, whom, with her husband, he stripped of every possession, and sought with rancorous malice the life of the latter, George Shipside. What recompense Ridley himself received at Bonner's hands may appear from the course of his story. Never did tiger more insatiably thirst for the blood of his prey, than Bonner for that of Ridley. Well might the good bishop adopt the language of the Psalmist, "For the love that I bare unto them, they now take my contrary part."

The more we examine the character of Ridley, the darker appears their enmity. He was in every way formed to command the love and respect of his fellow men. In person and features most comely and pleasing; gentle, cheerful, and forgiving an offence as soon as it was committed against him. To his kindred most kind; but never allowing natural affection to deaden his keen sense of right and wrong. He gave it as a general rule to his own brother and sister, that if at any time they did evil, they must look for nothing further at his hand: they would become as strangers and aliens to him, while such as lived an honest and godly life should be considered his brother and sister in their stead—so jealous was he for the honour of that gospel which his own life adorned.

He loved to mortify his flesh; and lived much in prayer and contemplation. Every morning, when dressed, he devoted half an hour to secret prayer; then went to his study, where he continued till ten o'clock, the hour at which the morning service of the liturgy was regularly attended by all his household. After this, he went to dinner, not talking much; but in what he said, sober, discreet, and wise; and often merry. Dinner was soon removed, and then he allowed an hour at the table, in conversation or chess; after which, if not called to attend suitors, or other business, he would return to his study until five, when the household were again summoned to the evening service of the church. Supper followed; then another hour at chess, of which he appears to have been fond; and again to his study until eleven, when, after another half hour passed on his knees, he retired to rest. This was his daily course; and at Fulham he also expounded to his family, in order, the Acts and Epistles: a portion every day. To each one who could read, he gave a copy of the Scriptures, encouraging them by rewards to commit the word of God to memory. The thirteenth chapter of the Acts was a favourite portion

with him, and the hundred and first psalm, which he very frequently read to his family, labouring to make them a pattern of honesty and virtuous living. Jesus Christ was the food of his soul; and with that food he desired that all about him should be nourished to eternal life.

He had been first converted to the truth by means of a book on the sacrament, written by Bertram; and greatly confirmed therein by conference with Cranmer and Peter Martyr. As, in his former ignorance, he had been zealous, so was he now faithful and constant in upholding true doctrine, and very extensive good was wrought through his means, in the church, while the authority of external power upheld its peace, and defended the proceedings of those who loved the gospel. But when it pleased God to call away that precious prince, king Edward, the English church was left desolate; a prey to the enemy's hate; and after the coming in of Mary, this excellent bishop Ridley was among the first on whom they laid hands, and committed to prison. To the tower he was conveyed, and there confined until, as has before been stated, he was sent, with Cranmer and Latimer to Oxford, and all were enclosed in the common gaol, called Bocardo, for a time. They were then separated, and bishop Ridley was committed to the custody of a man named Irish, where he remained to the day of his martyrdom.

Many were the letters written by this excellent prelate during his captivity. Some were addressed to individuals; others to those imprisoned for Christ's sake, and to the afflicted church generally. Nothing can exceed the energy with which he denounces the antichristian religion of Rome, or the earnestness of his exhortations to courage and constancy in the holy warfare of Christ's people against the abominations of great Babylon. Yet the gentleness of Ridley's spirit never failed to shine forth even in the midst of his most awful warnings. He thus concludes a letter to his fellow captives, wherein he had drawn a faithful portrait of popery, working against God's people. "On their part our Saviour Christ is evil spoken of; but on your part he is glorified. For what can they else do unto you by persecuting you, and working all cruelty and villany against you, but make your crowns more glorious, yea, beautify and multiply the same, and heap upon themselves the horrible plagues and heavy wrath of God: and therefore, good brethren, though they rage never so fiercely

against us, yet let us not wish evil unto them again; knowing that whiles for Christ's sake they vex and persecute us, they are like madmen, most outrageous and cruel against themselves, heaping hot burning coals upon their own heads: but rather let us wish well unto them, knowing that we are thereunto called in Christ Jesus, that we should be heirs of the blessing. Let us pray, therefore, unto God, that he would drive out of their hearts this darkness of errors, and make the light of his truth to shine unto them, that they, acknowledging their blindness, may with all humble repentance be converted unto the Lord, and together with us confess him to be the only true God, which is the Father of light, and his only Son Jesus Christ, worshipping him in spirit and verity; Amen. The Spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ comfort your hearts in the love of God, and patience of Christ. Amen."

One more specimen must be given; it is an outpouring of the bishop's very heart to his dear friend John Bradford, then about to suffer for the truth's sake, and expecting to be sent for that purpose into Lancashire, his birthplace.

"Oh, dear brother, seeing the time is now come, wherein it pleaseth the heavenly Father for Christ our Saviour's sake, to call upon you, and to bid you to come, happy are you that ever you were born, thus to be found awake at the Lord's calling. Well done, good and faithful servant; because thou hast been trusty in small matters, he shall set thee over great things, and thou shalt enter into the joy of thy Lord.

"O dear brother, what meaneth this, that you are sent into your own native country? The wisdom and policy of the world may mean what they will, but I trust God will so order the matters finally by his fatherly providence, that some great occasion of God's gracious goodness shall be plentifully poured among his, our dear brethren, in that country, by this your martyrdom. Whence the martyrs for Christ's sake shed their blood, and lost their lives, oh what wondrous things has Christ afterwards wrought for his glory and confirmation of their doctrine! If it be not the place that sanctifieth the man, but the holy man doth by Christ sanctify the place, brother Bradford, then happy and holy shall be that place wherein thou shalt suffer, and shall be with thy ashes, in Christ's cause, sprinkled over withal. All thy country may rejoice in thee, that ever it

brought forth such a one, which would render his life again in his cause of whom he had received it. Brother Bradford, so long as I shall understand thou art in thy journey, by God's grace I shall call upon our heavenly Father, for Christ's sake, to set thee safely home: and then, good brother, speak you, and pray for the remnant which are to suffer for Christ's sake, according to that thou then shalt know more clearly.

"We do look now every day when we shall be called on, blessed be God. I ween I am the weakest, many ways, of our company; and yet I thank our Lord God, and heavenly Father, by Christ, that since I heard of our dear brother Rogers' departing, and stout confession of Christ and his truth even unto the death, my heart, blessed be God, is rejoiced of it, that since that time I never felt any lumpish heaviness in my heart, as I grant I have felt sometimes before. Oh good brother, blessed be God in thee; and blessed be the time that ever I knew thee. Farewell, farewell.

"Your brother in Christ,

"NICHOLAS RIDLEY.

"Brother farewell."

Who can read such effusions as the above, addressed from one Christian in a prison, to another expecting an immediate, fiery death, without emotion? "If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another," is an inspired declaration, to which no believer refuses his assent: but it is among those who are called to suffer indeed for Christ's sake that we trace the deep and fervent affection springing from a full appreciation of what Christ suffered for them. There is something unspeakably touching in the reiteration of that endearing word, brother, in the beautiful letter of bishop Ridley; and the repeated farewell, in reference to a parting, painful indeed to flesh, but promising a speedy, a rejoicing and an eternal reunion before the throne of God and of the Lamb. Would that we drank more deeply into the spirit of our blessed martyrs! If we knew more of the cross, which we are so unwilling to take up, we should have clearer and brighter views of the crown to which it is the appointed way.

We now proceed to the story of Ridley's companion, that eminent servant and true soldier of Christ, HUGH LATIMER, bishop of Worcester. His father was a respectable

yeoman in Leicestershire; and he being the only surviving son, with six daughters, and displaying at the age of four years remarkable talents, his parents resolved to give him a literary education; such as the common schools of the country could afford. So well did he profit by it, that at fourteen he entered at Cambridge, where, after exercising himself in various things, he settled to the study of such school divinity as the darkness of that ignorant age admitted.

Latimer was then most zealously devoted to the Romish religion; and so scrupulously exact in its services, that as he afterwards confessed, he used to think, when officiating as a priest, he could never mingle his massing wine and water enough; or pay sufficient attention to the observances and decrees of his church. Moreover, he was convinced that if once he became a professed friar, his soul could never be lost. Proportioned to this blind servility to erroneous doctrines, was his bitter enmity against the truth. The gospel and those who professed it, were the object of his abhorrence; he wrote against Philip Melancthon, and railed perpetually against a good man named Stafford, at that time lecturer in divinity at Cambridge; warning the young men of the university to give no heed to his teaching.

But the counsel of the Lord shall stand, and he will do all his pleasure. Latimer was a chosen vessel unto him; and when the time arrived for taking away the veil from his heart, God stirred up the blessed martyr Thomas Bilney to attempt the conversion of this zealous opposer. The means adopted were singular; Bilney was at that time working cautiously and secretly, trying out Satan's subtilties, and undermining the kingdom of antichrist. A direct attack on the prejudices of Latimer would not have been expedient; but Bilney, touched with brotherly love and pity, bethought himself of a beautiful device. He came to Latimer's study, asking him to hear his confession, to which the other, of course, agreed; and Bilney pouring out of the fulness of a truly contrite heart and sanctified spirit such things as had never before entered Latimer's mind, he was by the gracious operation of the Holy Ghost, so touched, that, forsaking at once the study of the school doctors, and other such idle nonsense, he betook himself zealously to true divinity, profiting in it greatly; forsaking his former way of caviling and railing, for quiet and dili-

gent conference with Bilney and others. He also visited Mr. Stafford, and besought his dying forgiveness of all the evil he had formerly spoken concerning him. But Latimer did not stop here: his zeal, mercifully turned into a right direction, increased with his light, and he became both a public preacher and a private instructer of his brethren, in the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus. With the learned he conferred in Latin: the simple and vulgar he delighted to teach in their native tongue; and thus, for three years, he laboured in the university, with great success. Satan, however, watchful for the preservation of his kingdom, did not long leave this vigorous assailant unopposed; but stirred up some of his own brood to molest him.

Latimer had preached certain sermons, about Christmas, 1529, in the churches of St. Edward and St. Augustine, in Cambridge, wherein, alluding to the common usage and games of the season, he spiritualized the cards, giving the people, instead of the idle sport connected with them, texts from the sermon on the mount, ingeniously adapted to the different suits and court cards. The heart he named as trump, being the principal thing wherewith they should serve God; overthrowing all hypocritical, external services, not tending to the furtherance of God's word and sacraments; and the better to attain this trump, or triumph, he recommended the study of the Scriptures in English, whereby the common people might best learn their duty to God and to their neighbours. This quaint device, according well with the habits and humour of the times, produced such an effect, that a certain Augustine friar took great umbrage at it, as well he might; for Latimer had with his trump card, the heart, effectually swept the board of all others, as men's traditions, pardons, pilgrimages, ceremonies, vows, devotions, voluntary works, or works of supererogation, the pope's supremacy, and the whole host of tools belonging to the craft by which the priests of Rome have their living. He also showed the corruption of man's nature, his perpetual offence against God; repentance wrought by the Holy Spirit, and salvation by faith in the Lord Jesus. To quiet the stir occasioned in Cambridge by Latimer's cards, the prior of the black friars, named Buckenham, preached upon dice; and taking for his throw a cinque, and a quatre, attempted to prove from five places in the New Testament, and from four doctors of his church, the

inexpediency of allowing the common people to study Scripture. Some of the ill effects to be apprehended from so doing were these: that the ploughman, reading in the gospel that no man having laid his hand on the plough, and looking back, is fit for the king of God, might perhaps cease from ploughing. The baker, when he heard how a little leaven corrupts a whole lump of dough, might perchance have his bread unleavened, to the disadvantage of our bodies. A simple man, too, taking literally the precept, "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee," might make himself blind, and so fill the world with beggars. These were three of the five points brought forward by the learned friar, to prove the danger of giving the Bible to the laity.

Latimer, hearing this curious sermon preached in the morning, came to the church the same afternoon, for the avowed purpose of answering it. A great multitude flocked to hear him; not only of doctors and under-graduates from the university, but of all classes among the towns-people. In the midst, right opposite to the pulpit, and close before the preacher, friar Buckenham planted himself, his black cowl thrown over his shoulders, a very conspicuous object, both to pastor and people. Latimer commenced by reciting the friarly reasons of Dr. Buckenham, and then in a strain of powerful argument seasoned with no little humour and keen wit, exposed their absurdity. After denying the existence of such danger as the friar apprehended, he demanded, on the part of the people, that at least the reading of the Scriptures should be allowed them, until Englishmen became so mad, that the ploughman durst not look behind him, or the baker leaven his bread. He then proceeded to explain the use of figurative language in the Bible; declaring such phrases to be in no wise difficult to understand; and that they abounded not only in the Hebrew, but in every speech and language; metaphors being so common, that the very painters placed them on walls and houses. "For instance," said he, looking full at the friar who sat over against him, "when they paint a fox preaching out of a friar's cowl, none is so mad as to take this to be a fox that preacheth, but know well enough the meaning of the matter, which is to point out to us what hypocrisy, crafts, and subtle dissimulation lieth hid many times in these friars' cowls; willing us thereby to beware of them." In short, so completely was the poor friar put to shame, that he was

never known to mount a pulpit again in opposition to Latimer. There was, however, another, a foreign grey friar, named Venetus, who, in his sermons, raged and railed against Latimer, calling him mad and brainless, and exhorting the people not to give heed to his preaching. To this the reformer opposed a very solemn discourse on our Lord's words, Matt. v. 21, 22, showing the heinousness of the offence, in calling a brother Raca, or fool. He then turned to other scriptures, to prove that it is the appointed lot of God's true people to be accounted fools and madmen, by the wise of this world; and setting forth the contrast that shall appear, when they who now revile his servants shall be, too late, convinced that the folly and madness were their own. This he declared must be the lot of such railers, except they repented. The effect of this answer was to drive the conscience-stricken opposer out of the university.

All this, as may well be supposed, stirred up most violent enmity against the bold reprover. Fox says, after enumerating some who distinguished themselves by their open hostility, "almost as many as were heads there of houses, so many impugners did this worthy standard-bearer of the gospel sustain." At length, Dr. West, bishop of Ely, thought fit to deliver a sermon against Latimer, at Barwell abbey; and to prohibit his preaching again within the churches of the university. It was then that Dr. Barnes, at that time prior of the Augustines, came forward in aid of the Lord's oppressed cause. He not only licensed Latimer to preach in his church, but himself took the duty in St. Edward's, on the same day, which was both a Sunday and Christmas day. There, for the first time, did Barnes set forth Jesus Christ, and him crucified, as the sinner's only hope; and for that sermon the informations were laid against him, which proved the beginning of his troubles in the flesh, gloriously ending in the crown of martyrdom.

Notwithstanding all the efforts of the adversaries, Latimer continued to preach and teach Jesus Christ in the university, for a considerable time. His chief companion was Bilney, and their favourite resort, where they used often to walk, and to take sweet counsel together in the fields, was long after known by the name of the Heretics' Hill. An event occurred during this period which shows these holy men no less zealous in following His steps who went about doing good, than they were in denouncing, as vain and sin-

ful, the doctrine that would attach any saving merit to the best of human works.

Among the prisoners confined in the gaol of Cambridge, was a woman charged with the murder of her child. In the course of their charitable visits to the captives they noticed this woman, whose denials of her guilt were so strong and steadfast, that Latimer and Bilney resolved fully to search the matter out. They found that the child had been sick of lingering consumption, for a year, and at last died, during the busiest time of harvest, so that when she went to summon help from her neighbours to prepare the child for its burial, not one was at home; and she was forced to set about the melancholy task alone. Her husband, who never had any love for her, coming in while she was thus employed, accused her of murdering the child. On his wicked and cruel charge she was thrown into prison, and condemned to die. Having fully satisfied himself of her innocence, Latimer took advantage of being called to preach before Henry VIII., at Windsor, and of the kindness with which the king afterwards discoursed with him, to intercede for the poor creature. He kneeled down, related all the circumstances, and earnestly craved for her the royal pardon; which was graciously granted, and the official notification of it committed to Latimer. In the mean time the poor woman gave birth, in the prison, to another child, to which Latimer stood godfather; but all the while he carefully concealed from the mother the good news that he had to communicate, hoping that if in any way she was really guilty, the extremity of her circumstances, looking forward to a speedy execution, would induce her to confess it. Instead of this, the only weight on her mind seemed to be a dreadful fear of everlasting perdition, if she should be brought to death before she had gone through the rites of purification, as ordained in the popish church; and most earnestly did she implore Latimer to administer to her those rites. He, however, and Bilney, took occasion from these superstitious apprehensions to preach to her the only true purification from all sin and uncleanness in the atoning blood of Christ; and having seen her brought into what they considered a hopeful state of mind, they showed her the king's pardon, and restored her to liberty.

Many such acts of mercy did these two brothers perform; insomuch that they were greatly remarked, and, of course, roused the haters of the truth to livelier diligence

in opposing it. Dr. Redman took the more charitable course of trying by argument to win Latimer from what he supposed erroneous ways, and was ably answered; others bestirred themselves in preaching and writing hard things against him, until, by their procurement, he was cited to appear before Warham, archbishop of Canterbury, and Stokesley, bishop of London, in 1531; against which citation Latimer appealed to his ordinary, but was, notwithstanding, taken to London, where he underwent a most tedious persecution, being obliged to appear thrice every week, before the ignorant and bigoted prelates, to answer a long string of charges and propositions. Finding no prospect of an end to their trifling, and that they would neither preach themselves nor suffer him to do his own duty, he addressed an expostulatory letter to one of their number. How he escaped the devices by which they constantly sought to make out matter of more serious accusation against him, and to bring his life into jeopardy, is not exactly known; but as Latimer, at a later period, in adverting to the snares and traps to which he was then exposed, makes glad mention of the goodness of Almighty God in giving him wisdom to answer, and to avoid the dangers then besetting him, it is not likely that he swerved, in any wise, from his usual bold and honest course; or was guilty of any prevarication. At length the king was led to show him such favour and countenance, that his enemies durst no further molest him; and being also greatly honoured by the good lord Cromwell and Dr. Butts, he was shortly advanced to the bishopric of Worcester.

Here Latimer found a wide field for the exercise of his manifold gifts; and he used it to the best of his knowledge and power. As a faithful and vigilant pastor, he instructed his flock with wholesome doctrine, confirmed by an example of perfect conversation, adding thereto all the exercises of visiting, exhorting, correcting, and reforming, as far as the dangerous and variable character of the times would admit. Many vain superstitions were yet enforced in the church, which he had not power to do away with: he therefore directed the ministers in his diocese to give as spiritual a turn as they could, to the foolish customs of sprinkling with holy water, giving holy bread, and the like, that the minds of the people might be, as much as possible, weaned from placing any reliance on those things. The trouble into which his enemies endeavoured to bring him,

he afterwards related in a sermon preached before the young king Edward, as follows.

"In the king's days that is dead, a great many of us were called together before him, to say our minds in certain matters. In the end one kneeleth down and accuseth me of sedition: and that I had preached seditious doctrine: a heavy salutation, and a hard point of such a man's doing, as if I should name, ye would not think. The king turned to me and said, "What say you to that, sir?"

"Then I kneeled me down, and turned me first to my accuser, and required him; 'Sir, what form of preaching would you appoint me, in preaching before a king? would you have me preach nothing as concerning a king in the king's sermon? have you any commission to appoint me what I shall preach?" Besides this, I asked him divers other questions, and he would make no answer to any of them all; he had nothing to say.

"Then I turned me to the king, and submitted myself to his grace, and said, 'I never thought myself worthy, nor did I ever sue to be a preacher before your grace, but I was called to it, and would be willing (if you mislike me) to give place to my betters; for I grant there be a great many more worthy of the room than I am. And if it be your grace's pleasure so to allow them for preachers, I could be content to bear their books after them. But if your grace allow me for a preacher, I would desire your grace to give me leave to discharge my conscience, give me leave to frame my doctrine according to my audience. I had been a very dolt to have preached so at the borders of your realm, as I preach before your grace."

"And I thank Almighty God (which hath always been my remedy) that my sayings were well accepted of the king; for like a gracious lord, he turned unto another communication. It is even as the Scripture saith, *Cor regis in manu Domini*, that is, 'The Lord directeth the king's heart.' Certain of my friends came to me with tears in their eyes, and told me they looked I should have been in the tower the same night."

The character of Latimer, simple, faithful, and undaunted, is admirably set forth in the preceding extract; which derives additional interest from having been uttered in the presence of Henry's successor; clearly giving the royal hearer to understand that he must expect the like plain-dealing, at his preacher's hands. But a far bolder thing

was done by Latimer, and such as, probably, no other man in the kingdom would have ventured upon, with a monarch like Henry the Eighth. An old Roman custom still prevailed in those times, of each bishop in the realm presenting a handsome gift to the king on New Year's day. Some gave rich articles of gold or silver plate, some a well-filled purse; each endeavouring, as far as his power went, to gratify his sovereign. Among the rest came Latimer, bishop of Worcester, and presented Henry with a New Testament, folded in a napkin, round which was imprinted this awful warning, from the twelfth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, "Fornicators and adulterers God shall judge." Thus, exercising the functions of his high and holy office, reproving, rebuking, exhorting, with such an abiding fear of God upon him as utterly cast out all fear of man, this good bishop walked in the steps of Jeremiah, and enjoyed the fulfilment of the promise given to the prophet, "Be not afraid of their faces; for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord." He remained unmolested, and indeed evidently favoured by the king; until, on the enactment of the iniquitous six-articles act, he saw that he must either lose the blessing of a good conscience, or resign his bishopric. He chose the latter; and giving up the pastoral charge, in which he was imitated also by Shaxton, bishop of Salisbury, he retired into private life. It is related of Latimer, that when, among friends in his own chamber, he first put off his episcopal rochet, he gave a skip on the floor for joy, feeling his shoulder lightened, as he said, of so heavy a burden. That weight did not consist in the duties of an office which he, as a faithful pastor loved; but in the burden laid on his conscience, of adherence to the many superstitions and idolatrous customs retained under Henry's nominal reformation of the church.

But, "in the world ye shall have tribulation" is the heritage of God's dear people; and so Latimer found it. Scarcely had he disentangled himself from the snare of his bishopric, when, by the fall of a tree, he was so bruised and injured, as to endanger his life, occasioning him to suffer great bodily pain to the end of his days. Then, coming up to London, he was again molested by the bishops, and at last, committed to the tower, where he remained, until the coming in of blessed king Edward opened both his prison and his mouth. During the short reign of that godly young

prince, Latimer was to be found labouring in every possible way for the promotion of undefiled religion throughout the land. Alike in his own diocese, in the convocation-house, and at court, his diligence was made manifest. In the royal garden, which in Henry's time had been made the scene of many a licentious revel, the venerable bishop would assemble the king and all his court, to hear the doctrine that distilled as the dew, to refresh and invigorate all within its influence. He preached twice every Sunday, notwithstanding his age, then sixty-seven, and the effects of his severe hurt. Every morning, summer and winter, he was up and at his book by two o'clock; and he not unfrequently travelled to other parts of the realm, there to spread the light of divine knowledge.

It is remarkable that, during these times he never ceased to predict what should shortly come upon the church and kingdom. In the midst of their prosperity, while the young king was still in health, with the promise of many lengthened years before him, Latimer seemed to have a constant foreshowing of the evil to come. He always affirmed that the preaching of the gospel would cost him his life, and that Winchester, then in the tower, was reserved to effect it. A few years proved the correctness of these impressions. Edward died; and very shortly after the proclamation of Mary, a pursuivant was sent into the country to summon Latimer to London, who having some hours' previous intimation of it, was so far from seeking to escape, that he got all things in readiness for the journey. The officer finding him prepared to set out, expressed some surprise, on which the venerable prelate remarked, "My friend, you be a welcome messenger to me: and be it known to you, and to all the world, that I go as willingly to London at this present, being called by my prince to render a reckoning of my doctrine, as ever I was at any place in all the world. I doubt not but that God, as he hath made me worthy to preach his word before two excellent princes, so will he enable me to witness the same unto the third, either to her comfort or discomfort eternally." The pursuivant however, having delivered his letters, abruptly departed, saying he had orders not to tarry for him. From this, it is clear that the wish of his guilty enemies was to drive him to self-exile, by flight; not to meet his bold and godly answers to their false charges; well knowing that his wisdom and constancy would rather confirm the Lord's

people, and confound his foes, than answer the ends of their crafty devices.

But flight was the last thing that would have occurred to bishop Latimer: he obeyed the summons, and repaired to London. Passing through Smithfield on his way, he merrily remarked that Smithfield had long groaned for him; and then, appearing before the council, he quietly endured their unseemly mocks and taunts; and in a spirit alike valiant and cheerful, took up, once more, his abode in the tower as a state prisoner. The extremity of cruel usage that he there experienced, fully confirmed what was before apparent, that the persecutors wished for nothing so much as privately to get rid of him: but the Lord had decreed to his faithful servant the prize of a glorious martyrdom, and who could wrest it away?

The tender mercies of popery—which most falsely assumes the name of a religion, while it is in fact only a system of political craft and worldly aggrandisement, trafficking in men's souls that it may have their bodies in more hopeless subjection—the tender mercies of popery afforded to this aged and wounded father in the church of Christ no better accommodation, during a long and piercing winter, than a damp cell, without one spark of fire, to keep life in his trembling limbs. One day, as he sat nearly perishing with cold, the lieutenant's man entered his dungeon, when Latimer bade him tell his master that if he did not look better to him, perchance he might deceive him. The lieutenant of the tower, on hearing this, hastened to examine whether his prisoner was preparing any means for escape; at the same time upbraiding him with what he had spoken to his man. The bishop replied, "Yea, Mr. Lieutenant, so I said; for you look, I think, that I should burn; but except you let me have some fire, I am like to deceive your expectation; for I am here like to starve with cold."

In the like spirit of calm and cheerful endurance did the old man meet all their cruelty and threats, until, unable to touch his life otherwise than as God had appointed, they were obliged to transport him, with Cranmer and Ridley, to Oxford; where, in the month of April they were condemned, as has been already related, and remanded to several prisons. In October, the mother of abominations resolved to replenish the cup of her drunken rage with the blood of these saints and martyrs of Jesus.

CHAPTER II.

BISHOPS RIDLEY AND LATIMER.

The archbishop of Canterbury having been called alone before the pope's delegates and the queen's commissioners, at Oxford, on the 12th of September, of whose examination we shall hereafter speak, it was judged expedient to send down another commission from cardinal Pole, on the 28th of the same month, directed to the bishops of Lincoln, Gloucester, and Bristol, to this effect: that they should have full power and authority to cite, examine, and judge Dr. Hugh Latimer and Dr. Nicholas Ridley, pretended bishops of Worcester and London, for the divers and sundry erroneous opinions which they had held and maintained in open disputation at Oxford. The instrument proceeded to empower the commissioners to receive them back, if penitent, and forthwith minister unto them the reconciliation of the holy father the pope; but if they proved stubborn in defending their opinions, then the judges should pass sentence on them, degrade them, and clean cut them off from the church; yielding them to receive the punishment due to all such heresy and schism.

In pursuance hereof, these lords repaired on the last day of December to the divinity school, placing themselves in the lofty seats erected for public lecturers and disputants. Here being set, in pompous trim, with cloth of tissue and cushions of velvet, they sent for the two captive bishops, who presently appeared; but choosing to examine them apart, and to begin with Ridley, these inhuman tormentors sent the aged and feeble Latimer back, not to his prison, where he might have rested a while, but into the outer room, exposed to the rudeness of such as had no right to approach nearer.

Dr. Ridley being placed before them, stood bareheaded, to hear the supposed royal commission publicly read by a notary; but no sooner was cardinal Pole, legate *a latere*, named than he put on his cap. The reading being finished, the bishop of Lincoln addressed the prisoner, telling him that neither he nor the other lords, in respect of their own persons, looked for cap or knee; yet as representing the lord cardinal's grace, legate *a latere* from the pope's

holiness, as well as that he was of a notable parentage, descending from regal blood, (here Ridley moved his cap, and did obeisance) as also worthy to be reverenced for his great knowledge, learning, and virtues, and especially as being in England deputy to the pope, he ought at his name to have uncovered his head. Ending by a threat that if he refused so to do, they would have his cap plucked off.

The scene deserves to be recorded in this day of weak and unfaithful concession: the more so, as Ridley was a man remarkable for meekness, charity, forbearance, and coutesy to all. He replied,

"As touching that you said, my lord, that you in your own persons desire no cap nor knee, but only require the same in consideration that you represent the cardinal's grace's person, I do you to wit, and thereupon make my protestation, that I did put on my cap at the naming of the cardinal's grace, neither for any discourtesy that I bear towards your own persons, neither for any derogation of honour towards the lord cardinal's grace. For I know him to be a man worthy of all humility, reverence and honour, in that he came of the most regal blood, and in that he is a man indeed with manifold graces of learning and virtue; and as touching these virtues and points, I with all humility, (therewith he put off his cap and bowed his knee) and obeisance that I may, will reverence and honour his grace: but in that he is legate to the bishop of Rome (and then he put on his cap) whose usurped supremacy and abused authority I utterly refuse and renounce, I may in no wise give any obeisance or honour unto him, lest that my so doing and behaviour might be prejudicial to mine oath, and derogation to the verity of God's word. And therefore that I might not only by confession profess the verity in not reverencing the renounced authority, contrary to God's word, but also in gesture, in behaviour, and in all my doings express the same, I have put on my cap, and for this consideration only; and not for any contumacy to your lordships, neither contempt of this worshipful audience, neither derogation of any honour due to the cardinal his grace, both for his noble parentage, and also his excellent qualities, I have kept on my cap."

"Master Ridley," said the bishop of Lincoln, "you excuse yourself of that with the which we pressed you not, in that you protest you keep on your cap neither for any contumacy towards us, which look for no such honour of

you, neither for any contempt of this audience, which, although justly they may, yet, as I suppose, do not in this case require any such obeisance of you; neither in derogation of any honour due to my lord cardinal's grace, for his regal descent (*at which word Mr. Ridley moved his cap*) and excellent qualities; for although in all the premises honour be due, yet in these respects we require none of you; but only in that my lord cardinal's grace is here in England deputy of the pope's holiness, (*at which word the lords and others put off their caps, and Mr. Ridley put on his,*) and therefore we say unto you the second time, that except you take the pains yourself to put your hand to your head, and put off your cap, you shall put us to the pain to cause some man to take it from you, except you allege some infirmity or sickness, or other more reasonable cause, upon the consideration whereof we may do as we think good."

Ridley answered, "The premises I said, only for that it might as well appear to your lordship as to this worshipful audience, why and for what consideration I used such kind of behaviour, in not humbling myself to your lordships with cap and knee; and as for my sickness, I thank my Lord God that I am as well at ease as I was this long season: and therefore I do not pretend that which is not, but only this, that it might appear by this my behaviour that I acknowledge in no point that usurped supremacy of Rome, and therefore contemn and utterly despise all authority coming from him. In taking off my cap, do as it shall please your lordships, and I shall be content."

Then the bishop of Lincoln, after the third admonition, commanded one of the beadles, an officer of the university, to pluck his cap from his head. Mr. Ridley bowing his head to the officer, gently permitted him to take away his cap.

After this scene, alike memorable and instructive, as showing how strictly the fathers of the Reformation guarded every outpost of the ground which we so madly throw open on every side, the examination proceeded. Our limits compel us to give only a summary, although each word deserves to be weighed and pondered by all who profess the faith for which these noble champions earnestly contended; and in which they became more than conquerors, while loving not their lives unto the death.

The bishop of Lincoln began a long and well-arranged

speech, by setting forth the authority vested in the commission, to re-admit bishop Ridley into the unity of what he was pleased to term the catholic and apostolic church, "which first was founded by Peter at Rome immediately after the death of Christ, and from him by lineal succession hath been brought to this our time," which, he said, the king, queen, and all the nobles and commons of the realm, and all Christian people confessed, while Ridley stood alone in his errors. He exhorted him to renounce his heretical opinions, and, after due penance enjoined, to receive the offered reconciliation. To this intent, he bade him consider that he had once been one of them; had taken degrees in their school, had been made a priest and became a preacher, setting forth their doctrine; and a bishop according to their laws; from which he had lately separated himself, and in the time of heresy became a setter forth of the devilish and seditious doctrine in those days preached. He then asserted that at the time when the new doctrine of faith only began to spring up, Ridley being deputed by the council to win over Stephen Gardiner, had addressed the latter in these words, "Tush, my lord, this matter of justification is but a trifle, let us not stick to condescend herein to them; but for God's love, my lord, stand stoutly to the verity of the sacrament; for I see they will assault that also." From this Lincoln sought to prove that Ridley was still of their mind respecting the mass, and dissembling with Edward's council. Moreover, he reminded him of having, in a sermon at Paul's cross, as effectually and catholicly spoken of the blessed sacrament as any man might do; summing up all by a final entreaty to return to his old belief, to acknowledge the infallibility of the Romish church; and the supremacy of the pope, lineally taking his descent from Peter, upon whom Christ promised to build his church. In proof of this supremacy being universally recognized by the ancient fathers and doctors, he quoted a place or two out of their writings, with one from Augustine, which he twisted to suit his purpose.

Bishop Ridley, in proceeding to answer this artful oration, thanked Lincoln for his gentleness, for his sober language, and his good and favourable zeal, in trying to prevail on him to leave his religion, "which," said he, "I perfectly know, and am thoroughly persuaded to be grounded not upon man's imagination and decrees, but upon the infallible truth of Christ's gospel, and not to look back, and

to return to the Romish see, contrary to mine oath, contrary to the prerogative and crown of this realm, and especially—which moveth me most—contrary to the expressed word of God."

He then divided Lincoln's argument into three points: "First, That the see of Rome, taking his beginning from Peter, upon whom you say Christ hath builded his church, hath in all ages, lineally from bishop to bishop, been brought to this time. Secondly, That even the holy fathers from time to time have in their writings confessed the same. Thirdly, That I was once of the same opinion, and, together with you, I did acknowledge the same."

His answer to these three points was to this effect: first, as to the foundation of the church, that not Peter himself, a mortal man, was chosen, so frail and brittle, for the foundation of a stable and infallible church, but upon the rock-stone of Peter's confession, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," had the Lord declared that he would build his church. "For," Ridley continued, "this is the foundation and beginning of all Christianity, with word, heart and mind to confess that Christ is the Son of God. Whosoever believeth not this, Christ is not in him; and he cannot have the mark of Christ printed in his forehead, which confesseth not that Christ is the Son of God. Therefore Christ said unto Peter that upon this rock, that is, upon this confession that he was Christ the Son of God, he would build his church; to declare that without this faith no man can come to Christ: so that this belief, that Christ is the Son of God, is the foundation of our Christianity, and the foundation of our church. Here you see upon what foundation Christ's church is built; not upon the frailty of man, but upon the stable and infallible word of God.

"Now, as touching the lineal descent of the bishops in the see of Rome, true it is that the patriarchs of Rome in the apostles' time, and long after, were great maintainers and setters forth of Christ's glory, in the which, above all other countries and regions, there was preached the true gospel, the sacraments were most duly ministered; and, as before Christ's coming, it was a city so valiant in prowess and martial affairs, that all the world was in a manner subject to it, and after Christ's passion divers of the apostles there suffered persecution for the gospel's sake; so, after that the emperors, their hearts being illuminated, received the gospel and became Christians, the gospel there, as well

for the great power and dominion as for the fame of the place, flourished most; whereby the bishops of that place were had in more reverence and honour, most esteemed in all councils and assemblies, not because they acknowledged them to be their head, but because the place was most reverenced, and spoken of, for the great power and strength of the same. As now here in England, the bishop of Lincoln in sessions and sittings, hath the pre-eminence of the other bishops, not that he is the head and ruler of them, but for the dignity of the bishopric. (At this the people smiled.) Wherefore, the doctors, in their writings, have spoken most reverently of the see of Rome, and in their writings preferred it; and this is the prerogative which your lordship did rehearse the ancient doctors to give the see of Rome. Semblably, I cannot, nor dare not but commend, reverence, and honour the see of Rome, as long as it continued in the promotion and setting forth of God's glory, and in the due preaching of the gospel, as it did many years after Christ. But after that the bishops of that see, seeking their own pride, and not God's honour, began to set themselves above kings and emperors, challenging to them the title of God's vicars, the dominion and supremacy over all the world, I cannot, but with St. Gregory, a bishop of Rome also, confess that the bishop of that place is the very true antichrist, whereof St. John speaketh by the name of the whore of Babylon, and say with the said Gregory, he that maketh himself a bishop over all the world, is worse than antichrist."

The second point, consent of the fathers to the assumed supremacy of Rome, he disposed of, by showing that Lincoln had misinterpreted the passage in Augustine, in whose time there were four patriarchs; of Alexandria, Constantinople, Antioch, and Rome: the jurisdiction of each extending only to the boundaries of his own province. By wilfully overlooking this, Lincoln had given to Augustine's words a meaning altogether foreign to them, for the sake of forcing a testimony in favour of papal supremacy; whereas he only spoke of his local and prescribed jurisdiction. He thus wound up his argument: "For this pre-eminence also the other doctors, as you recited, say that Rome is the mother of churches, as the bishopric of Lincoln is mother to the bishopric of Oxford, because the bishopric of Oxford came from the bishopric of Lincoln, and they were once both one; and so is the archbishopric of Canterbury mother

to the other bishopries which are in her province. In like sort, the archbishopric of York is mother to the north bishoprics; and yet no man will say that Lincoln, Canterbury, or York is supreme head to other bishoprics; neither then ought we to confess the see of Rome to be supreme head, because the doctors, in their writings, confess the see of Rome to be mother of churches."

Coming to the third point, he continued, "Now, where you say I was once of the same religion that you are of, the truth is I cannot but confess the same. Yet so was St. Paul a persecutor of Christ. But in that you say I was one of you not long agone, in that I doing my message to my lord of Winchester should desire him to stand stout in that gross opinion of the supper of the Lord; in very deed I was sent, as your lordship said, from the council to my lord of Winchester, to exhort him to receive also the true confession of justification; and because he was very refractory, I said to him, Why, my lord, what make you so great a matter herein? you see many anabaptists rise against the sacrament of the altar; I pray you, my lord, be diligent in confounding of them; for at that time my lord of Winchester and I had to do with two anabaptists in Kent. In this sense, I willed my lord to be stiff in defence of the sacrament, against the detestable errors of anabaptists, and not in the confirmation of that gross and carnal opinion now maintained.

"In like sort, as touching the sermon which I made at Paul's cross, you shall understand that there were at Paul's, and divers other places, fixed railing bills against the sacrament, terming it Jack of the box, the sacrament of the halter, round Robin, with such like unseemly terms; for the which causes I, to rebuke the unreverend behaviour of certain evil disposed persons, preached as reverently of that matter as I might, declaring what estimation and reverence ought to be given to it, what danger ensued the mishandling thereof, affirming in that sacrament to be truly and verily the body and blood of Christ, effectually by grace and spirit: which words the unlearned understanding not, supposed that I had meant the gross and carnal being which the Romish decrees set forth, that a body having life and motion should indeed be under the shapes of bread and wine."

Here the bishop of Lincoln found it expedient to interrupt his prisoner, by returning to the former cavil about

Augustine's expression; but there too Ridley made good his interpretation so soundly and convincingly that he was glad to shift his ground again, and, adverting to their instructions, proceeded to allege the visibility and universality of his church; and to plead that an acknowledgment of the fancied supremacy could not be prejudicial to the crown, since the king and queen had renounced what he termed the usurped power, taken by their predecessors. He set forth that there were two powers, of the sword and of the keys: the former being given to kings and rulers, the latter delivered by Christ to Peter, and of him left to all his successors. As touching their worldly goods, possessions, and lives, he said they acknowledged themselves subjects to the king and queen; but in spiritual and ecclesiastical matters they owned another head. To this doctrine he finally called on Ridley to subscribe, after the example of their majesties, who had yielded to it; assuring him that, by so doing, he would delight the pope and all Christendom, bringing quietness and health to his soul; while they would gladly receive him again, as no longer a rotten but a lively member of Christ's church. Otherwise they must do their duty, by delivering him up to the temporal judges, to receive at their hands the punishment due for his heresy. In conclusion he added these words, "Wherefore, Mr. Ridley, consider your state, remember your former degrees, spare your body, especially consider your soul, which Christ so dearly bought with his precious blood: do not you rashly cast away that which is precious in God's sight: enforce us not to do all that we may do, which is only to publish you to be none of us, to cut you off from the church. We do not nor cannot condemn you to die, as most untruly hath been reported of us; but that is the temporal judge's office: we only declare you to be none of the church, and then must you, according to the tenor of them, and pleasure of the rulers, abide their determination; so that we, after we have given you up to the temporal rulers, have no further to do with you. But I trust, Master Ridley, we shall not have occasion to do that we may. I trust you will suffer us to rest in that point of our commission which we most heartily desire, that is, upon recantation and repentance to receive you, to reconcile you, and again to adjoin you to the unity of the church."

After much interruption, bishop Ridley obtained a hearing, and spoke as follows: "My lord, I acknowledge an

unspotted church of Christ, in the which no man can err,* without the which no man can be saved, the which is spread throughout all the world; that is, the congregation of the faithful: neither do I alligate or bind the same to any one place, as you said; but confess the same to be spread throughout all the world. And where Christ's sacraments are duly ministered, his gospel truly preached and followed, there doth Christ's church shine as a city upon a hill, and as a candle in the candlestick: but rather it is such as you that would have the church of Christ bound to a place, and appoint the same to Rome, that there and nowhere else is the foundation of Christ's church. But I am fully persuaded that Christ's church is everywhere founded in every place where his gospel is truly received, and effectually followed. And in that the church of God is in doubt, I use herein the wise counsel of Vincentius Lirinensis, whom I am sure you will allow, who giving precepts how the catholic church may be, in all schisms and heresies, known, writeth in this manner: When, saith he, one part is corrupted with heresies, then prefer the whole world before that one part; but if the greatest part be infected, then prefer antiquity.

"In like sort now, when I see the greatest part to be infected with the poison of the see of Rome, I repair to the usage of the primitive church, which I find clean contrary to the pope's decrees; in that the priest receiveth alone, that it is made unlawful to the laity to receive in both kinds, and such like. Wherefore it requireth that I prefer the antiquity of the primitive church before the novelty of the Romish church."

The bishop of Lincoln contended that the faults thus alleged against the church of Rome were no faults. He absurdly adduced the fact of our Lord's manifesting himself after his resurrection, in the breaking of bread, of Paul breaking bread on the passage towards Rome, and of the apostles' coming together to break bread, as warrants for obliging the laity to receive in one kind only: adding that it was rightly done to compel the people to believe that Christ was wholly, both flesh and blood, under the form of bread. To establish the right of the church thus to alter commandments, he referred to Paul's injunction to the Gen-

* He obviously means, that no one being a child of God, and taught of him, will be permitted finally and fatally to err from the truth.

tiles, to eat no blood; and asked by what authority it was now made lawful to the Gentile Christian to eat blood, unless by the permission of the church. Ridley replied, that St. Paul's injunctions to the Gentiles were meant as a sufferance, by little and little to win the Jews to Christ. They were for the time, not respecting those who should come after. But Christ's commandment, "Do this," applied to what He then did, which was not to minister in one kind only; neither was it a commandment for a time, but to be persevered in to the world's end.

But Lincoln affected not to hear this, and proceeded in his oration, setting forth, that power had been vested by the Holy Ghost in what he called the church to alter scripture. He then declared that they did not come to reason the matter with the accused, but to propose certain articles, to each of which he must answer either affirmatively or negatively, either denying them or granting them, without farther disputation or reasoning. These articles he must answer by eight o'clock the next morning, for which purpose he might have a copy of them, with pen, ink and paper, and such books as he might demand, if they were to be had in the university.

The articles were then read, as follows:—

I. We do object to thee, Nicholas Ridley, and to thee, Hugh Latimer, jointly and severally, first, that thou, Nicholas Ridley, in this high university of Oxford, An. 1554, in the months of April, May, June, July, or in some one or more of them, hast affirmed, and openly defended and maintained, and in many other times and places besides, that the true and natural body of Christ, after the consecration of the priest, is not really present in the sacrament of the altar.

II. Item, that in the year and months aforesaid, thou hast publicly affirmed and defended, that in the sacrament of the altar there remaineth still the substance of bread and wine.

III. Item, that in the same year and months, thou hast openly affirmed, and obstinately maintained, that in the mass is no propitiatory sacrifice for the quick and the dead.

IV. Item, that in the year place and months aforesaid, these, the aforesaid assertions, solemnly had been condemned by the scholastical censure of this school, as heretical and contrary to the catholic faith, by the worshipful Dr.

Weston, prolocutor then of the convocation house, as also by other learned men of both the universities.

V. Item, that all and singular the premises be true, notorious, famous, and openly known by public fame, as well to them near hand, as also to them in distant places far off.

When the paper had been read, Lincoln, after private conference with the other bishops, asked Ridley what he said to the first; requiring him to answer, either affirmatively or negatively. He replied, "Why, my lord, I supposed your gentleness had been such that you would have given me space until to-morrow, that upon good advisement I might bring a determinate answer." Lincoln assured him that what he might then say should not be prejudicial to his answers on the morrow; but that he should have liberty to add, diminish, alter and change of his answers what he would. Ridley replied, "Indeed, in like manner, at our last disputation I had many things promised, but few performed. It was said that after disputation I should have a copy thereof, and license to change mine answers as I should think good; it was meet also that I should have seen what was written by the notaries at that time. So your lordship pretended great gentleness in giving me a time; but this gentleness is the same that Christ had of the high priest. For you, as your lordship saith, have no power to condemn me, neither at any time to put a man to death: so in like sort the high priest said, that it was not lawful for them to put any man to death, but committed Christ to Pilate, neither would suffer him to absolve Christ, although he sought all the means therefore that he might."

On this Dr. Weston exclaimed, "What! do you make the king Pilate?" "No, Mr. Doctor," replied the bishop, "I do but compare your deeds with Caiaphas' deeds, and the high priest's, which would not condemn any man to death, as ye will not, and yet would not suffer any man to absolve and deliver Christ."

Lincoln, unabashed by the just severity of this exposure of their treacherous deeds, renewed his demand for immediate answers, and his hollow promise of liberty to change on the morrow; Ridley, seeing them resolved on entrapping him, made this declaration: "I require the notaries to take and write my protestation, that in no point I acknowledge your authority, or admit you to be my judges, in which point you are authorized from the pope. Therefore, what-

soever I shall say or do, I protest, I neither say it neither do it willingly, thereby to admit the authority of the pope; and if your lordship will give me leave, I will show the causes which move me thereunto."

As may be supposed, Lincoln refused such permission. "No, Mr. Ridley, we have instructions to the contrary; we may not suffer you." "I will be short," said the martyr, "I pray your lordship suffer me to speak in few words." "No, Master Ridley, we may not abuse the hearers' ears." "Why, my lord, suffer me to speak three words." "Well, Mr. Ridley," said Lincoln, "to-morrow you shall speak forty. The time is far past; therefore we require your answer determinately. What say you to the first article?" —which he thereupon rehearsed.

Bishop Ridley, renewing his protestation against the pope's usurped authority and theirs, made answer to the first article, showing that while they and he confessed one thing in words—that in the sacrament is the very true and natural body and blood of Christ, they differed altogether in the manner of its presence. Ridley held it to be there by spirit and grace, so that whosoever worthily receiveth that sacrament, receiveth effectually Christ's body, and drinketh his blood; that is, he is made effectually partaker of his passion. But the papists made a grosser kind of being, enclosing a natural, lively and movable body, under the shape or form, of bread and wine. This he twice repeated, varying his expressions to enable the notaries the better to take in his exact meaning, and they then penned his answer affirmatively.

To the second article, again reserving his protestation, he replied, "In the sacrament is a certain change, so that that bread which was before common bread, is now made a lively presentation of Christ's body; and not only a figure, but effectually representeth his body, that even as the mortal body was nourished with that visible bread, so is the internal soul fed with the heavenly food of Christ's body, which the eye of faith seeth, as the bodily eyes see only bread. Such a sacramental mutation I grant to be in the bread and wine, which truly is no small change, but such a change as no mortal man can make, but only that omnipotency of Christ's word."

The bishop of Lincoln, not satisfied with this, desired him to give a direct answer, either affirmatively or negatively: he then replied more distinctly, that notwithstand-

ing the sacramental mutation of which he spake, the true substance and nature of bread and wine remained, with which the body was in like sort nourished, as the soul, by grace and spirit, with the body of Christ. He then alleged a similar operation in baptism, where, notwithstanding its sacramental use, the water ceased not to be water. Lincoln allowed not the analogy; and the notaries recorded the answer to the second article affirmatively of the charge.

To the third, he replied, "Christ, as St. Paul writeth, made one perfect sacrifice for the sins of the whole world; neither can any man reiterate that sacrifice of his; and yet is the communion an acceptable sacrifice to God, of praise and thanksgiving: but to say that sins are thereby taken away, (which wholly and perfectly was done by Christ's passion, of the which the communion is only a memory) that is a great derogation of the merits of Christ's passion. For the sacrament was instituted that we, receiving it, and thereby recognizing and remembering his passion, should be partakers of the merits of the same. For otherwise doth this sacrament take upon it the office of Christ's passion, whereby it might follow that Christ died in vain." This answer was also written down affirmatively; while the bishop of Lincoln made an attempt to parry the force of Ridley's argument, by asserting that Christ left the unbloody sacrifice of the mass in remembrance of the bleeding sacrifice on the cross.

To the fourth article, Ridley answered that in some part it was true, and in some false; true, that his assertions were condemned as heresies, though unjustly: false that the condemnation was scholastically ordered.

To the fifth he said, that the premises were in such sort true as in those his answers he had declared. Whether all men spake evil of them he knew not, in that he came not so much abroad to hear what every man said.

He was then remanded till eight o'clock the next morning, Lincoln wishing him to write his answer to the first article, which seemed to perplex them; but adding that if he wrote any thing saving his answers, they would not receive it.

Bishop Ridley being committed to the mayor's custody, Latimer was brought in by the bailiff, and placed before what his brother martyr had justly likened to the seat of Caiaphas. The venerable prelate appeared, bowed down by age, infirmity, and cruel usage, and clad in striking con-

trast to their proud and pompous array. He had on him an old thread-bare gown of Bristol frieze, confined to his body with a penny leather girdle, to which hung by a long strap of leather his Testament, while his spectacles, without a case, were suspended from his neck; his head was wrapped in a kerchief, over that a night-cap or two, and lastly a large coarse cap or hood, such as the lower order of townspeople used to wear, with two great flaps, buttoning under his chin. On entering, he exclaimed, "My lords, if I appear again, I pray you not to send for me until you be ready. For I am an old man, and it is great hurt to mine old age to tarry so long, gazing upon the cold walls." Lincoln replied, "Mr. Latimer, I am sorry you are brought so soon, although it is the bailiff's fault and not mine: but it shall be amended."

On this the good old man bowed his knee to the ground, holding his hat in his hand, a spectacle to angels and men, of one of those described by St. Paul, "of whom the world was not worthy." Lincoln commenced a long harangue by setting forth his commission from my lord cardinal Pole's grace, and our most reverend father, the pope's holiness, to sit in judgment on God's people. He used the same exhortations as with Ridley, urging the example of royalty, and so forth, the late terrible schism of the English church, in daring to throw off the papal yoke, and the general recantation of that error. That the supremacy of the Romish see was no usurped power, he undertook to prove not only by divers places of the ancient fathers, but also by the express word of God.

Latimer had remained quiet so far, leaning his head on his hand; but when the bishop talked of proving his point by Scripture, he began to remove the cap and kerchief from his ears.

Lincoln continued, and assuming that our Lord had commissioned Peter to rule or reign over his flock, averred that Peter by hand delivered the same authority to Clement, since which, in all ages, it had remained in the see of Rome. Then he extolled the king and queen, in that their majesties, though personally innocent of any dissent from popery, had humbly submitted themselves to my lord cardinal's grace; and, calling on Latimer to renounce his errors and heresies, with an assurance that otherwise he should be put to death, he concluded by an earnest exhortation couched in these words, "Consider, that if you should die in this

state, you shall be a stinking sacrifice to God; for it is the cause that maketh the martyr, and not the death: consider, that if you die in this state, you die without grace, for without the church can be no salvation. Let not vain-glory have the upper hand; humiliate yourself, captivate your understanding, subdue your reason, submit yourself to the determination of the church: do not force us to do all that we may do, let us rest in that part which we most heartily desire. And I, for my part, (then he put off his cap) again with all my heart exhort you."

After a pause, Latimer lifted up his head, which he had again leaned on his elbow, as he stood, or rather knelt before them, and asked if his lordship had said all? Being answered, Yea, he craved permission to speak a few words, which was granted by Lincoln, "Provided you use a modest kind of talk, without railing or taunts." Latimer proceeded, "I beseech your lordship, license me to sit down." This also was permitted. He then commenced a pungent commentary on the popish version of Peter's commission, showing how, in a book lately set forth, this point was argued by citing the authority given to the levitical priesthood, where, in Deuteronomy it is commanded that if there arise any controversy among the people, the priests shall decide the matter according to the law of God. The author of the book in question, he said, had transferred this authority to the bishops and clergy of the new law; but, leaving out the obligation of deciding according to the law of God, he had only recited, that as the priests of the order of Levi should decide the matter, so it should be taken of the people. This he called a clipping of God's coin; at which expression the people smiled: and he added, "Nay, nay, my lords, we may not give such authority to the clergy to rule all things as they will. Let them keep themselves within their commission. Now, I trust, my lord, I do not rail yet."

Lincoln answered that his talk was more like taunts than railing; adding that he had not seen the book, nor knew of any such. "Yes, my lord," said Latimer, "the book is open to be seen, and is intituled to one which is bishop of Gloucester, whom I never knew, neither did at any time see him to my knowledge." At that the people laughed out, for the bishop of Gloucester sat there in commission; who, rising, said the book was his.

"Was it yours, my lord?" said Latimer; "indeed I knew not your lordship, neither ever did I see you before; neither yet see you now, through the brightness of the sun shining betwixt you and me." Again the people rudely laughed; and the good old bishop turning to them said, "Why, my masters, this is no laughing matter: I answer upon life and death"—then he added in Latin, "Woe unto you that laugh now, for you shall weep."

Lincoln, commanding silence, said, that if he had kept within his bounds, and not used taunts, this had not happened. Then Gloucester, speaking in defence of his book, began, "Mr. Latimer, hereby every man may see what learning you have." Latimer interrupted him; "You look for learning at my hands, which have gone so long to the school of oblivion, making the bare walls my library, keeping me so long in prison, without book, or pen and ink? And now you let me loose to come and answer to articles. You deal with me, as though two were appointed to fight for life and death, and over night the one, through friends and favour, is cherished and hath good counsel given him, how to encounter with his enemy. The other, for envy or lack of friends, all the whole night is set in the stocks. In the morning, when they shall meet, the one is in strength, and lusty; the other is stark of his limbs, and almost dead for feebleness. Think you, that to run through this man with a spear is not a goodly victory?"

The bishop of Gloucester proceeded, saying that he had only used that passage of Scripture as an argument to prove that if the Jewish priests had power to decide controversies among the people, much more should the Christian priesthood have that power. What availed it, he asked, to recite the words, "according to God's law?" Latimer answered, Very much; for though he acknowledged that authority was given to the spirituality to decide in matters of religion, they must do it, he said, according to the word and law of God, and not after their own will, after their own imaginations and fancies. Gloucester would have spoken farther, but Lincoln saying they came not there to dispute with Mr. Latimer, but to take his determination to their articles, went on to propose the same articles that had been objected against Ridley. Latimer however continued, addressing the bishop of Gloucester, "Well, my lord, I could wish more faithful dealing with

God's word; and not to leave out a part, and snatch a part here, and another there, but to rehearse the whole faithfully."

The articles were then proceeded in, and Latimer before answering the first, made a stout protestation against acknowledging the bishop of Rome's authority, saying that he was the king's and queen's majesties' subject, and not the pope's; neither could serve two masters at one time, except he should now renounce one of them. He required the notaries so to record his protestation, that whatever he should say or do, it should not be taken as though he did thereby agree to any authority that came from the bishop of Rome.

This being understood, he gave answer to the first article. "I do not deny, my lord, that in the sacrament, by spirit and grace, is the very body and blood of Christ, because that every faithful man by receiving bodily that bread and wine, spiritually receiveth the body and blood of Christ, and is made partaker thereby of the merits of Christ's passion: but I deny that the body and blood of Christ is in such sort in the sacrament as you would have it." This answer was taken affirmatively of the first charge against him.

To the second article he made reply, "There is, my lord, a change in the bread and wine, and such a change as no power but the omnipotency of God can make, in that that which before was bread should now have the dignity to exhibit Christ's body; and yet the bread is still bread, and the wine still wine; for the change is not in the nature but the dignity, because now that which was common bread hath the dignity to exhibit Christ's body: for whereas it was common bread, it is now no more common bread, neither ought it to be so taken, but as holy bread, sanctified by God's word."

Here the bishop of Lincoln smiled, saying, "Lo, master Latimer, see what steadfastness is in your doctrine. That which you abhorred and despised most, you now most establish; for whereas you most railed at holy bread, you now make your communion holy bread." He alluded to one of the idle superstitions of his church, in distributing to the people what went by that name: an abuse which bishop Latimer had endeavoured to put down in his diocese. The martyr indignant at his quibbling, replied, "Tush, a rush for holy bread. I say the bread in the communion is holy

bread indeed." Lincoln interrupted him; "O, ye make a difference between holy bread and holy bread;" at which the audience again laughed. "Well, master Latimer, is not this your answer, That the substance of bread and wine remaineth after consecration?" He replied, "Yes, verily, it must needs be so. For Christ himself calleth it bread, St. Paul calleth it bread, the doctors confess the same, the nature of a sacrament confirmeth the same; and I call it holy bread, not in that I make no difference betwixt your holy bread and this, but for the holy office which it beareth; that is, to be a figure of Christ's body: and not only a bare figure, but effectually to represent the same." This answer was, of course, also taken affirmatively. Lincoln then asked what he said to the fourth article, and recited it. Latimer giving no reply, he asked if he had not heard him; to which he answered that he heard, but did not understand what he meant. Lincoln said that it meant that his assertions had been condemned by Weston as heresies; on which Latimer observed, "Yes, I think they were condemned; but how unjustly, he that shall be judge of all knoweth." The notaries took this answer affirmatively. To the fifth article, stating that these his assertions were notoriously evil spoken of, and yet common and frequent in the mouths of the people, the good bishop replied, "I cannot tell how much, nor what men talk of them. I come not so much among them, in that I have been secluded a long time. What men report of them I know not, nor care not." When this answer was taken, Lincoln said they did not mean his replies to be prejudicial to him: on the morrow he should have liberty to alter what he pleased; trusting he might then have pondered the matter so well as to confess what they call the truth.

"Now, my lord," said Latimer, "I pray you give me license in three words to declare why I have refused the authority of the pope." "Nay, Mr. Latimer," replied Lincoln, "to-morrow you shall have license to speak forty words." The martyr entreated that he might not be compelled to appear again on the morrow, assuring them that any respite was vain; but he was told there was no remedy; he must needs appear at eight o'clock on the following morning. He was then dismissed, in custody of the mayor.

The next day, being the first of October, the lords repaired to St. Mary's church, seating themselves on a high

throne, well trimmed with tissue and silk. At some distance from their feet was placed a framed table, covered with a silken cloth, where sat bishop Ridley: while benches on the four sides around it accommodated the heads of the university, with many gentlemen who, on account of its being also sessions' day, were in town, and attended the trial. A frame surrounded the seats, to keep off the press; for the whole university, and the townspeople too, were assembled to see the end of these two confessors. Silence being commanded, Lincoln addressed Ridley as before, touching his lack of cap-service to the lord cardinal's grace, as legate to the pope. At the mention of his holiness' name, all the bishops uncovered their heads, save Ridley, who moved not. He was then menaced with a forcible removal of the obnoxious cap, as before; to which he replied, by repeating his quiet but firm protestation, and the cap was hastily and rudely snatched off by an attendant beadle.

Then the bishop of Lincoln referred to his answer to the first article, on the preceding day, as having been unsatisfactory to them; stating that they had allowed him the use of pen, ink, and paper, with books, with leave to alter his former answers; and they were then assembled to learn if he was still in the same mind, or would revoke his former assertions, and in all points submit to the determination of the church. With cap in hand, he very earnestly besought Ridley so to do; not, he said, because his conscience pricked him, as Ridley supposed, but because he saw him to be a rotten member, and in the way of perdition. He then endeavoured to establish the correctness of his former interpretation of St. Augustine. Ridley maintained his first opinion of it; and after long disputation Lincoln proposed to decide the point by a reference to other doctors, from several of whom he rehearsed passages: but Ridley demanded both a reference to the places and an exact recital of the very words used by each author, to avoid a misinterpretation. It then appeared that the book from which Lincoln was reading, was only a compilation of extracts, made by some student; and those not literally given. He next offered to show that Philip Melancthon had adjudged the matter of the sacrament against Ridley, and called for the book to prove it: but as they had taken good care, a short time before, to burn all Melancthon's works, it was not forthcoming. His last essay was to prove, by an argument so absurd that it made Rid-

ley smile, that if altars were pulled down in England, Christ was not come; because Cyrillus had endeavoured to prove to the Jews that Christ was come, by the fact of altars being erected to his name, in Britain and far countries. The martyr not only explained the true sense of the passage, but strengthened his own argument by it; saying in conclusion, "As for the taking down of the altars, it was done upon just considerations, for that they seemed to come too nigh to the Jews' usage. Neither was the supper of the Lord at any time better ministered, more duly received, than in those latter days when all things were brought to the rites and usage of the primitive church." Lincoln rudely exclaimed, "A goodly receiving I promise you, to set an oyster table instead of an altar, and to come from puddings at Westminster to receive! and yet when your table was constituted you never could be content, in placing the same now east, now north, now one way, now another, until it pleased God of his goodness to put it clean out of the church."

Ridley replied, "Your lordship's unreverent terms do not elevate the thing. Perhaps some men came more devoutly from puddings, than other men do now from other things." Here Lincoln told him he should judge no man; and proceeded in all haste to call over the articles, saying that if he had brought his answer to the first in writing they would receive it; but if he had written any other matter, they would not receive it. Ridley took a sheet of paper out of his bosom, and commenced reading it, but a beadle was ordered to take it from him. He demanded license to go on, saying it was nothing but his answers; and on being refused, he remonstrated against the injustice of requiring his answer and then denying him liberty to publish it, for the audience to judge between them. He was told by the bishops they would examine it, and if it seemed good to them, it should be published; if he refused this, they would not take his answer at all. Seeing no remedy, he gave it up to the officer, who handed it to Lincoln, who, after privately communicating with the other bishops, declared the purport of the paper, but said he would not read what was written, as it contained blasphemy, with which he would not fill the ears of the audience, and abuse their patience. Ridley very earnestly pressed its publication, declaring that, except a line or two, it contained nothing but the sayings of the ancient doctors in confirmation

of his assertion. All his entreaties were vain: Lincoln persisted that it was blasphemous, and unfit to be read; reciting again the first article, and requiring an answer. Ridley referred him to what he had written, both then, and at his former examination before Weston. The like reference he gave, on being questioned as to the second article; and so on of all the rest.

Then the bishop of Gloucester thus commenced an harangue, "If you'd once empty your stomach, captivate your senses, subdue your reason, and together with us consider what a feeble ground of your religion you have, I do not doubt but you might easily be perduced to acknowledge one church with us, to confess one faith with us, and to believe one religion with us. For what a weak and feeble stay in religion is this, I pray you—Latimer leaneth to Cranmer, Cranmer to Ridley, and Ridley to the singularity of his own wit: so that, if you overthrow the singularity of Ridley's wit, then must needs the religion of Cranmer and Latimer fall also." He reminded him of the prophet's denunciation of woe to them that are wise in their own conceits, which he declared Ridley to be, because he refused the determination of the church, and brought Scripture to prove his assertions; they also, he said, brought Scripture; but Ridley understood the Scriptures in one sense, they in another; who was to judge between them? If he followed his own interpretation, then he was wise in his own conceit: if he said he would be led by the ancient doctors and fathers, he also differed from themselves in the construction to be put on their writings, and abiding by his private views of them he was still wise in his own conceit. On this pithy argument he grounded the necessity of blind submission to the church in all matters of controversy, reminding him how the Arians and other heretics had been thereby convinced. Of these materials he made a very long oration, still urging Ridley to escape the prophetical woe by submitting his judgment and reason to the church. When he had finished, bishop Ridley answered briefly that he saw not how that woe affected him; and denied that Cranmer leaned to him, being greatly before him in years, and learning; and meet to be his schoolmaster. Gloucester replied that Latimer had referred to Cranmer, and he to Ridley: and then Lincoln again, holding his cap in hand, most affectionately urged him to recant. He answered, firmly, that he was fully persuaded the religion he

defended was grounded upon God's word; and therefore without great offence to God, great peril and damage of his soul, he could not forsake his Master and Lord God; but he desired the bishop to perform his grant, having promised the day before that he should have license to show cause why he could not, with a safe conscience, admit the authority of the pope. Lincoln acknowledged that, whereas he had demanded to speak three words, he was content to let him speak forty, and would perform the grant.

Here Weston stepped forth, saying, "Why, my lord, he hath spoken four hundred already." Ridley admitted this, but pleaded that they were not of the prescribed number, nor of that matter. Lincoln, with a treacherous and insulting mockery for which there is no parallel, bade him take his license; and added he should speak but forty, as he would tell them on his fingers. Ridley began to speak; but before he had ended half a sentence, the doctors sitting by cried that his number was out; and he was instantly silenced. The bishop of Lincoln then regretted that they must proceed in their commission, taking God to witness that he was sorry for Mr. Ridley: who replied, "I believe it well, my lord; forasmuch as it will one day be burdenous to your soul." Lincoln denied this, and forthwith read the sentence of condemnation, setting forth that Nicholas Ridley, for stubbornly affirming and defending certain heresies, first, in denying the true and natural body of Christ and his natural blood to be in the sacrament of the altar; secondly, in affirming the substance of bread and wine to remain after consecration; thirdly, in denying the mass to be a lively sacrifice of the church, for the quick and the dead, and as he could by no means be persuaded from his heresies, was adjudged a heretic, sentenced to be degraded from the degree of a bishop, from priesthood, and all ecclesiastical order, and, as being no longer a member of the church, to be delivered over to the secular powers, of them to receive due punishment, according to the tenor of the temporal laws: and further excommunicating him by the great excommunication.

CHAPTER III.

BISHOPS RIDLEY AND LATIMER.

Having so far completed their crime against God's faithful servant, Ridley, and given him into the custody of the mayor, these wretched men proceeded to call before them the aged Latimer, for the same wicked purpose. But as nothing is too trivial to engage the attention of the apostate church, where she can exhibit the bitterness of her deadly hatred against Christ, in the persons of his saints, the cloth which had covered the table where Ridley sat was removed, on the plea that Latimer had never, like him, obtained the degree of a doctor. When the good old bishop appeared, and found only the bare table before him, he composedly laid down his hat, an old felt, and resting his elbows upon it, he immediately addressed the commissioners, saying, "My lords, I beseech your lordships to set a better order here at your entrance: for I am an old man, and have a very evil back, so that the press of the multitude doth me much harm." Lincoln replied, that he was sorry for his hurt; and promised to see to better order at his departure. Latimer thanked him with a very low obeisance; and Lincoln went on to exhort, and to inquire whether he was still the same man as yesterday, or whether he would recant, revoke his errors, and return to the catholic church. He was soon interrupted by the prisoner, who said, "Your lordship often doth repeat the catholic church, as though I should deny the same. No, my lord, I confess there is a catholic church, to the determination of which I will stand; but not the church which you call catholic, which rather should be termed diabolic. And whereas you join together the Romish and catholic church, stay there, I pray you: for it is one thing to say Romish church, and another thing to say catholic church. I must use here in this mine answer, the counsel of Cyprian, who, at what time he was cited before certain bishops that gave him leave to take determination and counsel, to try and examine his opinion, he answereth them thus: In sticking and persevering in the truth, there must no counsel or determination be taken. And again, being demanded of them sitting in judgment, which was the most like to be the church of Christ, whether he

which was persecuted, or they which did persecute? Christ, said he, has foreshowed that he that doth follow him must take up his cross and follow him. Christ gave knowledge that the disciples should have persecution and trouble. How think you then, my lords, is it like that the see of Rome, which hath been a continual persecutor, is rather the church, or that small flock which hath continually been persecuted of it, even to death? Also, the flock of Christ hath been but few in comparison to the residue, and ever in subjection." This he proved, beginning at Noah's time, even to the apostles.

Lincoln denied that his cause and Cyprian's were the same: but Latimer interrupted him saying, "Yes, verily, my cause is as good as St. Cyprian's: for his was for the word of God, and so is mine." Lincoln continued maintaining that before Christ's coming, there were very few who served God: that at the beginning of what he called the time of grace, it could not be but that the apostles must suffer some persecution, but that now, the church having arrived at perfection, and obtained the jurisdiction which unchristian princes formerly resisted, there was a great change in its estate. Having thus, to his own satisfaction, disposed of tribulation, as being no longer a mark of Christ's church, he informed Latimer that he must answer again to the articles, in the hope of showing some change in his opinions. They were recited; and answered as before. To the third article, respecting the mass, a determinate reply being demanded, he said, "Christ made one oblation and sacrifice for the sins of the whole world, and that a perfect sacrifice: neither needeth there to be any other, neither can there be any other propitiatory sacrifice."

To this followed a final exhortation to recant, which he answered by saying that he neither could nor would deny his Master, Christ, and his verity. The condemnation was read, and then the bishops broke up their session and dismissed the audience. Bishop Latimer reminded Lincoln of his promise to let him declare why he refused the pope's authority; but Lincoln said he could not now hear him, neither ought to talk with him. Latimer asked if it was not lawful for him to appeal from this judgment: Lincoln inquired, to whom he would appeal? "To the next general council," said Latimer, "which shall be truly called in God's name." To this appellation the other assented; add-

ing, however, that it would be a long season before such a convocation as he meant would be called.

The people still pressed in undiminished numbers, expecting some further process; but the mockery of a trial was concluded: Lincoln delivered his innocent victim to the mayor, commanded the people to disperse, and directed that Latimer should wait till the crowd was thinned, lest he should take hurt at his egress as he did at his entrance. He was then led to prison.

Nearly a fortnight having elapsed since the condemnation of these faithful pastors, and no hope appearing that their constancy might be shaken, it was deemed expedient to perpetrate forthwith the crowning act of murder. Preparatory to this, they must be degraded; for the church of Rome is too cunningly watchful over the immunities of her privileged order to deliver them up to a temporal jurisdiction, until she has formally cast them out of her ecclesiastical pale. Brooks, bishop of Gloucester, being entrusted with the office, went on the 15th of October to the house of Mr. Irish, where bishop Ridley was closely imprisoned, taking with him the vice-chancellor of Oxford, and other principal men of the university. He told Ridley the purpose of their coming, and again endeavoured to turn him away from the faith, offering the royal pardon on that condition: otherwise they must proceed according to law, though against their wills. "We have," said he, "been oftentimes with you; and have requested that you would recant this your fantastical and devilish opinion, which hitherto you have not, although you might in so doing win many, and do much good." These words account for the anxiety evinced by the persecuting party for the recantation of men whom they personally hated, and whose blood they longed to shed. Proportioned to their high standing in the estimation of Christ's flock, was the power of their example: and as their constancy unto death was blessed to the confirmation of many in the truth for which they willingly suffered, so would their apostasy have led a yet greater multitude to follow them in doing evil. It is grievous to find, that, even where charity would hope to discern a reluctance to shed innocent blood on the part of those unrighteous judges, they frequently betrayed that their object was, by compassing sea and land to gain one proselyte, in order to strengthen their party, and more speedily and effectually to quench the light of truth. Gloucester

continued, "Therefore, good Mr. Ridley, consider with yourself the danger that shall ensue both of body and soul, if that you shall so wilfully cast yourself away in refusing mercy offered unto you at this time."

The martyr replied, "My lord, you know my mind fully herein; and as for the doctrine which I have taught, my conscience assureth me that it was sound, and according to God's word (to his glory be it spoken); the which doctrine, the Lord God being my helper, I will maintain so long as my tongue shall wag, and breath is within my body, and in confirmation thereof seal the same with my blood."

"Well, you were best, Mr. Ridley, not to do so, but to become one of the church with us. For you know this well enough, that whosoever is out of the catholic church cannot be saved: therefore, I say once again, that whiles you have time and mercy offered you, receive it; and confess with us the pope's holiness to be the chief head of the same church."

"I marvel," answered Ridley, "that you will trouble me with any such vain and foolish talk. You know my mind concerning the usurped authority of that Romish Antichrist. As I confessed openly in the schools, so do I now, that both by my behaviour and talk I do no obedience at all unto the bishop of Rome, nor to his usurped authority, and that for divers good and godly considerations." Here he attempted to reason with Brooks on the subject, but the latter would not suffer it; nevertheless Ridley continued to speak so earnestly against the pope that the other told him if he did not hold his peace, he should be compelled against his will to do so. The gag was no unusual weapon of defence against those who spoke with a wisdom and power not to be gainsaid or resisted otherwise. Gloucester added that seeing he would not receive the queen's mercy, they must go on to degrade him from the dignity of priesthood: saying moreover, "we take you for no bishop, and therefore we will the sooner have done with you, committing you to the secular power: you know what doth follow." "Do with me as it shall please God to suffer you," was the reply; "I am well content to abide the same with all my heart."

Brooks desired him to put off his cap and put upon him the surplice: he answered, "I will not." "But you must." "I will not." "You must: therefore make no more ado, but put this surplice upon you." "Truly, if it come upon me, it shall be against my will." "Will you not put it upon

you?" "No, that I will not." "It shall be put upon you by some one or other." "Do therein as it shall please you; I am well contented with that, and more than that; the servant is not above his Master. If they dealt so cruelly with our Saviour Christ, as the Scripture maketh mention, and he suffered the same patiently, how much more doth it become us, his servants?"

The surplice was then forcibly put on him, with all the trinkets appertaining to the mass: during which he vehemently inveighed against the Romish bishop, calling him Antichrist, and the apparel foolish and abominable, too fond for a vice in a play. This made Dr. Brooks very angry: he bade him hold his peace, for that he did but rail. The Christian martyr replied, so long as his tongue and breath would suffer him, he would speak against their abominable doings whatsoever happened unto him for it. Here the Greek lecturer of the university standing by, counselled that he should be gagged. Dr. Ridley looked earnestly at him, shook his head, and with a sigh ejaculated, "Oh, well, well, well." Nevertheless, as they proceeded in their fantastic tricks, he continually spoke the most unwelcome things, in spite of their reproaches, and menaces of gagging him.

When they came to the place where he should hold the chalice and wafer-cake, they bade him take them into his hands: he replied, "They shall not come into my hands; and if they do, they shall fall to the ground for me." An attendant was obliged to hold them fast in his hands while Brooks read a certain thing in Latin, appertaining to that part of the performance. Next they placed a book in his hand, while Brooks recited the passage, "We do take from you the office of preaching the gospel," &c. At these words Dr. Ridley gave a great sigh, and looking up towards heaven, said, "O Lord God, forgive them this their wickedness!" The massing garments being taken off one by one, till the surplice only was left, they proceeded to the last step of the degradation, by deposing him from being a singing-man. Here he deridingly exclaimed at their wonderful power, at being able to take from a man that which he never had; saying that he never was a singer in all his life, yet they were taking that office from him.

When this ridiculous business had been solemnly ended, Ridley asked Brooks if he had done; as, if so, he wished to talk a little with him of those matters: but Gloucester re-

plied that he was now out of the church, and the law forbade his talking with any such. Ridley observed, "Seeing that you will not suffer me to talk, neither will vouchsafe to hear me, what remedy but patience? I refer my cause to my heavenly Father, who will reform things that be amiss, when it shall please him." As they prepared to go, he entreated Brooks to read a little book of Bertram's concerning the sacrament, promising he would find much good learning in it, if he would read it with indifferent judgment. No answer being returned to this, he remarked, "Oh, I perceive that you cannot away with this manner of talk. Well it boots not; I will say no more, I will speak of worldly affairs." He then requested Gloucester to be a means of supplicating the queen on behalf of many poor persons, particularly his own sister and her husband then present: they had, he said, a poor living granted to them by him, when he was bishop of London, which was taken away by him who now occupied his place, without law or conscience. It has already been stated how barbarously the ungrateful Bonner acted in this matter: Ridley had drawn up a petition to the queen, which he now requested Brooks to hear him read, but when he came to name his poor sister, he wept, and for a time could not speak for weeping. Recovering himself he said, "This is nature which moveth me; but I have done now;" and so read to the end: after which he delivered the paper to his brother, charging him to make the same supplication for all who had any leases or grants from him, and were deprived by Bonner, that he should do for himself. This scene appears to have touched the stony heart of Brooks; for he kindly said, "Indeed, Mr. Ridley, your request in this supplication is very lawful and honest: therefore I must needs in conscience speak to the queen's majesty for them." "I pray you for God's sake to do so," said Ridley; to which Brooks artfully rejoined. "I think your request will be granted, except one thing let it; and that is, I fear, because you do not allow the queen's proceedings, but obstinately withstand the same, that it will hardly be granted." But the martyr's constancy was not to be shaken by the pleadings of brotherly tenderness in his heart: he replied "What remedy? I can do no more but speak and write. I trust I have discharged my conscience therein, and God's will be done."

"I will do what lieth in me," said Brooks, and immedi-

ately calling the bailiffs he delivered the prisoner to them, with this charge, that they should keep him safely from any man speaking to him, and bring him to the place of execution whenever they were commanded. On hearing this, God's dear servant burst out into these expressions, "God, I thank thee, and to thy praise be it spoken, there is none of you all able to lay to my charge any open or notorious crime; for if you could, it should surely be laid in my lap, I see very well." Brooks told him he played the part of a proud pharisee, exalting and praising himself. "No, no," he answered, "as I said before, to God's glory be it spoken. I confess myself to be a miserable, wretched sinner, and have great need of God's help and mercy, and do daily call and cry for the same; therefore, I pray you, have no such opinion of me."

As they departed, a warden of one of the colleges exhorted him to repent, and to forsake his erroneous opinion. The bishop replied, "Sir, repent you; for you are out of the truth; and I pray God, if it be his blessed will, have mercy upon you, and grant you the understanding of his word." The other in anger said, "I trust that I shall never be of your erroneous and devilish opinion, either yet to be in that place whither you shall go:" adding, "He is the most obstinate and wilful man that ever I heard talk since I was born."

Approaching so near the blessed consummation of all his hopes, Dr. Ridley became not only joyous, but merry. He caused himself to be washed; and as he sat at supper, the night before he suffered, he bade his keeper, Mr. Irish, with his wife and all present, to his marriage, saying, "To-morrow I must be married." Speaking of his sister, whom he so tenderly loved, he wished her there, and asked her husband, who was present, whether she could find in her heart to be there, or no; who answered, "Yea, I dare say, with all her heart." On that Ridley observed he was glad to hear so much of her. Then seeing his hostess weeping much at this discourse, he sweetly said, "Oh, Mrs. Irish, you love me not now, I see well enough; for in that you weep, it doth appear you will not be at my marriage, neither are content therewith. Indeed you be not so much my friend as I thought you had been. But quiet yourself: though my breakfast shall be somewhat sharp and painful, yet I am sure my supper shall be most pleasant and sweet." When they rose from table, his brother offered to watch all

night with him; but he said, "No, no, that you shall not. For I mind, God willing, to go to bed, and to sleep as quietly to night as ever I did in my life." His brother therefore left him, exhorting him to be of good cheer, and to take his cross quietly, for the reward was great.

On the north side of the town of Oxford, over against Baliol college, in a ditch or hollow, the stake was set and all prepared for these faithful pastors to follow the steps of the good Shepherd who laid down his life for the sheep. The guilty queen, dreading an attempt at rescue, had commanded lord Williams to attend, with a sufficient guard to hold the people in check; and this being done, the prisoners were brought forth by the mayor and bailiffs. First came Dr. Ridley, habited as a bishop was wont to be, in a fair black gown, furred, and faced, a velvet tippet, also furred, about his neck; on his head a velvet night cap, with a cornered cap over it, and slippers on his feet. He walked between the mayor and an alderman, towards the stake.

After him appeared the venerable form of old Latimer, clad in a poor threadbare frock of Bristol frieze, with his buttoned cap, and a kerchief, on his head; all made ready for the fire, as appeared by the new long shroud that hung over his hose to his feet. A spectacle, which, says Fox, stirred men's hearts to rue upon them, beholding, on the one side the honour they sometime had, and on the other, the calamity whereunto they were fallen."

Bishop Ridley, as he passed near Bocardo, looked up to the window, hoping to have seen and spoken to Cranmer, whom he knew to be there confined. But friar Scott and his fellows were holding Cranmer in disputation, which prevented his being seen by his brethren. Ridley then looking back espied Latimer following, and said, "Oh, be ye there?" "Yea," answered the old man, "have after, as fast as I can follow." However, he could not make all the haste he wished; and Ridley first reached the place, where with a wonderful earnestness he lifted up his hands, looking towards heaven: then, seeing Latimer arrive, with a most cheerful look he ran to him, embraced and kissed him; speaking words of comfort and encouragement; "Be of good heart, brother; for God will either assuage the fury of the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it."

He then went to the stake, kneeled down by it, kissed it, and fervently prayed; Latimer kneeling behind him, as

earnestly called upon God as he. After this they arose, and had a little space for private conversation together, while the men who were to witness their torments in the burning flame, consulted their own ease, by shifting their seats to a place less exposed to the rays of the sun. Dr. South, who had recanted in king Edward's time, was now chosen to preach against the martyrs; he entered a pulpit, and took for his text the words, "Though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing;" alleging that the goodness of the cause, not the order of the death, made the holiness of the person, confirming it by the examples of Judas, and of a woman in Oxford who had lately hanged herself. He said that they, and other criminals whom he named, might as well be adjudged righteous, for desperately sundering their souls from their bodies, as he feared those men who stood before him would do; still crying to the people to beware of them, for they were heretics, and died out of the church. Then he declared the diversities of opinion among the reformers, classing them as Lutherans, Œcolampadians, and Zuinglians, of which latter sect he said the prisoners were, and that it was the worst; the old church of Christ, and catholic faith, holding far otherwise. At this, and similar passages of his discourse, the martyrs lifted up their hands and eyes to heaven, as calling upon God to witness for His truth. South ended his sermon, of scarcely a quarter of an hour's duration, by very briefly exhorting them to recant, and come home again to the church, to save their lives and souls, which else were both condemned.

Ridley asked Latimer, "Will you begin to answer the sermon, or shall I?" Latimer replied, "Begin you first, I pray you." "I will," said he; and so, both kneeling towards lord Williams, the vice-chancellor of Oxford, and the other commissioners, who sat on a form together, bishop Ridley addressed them, "I beseech you, my lord, even for Christ's sake, that I may speak but two or three words:" but while lord Williams bent towards the mayor and vice-chancellor, seemingly inquiring whether the request might be complied with, the latter, with the bailiffs, ran hastily to Ridley, stopping his mouth with their hands, and saying, "Master Ridley, if you will revoke your erroneous opinions, and recant the same, you shall not only have liberty to speak, but also the benefit of a subject, that is, have your life." "Not otherwise?" asked Ridley. "No," said Mar-

shall, the vice-chancellor; "therefore if you will not do so, then there is no remedy, but you must suffer your deserts." Ridley answered, "Well; so long as the breath is in my body, I will never deny my Lord Christ and his known truth. God's will be done in me." Then, rising up, he said with a loud voice, "Well, then, I commit our cause to Almighty God, which shall indifferently judge all." To which Latimer added a frequent saying of his, "Well, there is nothing hid but it shall be opened." He also remarked that he could answer South well enough, if he might be allowed: but immediately they were commanded to make themselves ready, and with all meekness they obeyed. Bishop Ridley, taking off his gown and tippet, gave them to his brother-in-law, Shipside, who during the whole time of his imprisonment, though not suffered to be with him, had yet at his own expense lodged hard by, providing him with necessaries, which he sent by the serjeant who guarded him. Other parts of his apparel he gave away; and the rest the bailiffs took: and to some gentlemen standing by, he delivered various little tokens of remembrance, which they received with much weeping. To Sir Henry Lee he gave a new groat; to others a napkin, a nutmeg, a race of ginger, his dial, and whatever trifling thing he had about him. Such was the eagerness of those who stood near him to secure a memorial of this blessed martyr, that some to whom he gave nothing plucked the points off his hose. Happy was he who could get any rag of him.

Bishop Latimer gave nothing, but quietly suffered the keeper to pull off his hose, and the rest of his simple array; and being stripped to his shroud, a remarkable change was observed in his appearance; for whereas he had hitherto seemed a withered, decrepit, and even a deformed old man, he now stood perfectly upright, a straight and comely person. Ridley was disposed to remain in his truss, or trousers; but on his brother observing that it would occasion him more pain, and that the article of dress would do some poor man good, he yielded to the latter plea, and saying, "Be it, in the name of God," delivered it to his brother. Then, being stripped to his shirt, he stood upon a stone by the stake, and holding up his hand, said, "O, heavenly Father, I give unto thee most hearty thanks, for that thou hast called me to be a professor of thee, even unto death: I beseech thee, Lord God, take mercy upon

this realm of England, and deliver the same from all her enemies."

The smith now brought a chain, and passed it round the bodies of the two martyrs, as they quietly stood on either side of the stake: while he was hammering the staple into the wood, Ridley took the chain in his hand, and shaking it, said, "Good fellow, knock it in hard, for the flesh will have its course." This being done, Shipside brought him some gunpowder in a bag to tie round his neck; which he received as sent of God, to be a means of shortening his torment: at the same time inquiring whether he had any for his brother, meaning Latimer, and hastening him to give it immediately, lest it might come too late; which was done. One more instance of the tender concern for others which filled the sweet spirit of this holy man, remained to be given: he addressed Williams, entreating his interest with the queen on behalf of those poor men dispossessed of their leases by Bonner, respecting whose hard case he had drawn up a petition, and referred him to his brother, Shipside, whom he pointed out, as having the paper in his care, ending with these words, "I beseech you, my lord, be a mean for them: you shall do a good deed, and God will reward you." A lighted fagot was then brought, and laid down at his feet, on which Latimer turned and addressed him in those memorable, and we humbly hope, prophetic words, "Be of good comfort, Mr. Ridley, and play the man: WE SHALL THIS DAY LIGHT SUCH A CANDLE, BY GOD'S GRACE, IN ENGLAND, AS, I TRUST, SHALL NEVER BE PUT OUT."

The flames rose; and Ridley in a wonderfully loud voice exclaimed in Latin, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit," often repeating in English, "Lord, receive my spirit!" Latimer on the other side as vehemently crying out, "O Father of heaven, receive my soul!" and welcoming, as it were, the flame, he embraced it, bathed his hands in it, stroked his venerable face with them, and soon died, seemingly with little pain, or none. So ended this old and blessed servant of God his laborious works, and fruitful life, by an easy and quiet death in the midst of the fire, into which he cheerfully entered for Christ's sake.

But it pleased the Lord to glorify himself otherwise in Ridley: his torments were terrible, and protracted to an extent that it sickens the heart to contemplate. The fire had been made so ill, by heaping a great quantity of heavy

fagots very high about him, above the lighter combustibles, that the solid wood kept down the flame, causing it to rage intensely beneath, without ascending. The martyr finding his lower extremities only burning, requested those about him, for Christ's sake, to let the fire come to him; which his poor brother Shipside hearing, and in the anguish of his spirit not rightly understanding, he heaped more fagots on the pile, hoping so to hasten the conflagration, which of course, was further repressed by it, and became more vehement beneath, burning to a cinder all the nether parts of the sufferer, without approaching the vitals. In this horrible state, he continued to leap up and down under the wood, praying them to let the fire come, and repeatedly exclaiming, "I cannot burn," writhing in the torture, as he turned from side to side, the bystanders saw even his shirt unconsumed, clean, and unscorched by the flame, while his legs were totally burnt off. In such extremity his heart was still fixed trusting in his God, and ejaculating frequently, "Lord, have mercy upon me!" intermingling it with entreaties, "Let the fire come unto me—I cannot burn." At last one of the bill-men with his weapon mercifully pulled away the fagots from above, so giving the flame power to rise; which the sufferer no sooner saw, than with an eager effort he wrenched his mutilated body to that side, to meet the welcome deliverance. The flame now touched the gunpowder, and he was seen to stir no more; but after burning awhile on the other side, and, as some reported, requesting the guards to hold his body to the stake with their bills, he fell over the chain at the feet of Latimer's corpse.

It was a sight that moved hundreds to tears and lamentations, even among those who considered him as an evil doer: the agony of his affectionate brother may well be conceived, who innocently increased and lengthened his torments, while seeking to terminate them. Fox dwells upon the scene with a touching lament. Whoso considered their preferment in times past, the places of honour that they sometime occupied in this commonwealth, the favour they were in with their princes, and the opinion of learning they had, could not choose but sorrow with tears, to see so great dignity, honour, and estimation, so necessary members sometime accounted, so many godly virtues, the study of so many years, such excellent learning, to be put into the fire and consumed in one moment. Well, dead they

are, and the reward of this world they have already. What reward remaineth for them in heaven, the day of the Lord's glory, when he cometh with his saints, shall shortly, I trust, declare.

And, indeed, it is only by turning to that sure promise of the Lord's righteous judgment that the heart can be restrained from uttering the language of burning indignation against those savage murderers, who have long since gone to their awful account: it cannot, nor ought it to be kept from beholding with horror the nature of the Antichristian mystery of iniquity, manifested in these its deadly fruits. The very uttermost that could be alleged against the two good bishops, was a dissent from the church of Rome, upheld by an appeal to the written word of God: and for this they were doomed to suffer all that the unrestrained barbarity of man could inflict upon his fellow, even to a most agonizing death. Woe unto us, if, with these examples before us, we shrink not from touching even the outermost fringe of that harlot's polluted garments! There is that mingled with the dust of Oxford which will rise up in the judgment, a terrible witness against those who, while trampling on the ashes of the martyrs, shall dare to suggest any, even the slightest measure of approximation to the apostate church —any recognition of her, otherwise than as the deeply accursed enemy of Christ and his saints.

It is remarkable that the venerable Latimer, whose fervency in prayer was such that he often continued kneeling until he was unable to rise without assistance, had particularly dwelt on three things, concerning which he made constant supplication to God during his imprisonment. The feebleness of age, added to his bodily ailments, disabled him from using his pen so much as his brothers in tribulation did: but this seemed to add to the urgency and perseverance of his prayers. The three requests on which he chiefly insisted were these. First, that as God had appointed him to be a preacher of his word, so also he would give him grace to stand to his doctrine until his death, that he might shed his heart's blood for the same. Secondly, that God of his mercy would restore his gospel to England once again; and these words, *once again, once again*, he did so inculcate and beat into the ear of the Lord God, as though he had seen God before him, and spoken to him face to face. Thirdly, he prayed for the preservation of the princess Elizabeth, whom he was accustomed to name, and even

with tears to desire God to make her a comfort to this comfortless realm of England. These were his chief petitions; and that they were all graciously heard and granted is apparent. With regard to the first he gave proof of the grace received, in his patience and constancy when standing at the stake, just before the tormentors applied the fire, by repeating with a sweet and placid countenance, his eyes being raised joyfully to heaven, "God is faithful who doth not suffer us to be tempted above our strength:" and his heart's blood was literally shed, in a somewhat extraordinary manner; for, his body being forced open by the violence of the fire, his heart was exposed; and in the sight of all the people such a profusion of blood burst from the heart, as excited the astonishment of those who saw it. The other two petitions were granted together: Elizabeth was preserved, amid all the snares and perils that constantly surrounded her steps, to become the means of restoring the gospel to England, of comforting the afflicted people of God, and of establishing the realm in a state of security and prosperity beyond what it had ever before enjoyed.

CHAPTER IV.

WINCHESTER'S DEATH.—MARTYRS.—JOHN PHILPOT.

THE measure of Stephen Gardiner's iniquities was now full: God would no longer suffer him upon earth, and the manner of his death was calculated to imprint a lesson on the consciences of his brother persecutors, had they not been seared with a hot iron. This wretched man, having succeeded to the utmost of his hopes and desires, in seeing the light of the gospel quenched throughout England, and the chief authority for tormenting the Lord's people vested in his own hands, had fully set his heart on accomplishing the murder of Latimer and Ridley. The day being fixed for their execution, he was so anxious to be assured of their death, that although the duke of Norfolk was at his house, waiting for dinner, he refused to have it served up until he should be satisfied that the two bishops were slain. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, several

hours beyond the regular meal-time, when his servant arrived, having ridden post from Oxford with the desired information; of whom Winchester having carefully inquired, and being certified that fire was set to them, he came rejoicingly to the duke, saying, "Now let us go to dinner." They sat down, and Winchester began merrily to regale himself: but "while the meat was yet in his mouth the wrath of God came upon him," and so smote him, that he was carried from the table to his bed, where for the space of fifteen days, he continned suffering intolerable anguish from an internal obstruction that could by no means be overcome, and which occasioned the most burning inflammation, insomuch that his tongue, which in his torment was continually thrust out, appeared swollen, and black as a coal. In this plight, he was visited by Day, bishop of Chichester, who sought to console him with the word of promise, repeating to him some scriptures that set forth the sinner's justification through faith in Christ's blood. Even the extremity to which he was reduced could not throw this vigilant hinderer of God's word off his ground: he saw the danger that menaced the power of Rome, if such truths were proclaimed, and said, "What! my lord, will you open that gap now? then farewell altogether. To me, and such other in my case, you may speak it; but open this window to the people, then farewell altogether." Thus perished Stephen Gardiner; and to God's judgment we leave him.

John Roper, George Webb, and Gregory Parke, gentlemen, were the next to follow in the steps of Ridley and Latimer. They were tried before Harpsfield and the bishop of Dover, and, for maintaining the scriptural doctrine of the sacrament, were adjudged heretics, and condemned to the fire in Canterbury. They went to the stake singing psalms; Roper, a young and sprightly person, on coming to the stake put off his gown and leaped for joy; then, when fire was set, he spread out his arms in the form of a cross, and never moved until they were so burned as to drop from his body. They all died counting themselves happy and blessed of the Lord that they were permitted to suffer for Christ's sake and the gospel. William Wiseman, a clothworker of London, died in the Lollards' tower, as it was supposed by violent means. Having been imprisoned for heresy, his dead body was cast out naked into the fields, to be torn by dogs and birds; but some poor believers ventured in the night to dig a grave and bury him, the

archers or bowmen standing by, and singing psalms over the spot, as they often did on similar occasions. JAMES GORE also died in prison, at Colchester, for the truth of God's word.

Next in order comes one of the most renowned and powerful champions of the faith that the antichristian church had to contend with in Mary's days. This was JOHN PHILPOT, archdeacon of Winchester, who has already appeared in the history, as withstanding the introduction of false doctrine on the queen's accession, when disputing in the convocation-house. He was the son of an honourable house; his father being a knight of Hampshire, and studied at Oxford with distinguished success, being a great proficient in the Hebrew and other tongues, no less than in the liberal arts. He was of a ready wit, singular courage, fervent in spirit, and in religion most zealous: a well-practised divine, by nature plain and honest; far from all flattery, farther still from hypocrisy and dissimulation: and how deeply learned, his enemies could well testify, who never in argument gained an advantage over him.

On leaving Oxford, Mr. Philpot, desirous of seeing other countries, travelled on the continent: at Padua he was in some danger from a Franciscan friar, who having conversed with him on the journey, threatened to accuse him of heresy. He returned to England, and becoming bolder as the prosperous times of king Edward gave him more liberty, he held various disputations with Stephen Gardiner, whose successor, Dr. Poiret, appointed him to the archdeaconry of that see, where, during the rest of Edward's reign, he continued greatly to profit and instruct the people. When that blessed king was taken away, Mary's first step, on ascending the throne, was, as we have seen, to forward her plan of destroying true religion throughout the realm, by assembling a convocation of prelates and learned men. Perfect freedom of speech was granted, with a promise of immunity, but only, as it afterwards appeared, to ascertain who were likely to prove the most able champions of the faith, in order to put them forthwith out of the way, by imprisonment and death. They found, in archdeacon Philpot, an unanswerable opponent: he, of course, was immediately charged with heresy, and, on the unalterable principle of popery, that neither promises nor oaths are binding when pledged to those out of her communion, the liberty officially given was set at nought, and he was

committed to prison for having dared to give, when called on by authority, a reason for the hope that was in him.

The examinations to which he was brought, all penned by himself, were so numerous and so long, that to give them entire is impossible, and to abridge them is to lose a great deal of valuable matter. Philpot was a man of most unconquerable spirit, shrewd, ready-witted, and so completely master of the controversy, that it is probable they never had so troublesome a subject to deal with. His first examination took place at Newgate, on the 2d October, 1555, before the queen's commissioners, with the infamous Dr. Story at their head. This man, before Philpot was called into their parlour, came out into the hall to view him, where he stood among other victims, and staring at him, insolently remarked that he was fat indeed; to which the archdeacon replied, "If I be fat, and in good liking, Mr. Doctor, it is no marvel, since I have been stalled up in prison this twelve months and a half, in a close corner." He then demanded the cause of his imprisonment, and was told that his suspected heresy was the cause; which Story desired him to revoke, adding threats, if he continued obstinate. Being then brought into the inner room, he was taxed with being out of the catholic church, and a disturber of the same. To this he pleaded the liberty of speech granted in the convocation-house, represented his long and unjust confinement, and demanded the privileges of an English subject, to be openly charged if he had transgressed any law of the realm, fairly tried, and either condemned or acquitted. Roper maintained the right of any magistrate to commit a supposed felon on suspicion, and Story taxed him with the crime of heresy, which he denied. Story asserted that he had spoken against the mass: Philpot again insisted on the liberty given by the queen and her council, for every man openly to speak his mind in the convocation. Story told him he should go to Lollards' tower, to be handled like a heretic; to answer to all that he spoke in convocation, and to be judged by Bonner. Philpot refused any authority but that of his own ordinary, the bishop of Winchester, saying that if he chose to take his life away, as he had done his liberty and living, he might. To this Story replied, that the convocation-house, "in which he had spoken words against the blessed mass," was in the bishop of London's diocese; therefore he should be judged by him. He still protested, but received only

taunts, except from one, who besought him to turn, and save his life. After a mild reply, Philpot addressed Story: "And you, master doctor, of old acquaintance in Oxford, I trust will show me some friendship, and not extremity." "I tell thee," said Story, "if thou wouldst be a good catholic man, I would be thy friend, and spend my gown to do thee good; but I will be no friend to a heretic, as thou art, but will spend both my gown and my coat but I will burn thee. How sayest thou to the sacrament of the altar?" Philpot declined entering on the subject just then, as he came not there to dispute with him, but to answer to any charge lawfully laid against him. Story repeated that he should go to Lollards' tower; and he then desired to see their commission, before he submitted to their authority. Roper was willing to show it; but Story cried, "Shall we let every vile person see our commission?" Cholmley would have remanded him to the place whence he came, till they could show him their authority; but Story savagely said, "No, let him lie in the meanwhile in the Lollards' tower; for I will sweep the King's bench, and all other prisons also of these heretics; they shall not have that resort as they have had, to scatter their heresies."

Philpot replied, "You have power to transfer my body from place to place at your pleasure; but you have no power over my soul. And I pass not whither you commit me, for I cannot be worse entreated than I am, kept all day in a close chamber: wherefore it is no marvel that my flesh is puffed up, whereat master doctor is offended."

It was finally arranged that he should be taken back by the marshal, to be brought up again on the Thursday after; and after some more persuasions from the others, and railing from Story, he was led away.

It was, however, three weeks before they again sent for Philpot; to whom, as he was going, an acquaintance dwelling in Aldgate said, "God have mercy on you, for you are already condemned in this world; for Dr. Story said that my lord chancellor had commanded to do you away." So completely did the lives of the protestants hang upon the malicious caprice of a single popish prelate! When brought to the commissioners, he was assailed by Cholmley with the promise of great favour and reputation if he would recant, to which he shortly replied, "I shall do, as it becometh a Christian man to do." Story then broke forth, "This man is the rankest heretic that hath been in all my

lord chancellor's diocese, and hath done more hurt than any man else there: and therefore his pleasure is that he should have the law to proceed against him; and I have spoken to my lord herein, and he willeth him to be committed to the bishop of London, and there to recant or else burn. He howled and wept in the convocation-house, and made such ado as never man did; as all the heretics do, when they lack learning to answer. He shall go after his fellows. How sayest thou, wilt thou recant?" To this railing speech Philpot quietly answered, "I know nothing that I have done that I ought to recant." "Well then," said Story, "I pray you let us commit him to the Lollards' tower, there to remain until he be further examined before the bishop of London; for he is too fine fed in the King's bench, and he hath too much favour there: for his keeper said at the door yesterday that he was the finest fellow, and one of the best learned in England." And after bearing this singular testimony to the prisoner's character, Story departed.

The commissioners then proceeded in the usual way, taunting, reviling, and harassing him; setting at nought his protestation at being called to account for what he had spoken under the queen's licence, and asking if the queen gave him leave to be a heretic. They denied his right to be considered an archdeacon, saying that a notorious heretic needed not the formality of a deprivation to displace him: they refused to show him their commission, although Roper wished to do so; and ordered him away to the Lollards' tower. The close of the scene may serve as a specimen of all that passed. On being told by Dr. Cook, that he should go to that noisome cage, he said, "Sir, I am a poor gentleman; therefore I trust of your gentleness you will not commit me to so vile and strait a place, being found no heinous trespasser." "Thou art no gentleman," said Cook. "Yes, that I am." "A heretic is no gentleman," proceeded the doctor, "for he is a gentleman that hath gentle conditions." Philpot answered, "The offence cannot take away the state of a gentleman as long as he liveth, although he were a traitor: but I mean not to boast of my gentlemanship, but will put it under my feet, since you do no more esteem it." Story, who had returned, here exclaimed, "What, will you suffer this heretic to prate with you all this day?" Cook observed, "He saith he is a gentleman." Story replied, "A gentleman, quoth he? he is a

vile heretic knave, for a heretic is no gentleman. Let the keeper of the Lollards' tower come in, and have him away." The keeper appearing, he added, "Take this man with you to the Lollards' tower, or else to the bishop's coal-house." "Sir," said Philpot, "if I were a dog you could not appoint me a worse and more vile place: but I must be content with whatsoever injury you do offer me. God give you a more merciful heart: you are very cruel upon one that hath never offended you." He then appealed to Cholmley, whose bearing had been far more gentle than his fellows; and he, calling him aside, privately declared that he understood neither their laws nor their doings; and wished he could do him good. Philpot then said to them, "I am content to go whither you will have me. There was never man more cruelly handled than I am at your hands, that without just cause known should thus be entreated." "Shall we suffer this heretic, thus to reprove us?" cried Story: "have him hence." Philpot replied, "God forgive you, and give you more merciful hearts, and show you more mercy in the time of need. 'That ye do, do quickly.'" Story at this exclaimed, "Do ye not hear how he maketh us Judases?" "That is after your own understanding," said Philpot, and was led away.

Such was the treatment experienced at the hands of men calling themselves Christian divines, and just judges, by one whose rank, by birth, education, and church dignity, was fully on a par with the best of them. After he, with four others, had supped at the keeper's house in Paternoster Row, Philpot was called up stairs by a servant of the archdeacon of London, who offered him a bed; for which he expressed his thanks, but said, "It would be a grief to me to lie well one night, and the next worse; wherefore I will begin as I am like to continue, and take such part as my fellows do." They were then conducted to the place called the bishop's coal-house, hard by which, in a small dark house, was exhibited a great pair of stocks, made to confine both feet and hands, as a specimen of what they might further expect. However, Philpot writes, "thanks be to God, we have not played of those organs yet, although some before us have tried them; and there we found a minister of Essex, a married priest, a man of godly zeal, with one other poor man. This minister, at my coming, desired to speak with me, and did greatly lament his own infirmity, for that through extremity of imprisonment he was con-

strained by writing to yield to the bishop of London; whereupon he was once set at liberty, and afterward felt such a hell in his conscience, that he could scarce refrain from destroying himself; and never could be at quiet until he had gone unto the bishop's register, desiring to see his bill again; the which as soon as he had received, he tore it to pieces; after which he was as joyful as any man might be. Of the which, when my lord of London had understanding, he sent for him, and fell upon him like a lion; and like a manly bishop buffeted him well, so that he made his face black and blue, and plucked away a great piece of his beard. But now, thanks be to God, he is as joyful under the cross as any of us, and very sorry of his former infirmity. I write this, because I would all men to take heed how they do contrary to their conscience; which is to fall into the pains of hell."

On the second evening, Bonner, who saw the importance of gaining over such a man as the archdeacon, sent him a mess of meat, and a pot of drink, for himself and his companions, protesting that he had no knowledge of Mr. Philpot being kept there, and was very sorry for it. This relief he received very gratefully, giving God thanks for having disposed the bishop to show such charity to poor prisoners, and took it immediately to his fellow captives: as he says, "praising God for his providence toward his afflicted flock, that he stirred their adversaries up to help the same in their necessity." The bishop's man then asked the cause of his confinement, saying that his lord wondered why he should be troubled with prisoners of other dioceses than his own. Philpot showed him the matter; and soon after the messenger's departure, he was summoned to the bishop's presence, who received him with every appearance of courtesy and commiseration, saying he had only heard within two hours of his being there. "I pray you," added the bishop, "tell me what was the cause of your sending hither; for I promise you, I know nothing thereof as yet, neither would you should think that I was the cause thereof; and I marvel that other men will trouble me with their matters; but I must be obedient to my betters; and I fear men speak otherwise of me than I deserve." This was a fair specimen of the dragon's bleat, when it served his purpose to speak as a lamb. Throughout the interview, Bonner maintained the same appearance of simplicity, candour, and good-will; most cunningly seeking thereby to draw from

Philpot some confirmation of what he had spoken in the discussion, or an admission that he had since maintained the same doctrines: but the prisoner, though returning his civility with all possible gentleness, was too wary to be so entrapped. Thus baffled, the bishop turned to another topic, which is thus related by Philpot. "I marvel," said he, "that you are so merry in prison as ye be, singing and rejoicing, as the prophet saith, rejoicing in your naughtiness. Me thinketh you do not well herein; you should rather lament and be sorry." "My lord, the mirth that we make is but in singing certain psalms, according as we are commanded by St. Paul, willing us to be merry in the Lord, singing together in hymns and psalms; and I trust your lordship cannot be displeased with that." Bonner answered, "We may say unto you, as Christ said in the gospel, 'Tibiis cecinimus vobis, et non planxistis;" but here, says he, my lord stumbled, and could not bring forth the text, and required his chaplains to help, and to put him in remembrance of the text better; but they were mum: and I recited out the text unto him, which made nothing to his purpose, unless he would have us to mourn, because they, if they laugh, sing full sorrowful things unto us, threatening fagots and fire. "We are, my lord, in a dark, comfortless place, and therefore it behoveth us to be merry, lest, as Solomon says, sorrowfulness eat up our heart. Therefore I trust your lordship will not be angry for our singing of psalms, since St. Paul saith, 'If any man be of an upright mind, let him sing.' And we therefore, to testify that we are of an upright mind to God, though we be in misery, do sing." The bishop had no answer to give; so he repeated his fair words, and bidding him good night, ordered that he should go to the cellar and drink a cup of wine. One of the chaplains used this interval to persuade him to recant; but Philpot, having taken the wine, returned to the coal-house, "where," he writes, "I with my six fellows, do rouse together in straw, as cheerfully, we thank God, as others do in their beds of down."

Not long after, the bishops of London, Bath, Worcester, and Gloucester dining together at the house of the archdeacon of London, they sent for Philpot, and desired to talk with him. Bonner expounded the cause of their summoning him, Bath declared they meant to bring him back to the church, and Worcester said, "Before he beginneth to speak, it is best that he call upon God for grace, and to

pray that it might please God to open his heart, that he may receive the truth." Philpot, on hearing this, directly fell on his knees, praying aloud in these words, "Almighty God, which art the giver of all wisdom and understanding, I beseech thee of thine infinite goodness and mercy in Jesus Christ, to give me, most vile sinner in thy sight, the spirit of wisdom to speak and make answer in thy cause, that it may be to the contentation of the hearers before whom I stand, and also to my better understanding, if I be deceived in any thing."

Bonner said, "Nay, my lord of Worcester, you did not well to exhort him to make any prayer. For this is the thing they have a singular pride in, that they can often make their vain prayers, in the which they glory much. For in this point they are very much like unto certain arrant heretics, of whom Pliny maketh mention, that did daily sing praise unto God before dawning of the day." "My lord," said Philpot, "God make me and all you here present such heretics as those were that sung those morning hymns: for they were right Christians, with whom the tyrants of the world were offended for their well doing." "Proceed to that he hath to say," said the bishop of Bath: "he hath prayed I cannot tell for what."

They then questioned him, with the usual view to engage him in some declaration on which to build a charge; but Philpot remained firm in rejecting the jurisdiction of Bonner, and demanding to be sent to his own ordinary. As with Bradford, however, they at last prevailed, insinuating that he had no just ground for differing from them, and attributing to obstinacy and self-will his singularity of opinion, to lead him into a discussion on the assumed authority of the Romish church. Cole offered to prove from Athanasius that in his time a universal council decreed that Rome was in all things to be followed throughout the Christian world: Philpot, after protesting against any other authority than that of the Scriptures, called them to the proof; being assured that no such decree had then passed. The book was brought, and after a long search, wherein Harpsfield helped the perplexed bishops to very little purpose, they hit upon a passage and handed the volume to Philpot, who found that it had no such bearing as they pretended. This he showed; whereupon Bonner exclaimed, "So will you say still, it maketh nothing for the purpose, whatsoever authority we bring; and will never be satisfied." "My

lord," said Philpot, "when I do by just reason prove that the authorities which be brought against me do not make to the purpose, as I have already proved, I trust you will receive mine answer." Worcester then asserted, "It is to be proved most manifestly by all ancient writers, that the see of Rome hath always followed the truth, and never was deceived, until of late certain heretics defaced the same." "Let that be proved," said Philpot, "and I have done." "Nay," returned the other, "you are of such arrogancy, singularity, and vain-glory, that you will not see it, be it never so well proved." This drew from the martyr a well deserved rebuke, "Ah! my lords, is it now time, think you, for me to follow singularity and vain-glory, since it is now upon danger of my life and death, not only presently, but also before God to come? And I know if I die not in the true faith, I shall die everlastingly: and again I know, if I do not as you would have me, you will kill me, and many thousand more: and yet I had rather perish at your hands than to perish eternally. And at this time I have lost all my commodities of this world, and lie in a coal-house, where a man would not lay a dog; with the which I am well contented."

The argument, if such it could be called, when on one side nothing was advanced but assertion wholly devoid of proof, and on the other unanswerable proofs, thrust aside by the opponents, without notice, was continued at great length; until Cole, seeing how little his party was likely to gain, interposed, saying, "My lords, why do you trouble yourselves to answer him in this matter? It is not the thing which is laid to his charge, but his error of the sacrament; and he, to shift himself of that, brought in another matter." When Worcester remarked, "It is wonder to see how he standeth with so few against a great multitude," Philpot retorted, "We have almost as many as you; for we have Asia, Africa, Germany, Denmark, and a great part of France; and daily the number of the gospel doth increase: so that I am credibly informed that for this religion in the which I stand, and for the which I am like to die, a great multitude doth daily come out of France, through persecution, so that the cities of Germany be scarce able to receive them: and therefore your lordship may be sure the word of God will one day take place, do what you can to the contrary!" Worcester jeeringly replied, "They were well occupied to bring you such news; and you have been

well kept to have such resort unto you. Thou art the arrogantest fellow, and stoutest fond fellow that ever I knew." Philpot meekly replied, "I pray your lordship to bear with my hasty speech: for it is part of my corrupt nature to speak somewhat hastily: but for all that, I mean with humility to do my duty to your lordship. This led to some exchange of mild language between the bishops and their victim: after which they rose up, consulted together, and caused a writing to be made, wherein he had reason to believe his blood was bought and sold. He was then remanded to his dungeon.

The fifth examination of this constant man was conducted in Bonner's palace, by himself, the bishops of Rochester, Coventry, St. Asaph, and another; doctors Story, Curtop, Saverson, Pendleton, with various chaplains, gentlemen of the queen's chamber, and others. Bonner began by saying he had requested them to take some pains with Philpot, as he was to sit in judgment on him on the morrow; at which information the prisoner expressed great gladness, remarking that speedy trial had before been falsely promised him, and adding, "I look for none other but death at your hands; and I am as ready to yield my life in Christ's cause as you be to require it." Then followed a brisk argument on the subject of his privilege of speech in the convocation-house; one trying to make out that dissent from popery was treason against the queen; another disputing his title to the liberty granted, because "he had not spoken under reformation, like others, but as earnestly and persuasively as any man could do." At last Rochester asked him if he would stand to what he had there said, and if he thought he had then spoken well or no: to which treacherous question Philpot wisely answered, "My lord, you are not mine ordinary to proceed ex-officio against me; and therefore I am not bound to tell you my conscience, of your demands." Then they questioned him of the sacrament, with no better success; he still stood on the point of law, regarding their authority: until Bonner lost all patience, gave him the lie, and called him the veriest beast that ever he heard; to which he answered, "Your lordship may speak your pleasure of me: but what is this to the purpose which your lordship is so earnest in?" Having completely foiled them on the point of civil and ecclesiastical law, he called on them to prove the Romish to be the catholic church. The bishop of St.

Asaph declared it most evident that Peter built the catholic church at Rome; that Christ had said to Peter, "Thou art Peter; and upon this rock I build my church;" and that as the succession of bishops in the see of Rome could be proved from time to time, as it could of no other place so well, therefore the Romish church was the catholic church of Christ. Philpot told him that what he would represent as undoubted was most uncertain: what Christ said to Peter proving nothing, unless he would have the rock to be Rome; "And although," said he, "you can prove the succession of bishops from Peter, yet this is not sufficient to prove Rome the catholic church, unless you can prove the profession of Peter's faith, whereupon the catholic church is builded, to have continued in his successors at Rome, and at this present to remain."

Being called on to show, if he could, what the word "catholic" signifies, he answered, "Yes, that I can, I thank God. The catholic faith, or the catholic church, is not, as now-a-days the people be taught, to be that which is most universal, or of most part of men received, whereby you do infer our faith to hang upon the multitude, which is not so: but I esteem the catholic church to be as St. Augustine defineth the same. "We judge as the catholic faith, that which hath been, is, and shall be." So that if you can be able to prove that your faith and church hath been from the beginning taught, and is and shall be, then you may count yourselves catholic, otherwise not. And catholic is a Greek word, compounded of κατὰ, which signifieth after, or according to, and ὅλον, a sum or principal, or whole. So that catholic church, or catholic faith, is as much as to say, as the first, whole, sound or chiefest faith."

This definition of the word, given by one of the most learned men and soundest divines that the church can boast, deserves attentive consideration. A right understanding of it would tend to check modern protestants in the misapplication of the term, into which they have been beguiled, through false delicacy to their deluded fellow-creatures; who, taught by their crafty guides, insist on the concession to them of a title which we cannot allow without compromising our conscience and principles. It was a point on which the martyrs were always found ready to yield their lives: nor would they use the term Roman Catholic, seeing that it implies an admission of the first, whole, sound, or chiefest faith, being taught in the church of Rome.

The explanation given by Philpot was, of course, unacceptable to the bishops: Bonner, whose reading was nothing to boast of, asked those around if the passage was really to be found in Augustine, as cited; and Dr. Curtop acknowledged that it was so; and Coventry demanded that the book should be examined: but Bonner knowing by experience that such references tended to the greater triumph of the protestants, got angry, declaring he would break all off unless they were quiet. The argument then proceeded at great length, Philpot being enabled to answer every objection, speaking, like Stephen, with a wisdom and spirit which none could gainsay or resist: while on their part some moderation was exhibited, until Dr. Story came in, to whom he spoke on the cruelty of his imprisonment, and delay of trial. Story commenced a torrent of the most disgusting language, calling him a beast, fool, ass-head, and beastly heretic, scoffing at his assertion that the word of God was the appointed judge between them. Philpot, however, persisted in maintaining it. "It is the saying of Christ, in St. John, 'The word which I have spoken shall judge in the last day.' If the word shall judge in the last day, much more it ought to judge our doings now. And I am sure I have my judge on my side, who shall absolve and justify me in another world. Howsoever now it shall please you by authority, unrighteously to judge of me and others, sure I am in another world to judge you." "What!" exclaimed Story, "you purpose to be a stinking martyr, and to sit in judgment with Christ, at the last day, to judge the twelve tribes of Israel?" "Yea, sir, I doubt not thereof, having the promise of Christ, if I die for righteousness' sake, which you have begun to persecute in me."

The close of this scene exhibits in an awful light the hardened blindness of the wretched persecutor Story, contrasted with the quiet resignation of his victim. It is a solemn thought, that the record remains in that book out of which the dead shall be judged. After much railing, Story said, "Well, sir, you are like to go after your father Latimer, the sophister, and Ridley, who had nothing to allege for himself but that he had learned his heresy of Cranmer. When I came to him with a poor bachelor of arts, he trembled as though he had the palsy; as these heretics have always some token of fear whereby a man may know them, as you may see this man's eyes do tremble in his head. But I dispatched them; and I tell thee that there hath been

yet never a one burnt, but I have spoken with him, and have been a cause of his dispatch." To this horrible avowal Philpot replied, "You have the more to answer for, Mr. Doctor, as you shall feel in another world, how much soever you do now triumph of your proceedings." "I tell thee," continued the wretch, "I will never be confessed thereof. And because I cannot now tarry to speak with my lord, I pray one of you tell my lord that my coming was to signify to his lordship, that he must out of hand rid this heretic out of the way." Then, as he left the room he said to Philpot, "I certify thee that thou mayest thank none other man but me." "I thank you therefore, with all mine heart," answered the martyr, "and God forgive it you." "What!" cried the other, "dost thou thank me? If I had you in my study half an hour, I think I should make you sing another song." "No, Mr. Doctor, I stand upon too sure a ground to be overthrown by you now." One by one, the persecutors then slunk away, till Philpot was left alone. When his keeper afterwards was conducting him to his coal-house, they were met by Bonner, who in the smooth phrase that he generallly used towards him, told him to require any thing he pleased, in his house. Philpot replied, "My lord, the pleasure that I will require of your lordship is to hasten my judgment which is committed unto you, and to dispatch me forth of this miserable world, unto my eternal rest." Writing, a fortnight afterwards, he says, "for all this fair speech, I cannot attain hitherto either fire or candle, neither yet good lodging. But it is good for a man to be brought low in this world, and to be counted among the vilest, that he may in time of reward receive exaltation and glory. Therefore, praised be God that hath humbled me, and given me grace to be content therewithal. Let all that love the truth say, Amen."

The sixth appearance of the archdeacon was before sundry noblemen: the queen's chamberlain, the lords Ferrars, Rich, St. John, Windsor, and Chandois; Sir John Bridges, and two others unknown to him, with the indefatigable Bonner and Dr. Chedsey, on the 6th of November. They were seated at a table, before which the prisoner stood, and after a private injunction from Bonner to conduct himself prudently, before these lords of her majesty's council, he was openly called on by the bishop to say what he could, that it might appear to them whether he and his brethren had done what they could to win him from his errors. Philpot

commenced stating his case; but before he could proceed he was required to say whether Bonner had been the cause of his imprisonment, and whether he had experienced any cruel usage at his hands. He answered both queries in the negative. The subject of his privilege in the convocation-house was then discussed, and got rid of by a miserable quibble: nevertheless they offered to overlook what had there been spoken, provided he would express his regret for it, and acknowledge their idolatrous sacrament, against which Bonner assured them he had uttered many wicked things. He was invited to declare his mind upon it; and when he mentioned that it was a matter of life and death so to do, Rich assured him they would take no advantage of his words. Philpot replied that he did not mistrust them; but there sat one among them, pointing to Bonner, who would lay it to his charge, even to the death. However, he declared himself willing to speak fully, if Bonner did not hinder him; and he having promised not to interrupt, Philpot spoke freely on the two principal points where, as he said, the clergy did then deceive the whole realm: the sacrament, and the assumed catholicity of the Romish church. He ended by offering to stand against the best in the realm, if they would prevail with the queen to give him a public trial; and if they could prove themselves to be the catholic church, he would revoke all his former opinions, and consent to them in all points. Bonner strove repeatedly to interrupt him; but was held to his pledge by the rest, sorely against his will. Rich then compared Philpot to Joan of Kent, who was burned in Edward's days; and Bonner, with a great parade of learning, undertook to prove the insufficiency of Scripture, by defying him to reconcile, by the help of Scripture alone, the two texts, "My Father is greater than I," and "I and my Father are one." This he did beautifully; and after being fully answered in all points where he hoped to perplex this sound divine, and truly spiritually minded Christian, he turned to his fellows, saying, "You see, my lords, that this man will have his own mind, and wilfully cast away himself. I am sorry for him." Philpot rejoined, "The words that I have spoken be none of mine, but the gospel, whereon I ought to stand. And if you, my lord of London, can bring better authority for the faith you will draw me unto, than that which I stand upon, I will gladly hear the same by you, or by any other in this realm." Here Philpot, from whose own nar-

rative this is taken, adds, Wherefore I, kneeling down, besought the lords to be good unto me a poor gentleman, that would fain live in the world if I might, and testify as you have heard me to say this day, that if any man can prove that I ought to be of any other manner of faith than that of which I now am, and can prove the same sufficiently, I will be neither wilful, nor desperate, as my lord of London would make you believe me to be. No reply was given.

The lord Rich asked him if he was of the Philpots of Hampshire; and on his replying that he was, being sir P. Philpot's son, Rich exclaimed, "He is my near kinsman! Wherefore I am the more sorry for him." Philpot thanked him for challenging kindred of a poor prisoner; and he replied, "In faith I would go a hundred miles on my bare feet to do thee good." Sir John Bridges also claimed him as a countryman, wishing him to do well: but all this kindness did not succeed in throwing him from his sure ground, the word of God, to which he continued to appeal, notwithstanding their persuasions to submit to some other umpire. Rich laid hold on this to tax him with refusing to believe the express words of Christ, "This is my body," which he answered by showing the spiritual meaning both of that, and of the text cited by Bonner from John vi., "I am the bread that came down from heaven." When foiled here, Bonner took up other ground, alleging the omnipotency of God, and asserting, "I tell thee that God, by his omnipotency, may make himself this carpet if he will." Philpot proved this to be blasphemy, and maintained his argument, until, appointing Chedsey to carry on the argument, Bonner invited the lords to drink wine with him, and to leave them alone together. Bonner having quitted the room for a short time, Rich requested the other lords to allow the poor prisoner to drink also, for he was thirsty: they assented, and Philpot thus records it, With that he called for a cup of drink, and gave it me, and I drank before them all: God requite it him, for I was athirst indeed.

Chedsey now began his harangue, prefacing it by a statement that so far from Philpot being wronged, by not being allowed to bring forth his arguments sooner, he had leave to speak in the convocation-house, and being soon answered in what he could say, he fell to weeping for lack of matter: also that he had put forth a book of that disputation, in which there was never a true word. He then promised to show him the truth of transubstantiation, but Philpot,

roused by his calumnies, interposed, saying, "It is a shrewd likelihood that you will not conclude with any truth, since you have begun with so many untruths as to say that I was answered whiles I had any thing to say, and that I wept for lack of matter to say, and that the book of the report of the disputation is not true. God be praised, there were a good many of noblemen, gentlemen, and worshipful men, that heard and saw the doings thereof, which can testify that you have made an unjust report before these honourable lords. And that I wept, was not for lack of matter, as you slander me: for, I thank God, I have more matter than the best of you all shall ever be able to answer, as little learning as I have: but my weeping was as Christ's was upon Jerusalem, seeing the destruction that should fall upon her. And I foreseeing then the destruction which you, through violence and unrighteousness which you there declared, would work against the true church of Christ, and her faithful members, as this day beareth witness, was compelled to weep in remembrance of that which I, with infinity more, have felt and shall feel." Here lord Rich persuaded him to be silent; and they proceeded to discuss the sacramental question, on the usual grounds, Philpot admirably maintaining and elucidating the spiritual meaning of the thing, until Bonner returned; who, as usual, interposed, profaning the subject by his gross language, comparing it to a fat capon, and so forth: and then suddenly dissolving the sitting, with an apology for having troubled them so long with such an obstinate man. The lords, however, appeared struck and amazed with what they had heard from this noble champion of the truth, and left him without speaking an uncivil word. A token for good, over which Philpot devoutly prayed on their behalf.

When next he was called to appear before the bishops of London and Rochester, with the chancellor of Lichfield and Dr. Chedsey, Bonner saluted him with, "Sirrah, come hither. How chance you come no sooner? Is it well done of you to make Mr. Chancellor and me tarry for you this hour? By the faith of my body, half an hour before mass, and half an hour even at mass, looking for your coming." Philpot mildly replied, that being a prisoner, and the doors shut on him, he could not come out when he listed; but as soon as the doors were open he came immediately. Bonner then repeating that they sent for him to attend mass, demanded whether he would have done so: he replied, that

was another manner of question; whereat the bishop began to rail, telling the chancellor that he was an ignorant fool, who wanted to appear learned, but had nothing to answer when called on. Again he asked if Philpot would have come to mass: he replied that if his lordship could prove his mass to be the true service of God, to which a Christian man ought to come, he would attend it. After remarking that the king and queen and all the nobility of the realm came to mass, Bonner added, "By my faith thou art too well handled: thou shalt be worse handled hereafter, I warrant thee." He replied, "If to lie in a blind coal-house may be counted good handling, both without fire and candle, then may be it be said I am well handled. Your lordship hath power to entreat my body as you list." The bishop then protested to the chancellor of Lichfield that he had handled them all most gently; that he allowed their friends to visit them; and that a few days before they had mounted the leads with a party of prentices, gazing abroad, as though they were at liberty. Philpot replied, that there were no leads to the coal-house, and of prentices he knew not one. This vile falsehood exposed, Bonner proceeded, adverting to Gardiner's recent death, "Nay, now you think, because my lord chancellor is gone, that we will burn no more; yes, I warrant thee, I will dispatch you shortly unless you recant." Philpot replied, "My lord, I had not thought I should have been alive now; neither so raw as I am, but well roasted to ashes."

The chancellor of Lichfield then besought him not to cast himself wilfully away; but to be ruled by Bonner and other learned men. He answered, "My conscience beareth me record that I seek to please God, and that the love and fear of God causeth me to do as I do; and I were of all other creatures most miserable, if for mine own will only I do lose all the commodities I might have in this life, and afterwards be cast to damnation. But I am sure it is not my will wherein I stand, but God's will, which will not suffer me to be cast away, I am sure." Bonner, impatient to finish the work, proceeded, *ex officio*, to read some articles that he had framed, insisting on his answer: Philpot at once stated the former objection, as to his not being of that diocess, as the first article declared him to be: nor could all their sophistry bring him to admit the usurped jurisdiction of Bonner; they were therefore obliged to pass on to the second article, which charged him with being out

of the catholic faith, and not of the same church as he was baptized in. He replied, I am of the same catholic faith; and of the same catholic church which is of Christ the pillar and establishment of truth." They told him his godfathers and godmothers were of another faith than he now was: "I was not baptized either into my godfathers' faith or my godmothers', but into the faith and into the church of Christ." "How know you that?" "By the word of God, which is the touchstone of faith and the limits of the church." "How long has your church stood, pray you?" said Bonner. "Even from the beginning, from Christ, and from his apostles, and from their immediate successors." "He will prove his church to be before Christ," observed the chancellor: Philpot replied, "If I did so, I go not amiss; for there was a church before the coming of Christ, which maketh one catholic church." To this the chancellor assented. He then offered to prove his church by the boasted rule of theirs: antiquity, universality, and unity; at which Bonner exclaimed, "Do you not see what a bragging, foolish fellow this is? he will seem to be very well seen in the doctors, and he is but a fool. By what doctor art thou able to prove thy church? Name him, and thou shalt have him." "My lord," said Philpot, "let me have all your ancient writers, with pen and ink and paper, and I will prove both my faith and my church out of every one of them."

Bonner refused this: and proceeded to adduce a passage from Cyprian, to prove the pope's supremacy; but Philpot showed how grossly they wrested the meaning of these old writers to serve their purpose. One after another, the whole company tried their skill, and were successively put to silence by this acute disputant, whose learning appears to have been most extraordinary. When any passage was cited from one of the so-called fathers, Philpot immediately brought the context, showing the real bearing of the remark. Cyprian, Augustine, Eusebius, Theophylact, with various councils and popes, were brought forward; but of each he was too perfectly master to be blinded or silenced by any of their glosses. At last, after a very long discussion, Chedsey being put down, the chancellor said, "Well, Mr. Doctor, you see we can do no good in persuading of him: let us minister the articles which my lord hath left us unto him. How say you Mr. Philpot to these articles? Mr. Johnson, I pray you write his answers." But Philpot re-

plied, "Mr. Chancellor, you have no authority to inquire of me my belief in such articles as you go about, for that I am not of my lord of London's diocess; and to be brief with you, I will make no further answer herein than I have already to the bishop.' "Why then," said the disappointed doctor, "let us go our ways, and let his keeper take him away." So ended what Philpot called "the seventh part of this tragedy."

Early the next morning, the bishop's man came to summon Philpot to mass; who replied, "My stomach is not very good this morning; you may tell my lord I am sick." However, he got another summons immediately after, from the keeper, who told him he must rise and go to the bishop. He obeyed; and as he left the prison, the keeper asked him, "Will ye go to mass?" Philpot answered, "My stomach is too raw to digest such raw meats of flesh, blood, and bone, this morning." When they came to the bishop's hall, he ordered Philpot to answer the articles that his chaplain and register were about to read against him; but he demanded an open judgment before a lawful assembly, saying that he would not answer in corners. "Thou art a foolish knave, I see well enough; thou shalt answer whether thou wilt or no; go thy ways with them, I say." "I will go with them at your lordship's pleasure; but I will make them no further answers than I have said already." Bonner, enraged, exclaimed, "No, wilt thou not, knave? Have him away, and set him in the stocks. What, foolish knave!" Philpot rejoined, "Indeed, my lord, you handle me, with others, like fools; and we must be content to be made fools at your hands. Stocks and violence be your bishop-like alms. You go about by force in corners, to oppress, and be ashamed that your doings should come to light; God shorten your cruel kingdom, for his mercies' sake!" And the martyr thus concludes his record of this day's work: I was put, by and by, into the stocks, in a house alone, separate from my fellows. God be praised that he hath thought me worthy to suffer any thing for his name's sake! Better it is to sit in the stocks of this world, than to sit in the stocks of a damnable conscience.

An hour before day-break, on the following morning, the poor prisoner was called on by the keeper to go to the bishop; but he, suspecting some purpose of secret violence, refused to go. Two of Bonner's men then came, and forcibly led him to the tyrant's presence; who, after a long

fit of railing, told him he was blamed for suffering such a frantic fellow to dispute openly, seeing that it was his glory so to do: and reported some things said against him by White, bishop of Lincoln; for which Philpot easily accounted by remarking that he, as archdeacon, had formerly excommunicated White for preaching evil doctrine within his jurisdiction; adding, "If Christ, my Master, were called a madman, it is no marvel if ye count me frantic." Bonner then asked him, "Hadst thou not a pig brought thee the other day, with a knife in it? Wherefore was it, I pray thee, but to kill thyself? or, as it is told me, (marry, I am counselled to take heed of thee) to kill me? But I fear thee not. I trow I am able to tread thee under my feet, do the best thou canst." "My lord, I cannot deny but there was a knife in the pig's belly that was brought me. But who put it in or for what purpose, I know not, unless it were because he that sent the meat thought I was without a knife, and so put it in. But other things your lordship needeth not to fear: for I was never without a knife since I came to prison. And touching your own person, you should live long, if you should live until I go about to kill you: and I confess by violence your lordship is able to overcome me." After this calm and dignified reply to so preposterous a charge, he was commanded to swear preparatory to giving his answers to the articles; but he stood on his former objection of Bonner not being his ordinary. This enraged the bishop, who pronouncing himself by his own authority to be Philpot's ordinary, and him of his diocess, seized one of his servants, appointing him notary, and ordering the other prisoners to be fetched, that they might be witnesses against their companion. While he was thus raving, one of the sheriffs of London came in, to whom he made a great complaint against Philpot, in confirmation whereof, he read over a long string of articles containing the most unfounded falsehoods. These the martyr indignantly denounced, saying he might as well charge him with having killed his father: declaring moreover that if he maintained the abominable blasphemies rehearsed by Bonner, he were well worthy to be counted a heretic, and burned a hundred times, if it were possible. Again Bonner ordered him to answer to the articles; again he refused, on the same ground as before; and then the bishop turned to the other sufferers, who had been brought by the keeper at his command, saying, "Come hither, sirs—hold them a

book—you shall swear by the contents of that book that you shall, all manner of affections laid apart, say the truth of all such articles as you shall be demanded of, concerning this man here present, which is a very naughty man; and take you heed of him, that he doth not deceive you: as I am afraid he doth you much hurt, and strengtheneth you in your errors." The prisoners with one consent replied, "My lord, we will not swear, except we know whereto: we can accuse him of no evil; we have been but a while acquainted with him." Philpot remarked, "I wonder your lordship, knowing the law, will go about, contrary to the same, to have infamous persons to be witnesses: for your lordship doth take them to be heretics, and by law a heretic cannot be a witness." "Yes," said Bonner, "one heretic against another may be well enough. And, Mr. Sheriff, I will make one of them to be a witness against another." "You have the law in your hand, and you will do what you list!" observed Philpot: while the prisoners firmly answered, "No, my lord." "No, will you not?" cried Bonner; "I will make you swear whether you will or no. I ween they be anabaptists, Mr. Sheriff; they think it not lawful to swear before a judge." Philpot said, "We think it lawful to swear for a man judicially called; as we are not now, but in a blind corner." The bishop went on, "Well, then, seeing you will not swear against your fellow, you shall swear for yourselves: and I do here in the presence of Mr. Sheriff object the same articles unto you as I have done unto him; and do require you under pain of excommunication, to answer particularly unto every one of them, when ye shall be examined, as ye shall be by and by examined by my register, and some of my chaplains." The prisoners again replied, "My lord, we will not accuse ourselves. If any man can lay any thing against us, we are here, ready to answer thereto: otherwise we pray your lordship not to burthen us; for some of us are here before you, we know no just cause why."

For this, the whole party was forthwith ordered to be placed in the stocks: but at night through the compassion of his keeper, Philpot was taken out for a time.

On the following Sunday, the bishop visited the coal-house at night, and viewed it, saying he never was there before. Whereby, writes Philpot, a man may guess how he hath kept God's commandment, in visiting the prisoners, seeing he was never with them who have been so nigh his

nose. After supper, he sent for Philpot, told him that the queen and council blamed him for keeping him so long; that as he injured the other prisoners by strengthening them in their errors, he would separate him from them: and that if he did not conform, he would dispatch him out of hand. Philpot declared his desire to be brought speedily to judgment; and also his willingness to conform to whatever could be proved to be better truth than what he professed. He then addressed the wretched tyrant in these solemn words: "My lord, I will speak my mind freely unto you, and upon no malice I bear you, before God. You have not the truth, neither are you of the church of God; but you persecute both the truth and the true church of God, for the which cause you cannot prosper long. You see, God doth not prosper your doings according to your expectations: He hath of late showed his just judgment against one of your greatest doers, who, by report, died miserably. I envy not your authority you are in; you that have learning should know best how to rule. And seeing God hath restored you to your dignity and living again, use the same to God's glory, and the setting forth of his true religion; otherwise it will not continue, do what you can." Bonner seemed confounded for a while; then said, "That good man was punished for such as thou art. Where is the keeper?" Having given his secret directions to the gaoler, they brought Philpot to the private door, leading into the church, where two of the bishop's men were commanded to accompany him, and see him placed.

They then conducted their patient victim through St. Paul's, and round to a tower, near Lollards' tower, and passing through six or seven doors, arrived at his destined lodging through many strait passages, where, as he says, he called to remembrance that strait is the way to heaven. It was a room thirteen feet by eight, almost over what had formerly been his prison, and exposed to the view of the bishop's household. On his arrival he was strictly searched, and deprived of his pen, ink-horn, girdle and knife. Having a suspicion of what was intended, he had contrived to make away with many a sweet and friendly letter; no doubt, to save the writers from being brought into trouble on his account; but the particulars of his last examination he thrust into his hose, whence it fell down his leg, which the keeper feeling, demanded what it was. He answered, certain letters: and drawing up the papers

contrived to slip the more important one into another part of his dress, taking out two letters, of small moment, which he, to give them an appearance of consequence, began to tear. They were snatched away; and by this means he secured what he would have been grieved to lose. However, as they left him, he heard a suspicion uttered by one, that the writings in his hose were not all delivered up; whereupon it was resolved to return and search him more closely. He immediately slipped the important papers into a place near his bed, and taking some old letters out of his purse, began tearing and throwing them out at the window; telling the searchers when they came back and found him so employed, that he had overheard them. This so effectually blinded their eyes that they left him, for which he praised God, since the record of his examinations was likely to be, as indeed it has proved, of great service to the cause of the gospel. To such shifts was this innocent, faithful, and persecuted servant of Christ reduced, through the savage and insolent cruelty of men every way his inferiors.

The recorded examinations of this martyr amounted to fourteen, besides private interviews such as have been described, with his wicked tormentor. On the morning after this last outrage, he was brought down to the wardrobe, and kept waiting the whole day. In the afternoon he was called before Bonner, and harassed as usual, in presence of the bishop of St. David's, Mordaunt, and others; but as fruitlessly as before. He steadily refused to recognize Bonner's authority over him; and after receiving the usual portion of bullying, abuse, and misrepresentation, he was sent back to the coal-house.

The next scene was of a different kind; Bonner, finding he would neither answer the articles nor listen to the reading of them, began to use persuasions; on which Philpot resolved to hold out some hope of being prevailed on to recant, to the intent, as he writes it, that he might give him and his hypocritical generation a further foil: for they dared reason openly with none but such as for lack of learning were unable to answer, or with those of whom they had a hope that the love or fear of the world would induce them to recant. He therefore told Bonner that having openly, in the audience of many, stood to his opinions, and by learning endeavoured to defend them, he wished it openly to appear to the world that he was won by learning, lest

they should say that from an unworthy motive he was, without any ground, turned from the truth. Bonner expressed great delight, at hearing him speak like a reasonable man; promised him all possible indulgence and good entertainment in his house; and finally asked what it was that he would openly, by learning, be somewhat satisfied in? Philpot replied, that he had said and believed that their sacrifice of the mass was no sacrament: and immediately the bishop, with his chaplains and officials, set about converting him. Harpsfield, Cosins, and others, laboured to make good their point; but were foiled completely. A few of the concluding passages of this discussion will suffice to show how it went. "I pray you, Mr. Harpsfield," said Philpot, "tell me what this pronoun, *hoc*, doth demonstrate and show, in this indicative proposition, as you call it, *Hoc est corpus meum*, this is my body?" Harpsfield replied, "It doth demonstrate the substance of bread, which by the words spoken by the priest, and by the omnipotency of God, is turned into the substance of Christ's very body." "Is the substance of bread, as you say, turned into Christ's body?" "Yea, that it is." "Why, then," rejoined Philpot, "Christ's body receiveth daily a great increase of many thousand pieces of bread into his body; and that is become his body now which was not before; and by this you would seem to make that there is an alteration in Christ's glorified body, which is a wicked thing to think." Harpsfield now began to reconsider the matter; and seeing the consequences of his first assertion retracted it; saying that the substance of bread, after the words spoken by the priest, was evacuated, or vanished away, by the omnipotency of God. Philpot observed, "This is another song than you sang first: and here you may see how contrary you are to yourselves. For indeed your schoolmen do hold that the very substance of bread is really changed into the substance of Christ's body. And now you, perceiving of late the inconvenience which is objected against you in that opinion, are driven to imagine a new shift, and say, the substance of bread is evacuated, contrary to that your church hath first believed and taught. Oh what contrariety is there among you; and all to deface the sincere truth!" "Is not God omnipotent," asked Harpsfield, "and cannot he do as he hath said?" Philpot replied, "But his omnipotency will not do as you say, contrary to his word and to his honour. It is not God's honour to include him

bodily into a piece of bread, and of necessity to tie him thereto. It is not God's honour for you to make a piece of bread God and man, which you see before your face doth putrefy after a certain time. Is not God's omnipotency as able to give his body with the sacramental bread, as to make so many turnings away of the bread as you do, and that directly against the Scripture, which calleth it bread many times after the consecration? Are you not ashamed to make so many alterations of the Lord's holy institution as you do, and to take away the substantial parts of the sacrament, as, "Take ye, eat ye, drink ye all of this: do ye this in remembrance of me:" and to place in their stead, Hear ye, gaze ye, knock ye, worship ye, offer ye, sacrifice ye for the quick and the dead? If this be not blasphemy to God and his sacraments, to add and to pluck away in this sort, and that contrary to the mind of all ancient writers, and contrary to the example of Christ and all his apostles, tell me."

Harpsfield could only reply, "I know you have gathered the sayings of the doctors together, which make for your purpose; I will talk no longer with you." Philpot said, "I pray God open both our hearts, to do more his will than we have done in times past." To which Harpsfield rejoined, "Ho, keeper, take him away with you!"

CHAPTER V.

JOHN PHILPOT.

The Holy Spirit, who divideth to every man severally as he will, the gifts of grace, seems to have imparted to Philpot a more than common measure of courageous zeal. "To testify the gospel of the grace of God," particularly as opposed to the dark devices of popery, was the object in pursuit of which he not only, like Paul, counted not his life dear unto him, but in the midst of such cruelties as would have broken any spirit not divinely sustained, it was his perpetual study to force or to entrap his adversaries into an argument, where he might expose the rotten foundation of their refuge of lies. Himself an ecclesiastic of high order

in the church, he maintained a point of its established law with a cool, settled firmness, that set at nought the authority, and baffled all the stratagems of Bonner, who seems to have been sometimes overawed by his dignity, at others frightened by his bursts of righteous indignation. Archdeacon Philpot was evidently a man of fiery temperament, with no small measure of natural wit and humour: but every high imagination that might have exalted itself against Christ, had been cast down, and the whole man brought into a beautiful subjection to the humbling power of the gospel. He had a singular talent for exposing the ignorance and hypocrisy of his opponents; or rather of compelling them to expose themselves: patiently resigned to all that could befal his body, unshrinkingly firm in what concerned his faith, quick, ardent, energetic, where the honour of God was concerned. It is matter of regret that the limits of our volume forbid the full insertion of what he recorded of his examinations; for no abstract can do justice to his learning, ability, constancy, and zeal.

On the day following the discussion into which he had led them, for the purpose of putting one of their false doctrines utterly to shame, he was sent for by Bonner, whose disappointment and chagrin at the turn the argument had taken may be imagined. The bishop had his register, Chedsey, and others assembled; and upon these he called to bear witness against Philpot; but in vain, for the prisoner entered as usual his appeal, being of Winchester diocess, out of Bonner's jurisdiction; and as he knew not who had succeeded Gardiner in that see, he appealed to the archbishop of Canterbury. Bonner being forced to repair to the parliament, a foolish priest claimed kindred with Philpot, wishing by that means to influence him; and on having his ignorance exposed, went off in a rage, to irritate Bonner further against his victim.

The eleventh examination was conducted under circumstances more favourable to him: the bishops of Durham, Chichester, and Bath being present, with Chedsey, Christopherson, Harpsfield, Weston, Morgan, Cosins, and others. He was permitted to speak out, despite of the railing accusations of London, and was treated by the other bishops with gentleness and courtesy. With Durham and Chichester he argued the point of the catholic church; until Bonner interrupted, with some foolish charges, which being easily disproved, he went on to accuse Philpot of having

killed his own father, and brought down upon himself his mother's dying curse. This, of course, he repelled as a slanderous lie; while Chichester observed they were matters beside the purpose; and Durham, in disgust, bade his lordship farewell. Bonner however detained him to hear some important matters, and then produced a letter, substituted by Philpot for a more important paper, when he was searched, and which he tore, the better to mislead the keeper. The bishop had been at the trouble of pasting the fragments together, and now tried to make out a case against the prisoner upon it: but it was overthrown at once, by the very witness whom he produced on his behalf. Then came the story of the pig, and of a bladder of black powder, which proved to be ink-powder, and lastly the old charge of a false report of their proceedings in the convocation-house. Durham would hear no more, but departed, speaking very kindly to Philpot; Bonner following him, and the bishop of Chichester soon going also, Christopherson took the case in hand, and tried to establish the supremacy of the Romish see, swearing not a little as he went on. When he was silenced, Morgan assailed the martyr with scoffs, mocks, and jeers, until Christopherson had plucked up courage to resume the argument on the subject of the mass. When, however, Philpot proved that the altar, which they conceived to be of lime and stone, signifies the sacrifice on the cross, his opponent could only pray God to bless him out of the company of such an obstinate heretic. Bonner meanwhile had, as he hoped, discovered a new plot to allege against him; but this was again overthrown by his own witness: and all departed except Harpsfield, Cosins, and Morgan. The latter seems to have been a genuine ruffian, who, after some taunting sneers at Philpot's church and religion, at length roused the martyr to address him in terms but too well merited by him and his wicked fellows. The occasion was this: Philpot had avowed that his teaching, and that of all who held the truth, came by the Spirit of God. Morgan asked him, "How know you that you have the Spirit of God?" He replied, "By the faith of Christ which is in me." The blasphemer retorted, "Ah, by faith do you so? I ween it be the spirit of the buttery, which your fellows have had that have been burned before you, who were drunk the night before they went to their death, and I ween went drunken unto it." Philpot answered, "It appeareth by your communication

that you are better acquainted with the spirit of the buttery than with the Spirit of God; wherefore I must now tell thee, thou painted wall and hypocrite, in the name of the living Lord, whose truth I have told thee, that God shall rain fire and brimstone upon such scorners of his word and blasphemers of his people as thou art." "What, you rage now?" said the scoffer: he replied, "Thy foolish blasphemies have compelled the Spirit of God which is in me to speak that which I have said to thee, thou enemy of all righteousness." "Why do ye judge me so?" asked the other. "By thine own wicked words I judge of thee, thou blind and blasphemous doctor; for, as it is written, 'By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.' I have spoken on God's behalf; and now I have done with thee." Morgan resumed, "Why then I tell thee, Philpot, thou art an heretic, and shall be burned for thine heresies, and afterwards go to hell-fire." The martyr replied, "I tell thee, thou hypocrite, that I regard not thy fire and fagots; neither, I thank God my Lord, stand in fear of the same; my faith in Christ shall overcome them. But the hell-fire with which thou threatenest me is thy portion; and is prepared for thee unless thou speedily repent, and for such hypocrites as thou art." Morgan shamelessly went on; "What! thou speakest upon wine; thou hast tippled well to-day, by likelihood?" "So said the accursed generation, of the apostles, being replenished with the Holy Ghost, and speaking the wondrous works of God: they said they were drunk when they had nothing else to say, as thou doest now."

After some further sneers and reproaches, on the part of the banded persecutors, which moved not the undaunted champion of God's truth, Bonner came in, and asked how they went on; Christopherson said it was folly to reason with him; he was incurable: and being again committed to his keeper, he took an opportunity to request of the bishop the indulgence of candle-light during the long nights, which was insultingly refused, Bonner telling him he could say his *paternoster* without a candle. His parting remark was in reply to Chedsey's question whether he did not think other men had souls to save as well as he. "Every man shall receive according to his own doings. Sure I am you are deceived, and maintain a false religion; and as to my casting away, I would my burning day were to-morrow; for this delay is every day to die, and yet not to be dead."

"You are not like to die yet, I can tell you." "I am the more sorry thereof. But the will of God be done of me to his glory. Amen."

After being thus baited, a night's respite was barely allowed the martyr: three of the bishop's chaplains came to him, in the Wardrobe, where he had been early taken down, with a summons to attend mass: Philpot told them he wondered they were sent on so fruitless an errand, since he, as a man excommunicated, was by their law excluded from hearing mass. To this they replied that the bishop would give him a dispensation: but he again objected that the bishop of London, not being his ordinary, could not do it. This was one of the many childish devices whereby Bonner sought to beguile him into some recognition of an authority without which he could not judicially proceed against him; while Philpot's strenuous resistance of his claims arose not from any desire of escaping the flames, but from a determination to compel Bonner to bring him to an open trial before such judges as their wicked laws allowed. After mass, the bishop called him, and having vented his displeasure, as usual, recited the old articles, asking what he had to say that sentence should not be given against him as a heretic. Philpot answered, that to proceed to judgment before witnesses had been examined, was against the law, as all his former proceedings had been. After some more vain efforts to entangle him, Bonner ordered him away: but he was presently called back, in the presence of the bishops of Worcester and Bangor, before whom Bonner told him that they were sent from the synod to offer him grace, if he would at once turn to the church of Rome, and become conformable: if not, his time drew near to an end. The two others also exhorted him, Bangor commending his own example, as having dissembled during Edward's days, and again avowed himself a Romanist when the times changed. Both were answered, respectfully and firmly; and then Bonner complained to them of his having urged his excommunicate state as an excuse for not coming to mass: comparing him to Latimer, who, he said, hearing the chancellor of Oxford was coming to his prison to take him to mass, sent him word that he was sick of the plague, and so deluded the chancellor. However, after a little talk, the other bishops seemed to judge somewhat favourably of Philpot, and promised him leave to converse with Chichester, whom he well liked,

and others of their body. Worcester exhorting him in the mean season to pray to God for grace, he answered, "Prayer is the comfortablest exercise I feel in my trouble, and my conscience is quiet, and I have the peace of mind which cannot be the fruit of heresy."

After dinner they again called him, and had a short debate respecting the catholic church; when they departed, the archdeacon of Oxford, Dr. Chedsey, and many more came in. Wright urged him to become one of the catholic church; he asserted that he already was of the unfeigned catholic church, and would live and die in it: adding, "and if you can prove your church to be the true catholic church, I will be one of the same." "What proof would you have?" said Chedsey: "I will prove unto you our church to have its being and foundation by the Scriptures, by the apostles, and by the primitive church; confirmed with the blood of martyrs, and with the testimony of all confessors." At this Philpot exclaimed, "Give me your hand, master doctor; prove that, and have with you."

"If I had my books here," said Chedsey, "I would soon prove it. I will go and fetch them." However, he found it not convenient to bring them; so he only produced his book of annotations, and slid from his proposed wide field into a question respecting the real presence. Philpot soon setting him right, in the ordinary plan of misinterpreting or misquoting Augustine, he could only swear at him for a subtle fellow. Philpot, after vindicating his own reading, quietly retorting the charge of subtlety, observing, "What subtlety is this of you, to say that you will prove your matter of the church even from the beginning, promising to show your books therein, and when it cometh to the showing, you are able to show none; and for want of proof slip into a by matter, yet faint in the proof thereof. Afore God you are barefaced in your religion." Chedsey answered, "You shall be constrained to come to us at length, whether you will or no." "Hold that argument fast," said Philpot: "it is the best you have; for you have nothing but violence."

A day or two after this, he was brought before the archbishop of York, and the bishops of London, Bath, and Chichester. The latter began, in a mild strain, exhorting him to humility and teachableness, to which Philpot replied, that we must all be taught by God: and he would with humility

learn of them who would inform him of his duty by that word. Acknowledging the bishop's superior learning, he yet extolled the simplicity of believing what God's word teacheth. He would, he said, gladly and thankfully hear of his lordship whatever he or any other had been taught by the revelation of God's word. The bishop tried to overthrow this doctrine of divine teaching, asking how we believed the gospel but by the authority of the church. On this point they reasoned for a time, until the archbishop came up, and civilly addressing Philpot, assured him of their willingness to take pains with him, inquiring on what matter he wished to be satisfied. Philpot mentioned the subject they were already on, of the church's authority to declare what was the truth: and York asked for a definition of the church—what it is. Philpot answered, "It is a congregation of people dispersed through the world, agreeing together in the word of God; using the sacraments, and all other things according to the same." The archbishop would not admit this; but asked if the church was visible or invisible. He replied, "It is both visible and invisible. The invisible church is of the elect of God only; the visible consists both of good and bad." They then entered on the meaning of the word catholic, which Philpot defined, as on a former occasion, while York insisted that it was so called from being universally received of all nations for the most part. He and Chichester brought the succession of bishops in the Romish see as a main argument; but Philpot said, "I deny, my lord, that succession of bishops is an infallible point to know the church by: for there may be a succession of bishops known in a place, and yet there be no church; as at Antioch and Jerusalem, and at other places, where the apostles abode, as well as at Rome. But if you put to the succession of bishops succession of doctrine withal, as Augustine doth, I will grant it to be a good proof of the catholic church; but a local succession only is nothing available." They asked him if there were two catholic churches: he answered, "No, I know there is but one catholic church; but there have been, and be at this present, that take upon them the name of Christ and of his church, which be not so indeed; as it is written, 'There be they that call themselves apostles, and be not so indeed, but the synagogue of Satan, and liars.' And now it is with us as it was with the two women in

Solomon's time, which lay together, and the one suppress her child, and afterward went about to challenge the true mother's child."

This apt illustration was of course unpalatable to the Romish prelates: York reproached him for babbling, and he apologised for any hastiness of speech, but said he wished them to understand all his mind, that they might satisfy him through better authority. Chichester then asserted that Ridley, with all his learning, was never able to show succession of bishops in his church; the argument having troubled him greatly. Philpot repelled this, saying the argument had no force, since he had denied that local succession of bishops in one place was a necessary point; and also reproved him for making Ridley appear so ignorant. They then taunted him with his full assurance of faith; on which he said with admirable force, "Let him doubt of his faith that listeth; God giveth me always grace to believe that I am sure of true faith and favour in Christ." Bath asked, "How will you be able to answer heretics, but by the determination of the known catholic church?" He replied, "I am able to answer all heretics by the word of God, and convince them by the same." While they were conversing, York found a passage in Augustine, which he considered as conclusive on the authority of his church; but Philpot directly showed that it had no exclusive reference to the see of Rome. They now began to call him names, and received a reproof for their blindness, and persecuting spirit; on which Chichester said, "Have we this thank for our good-will, coming to instruct thee?" He answered, "My lords, you must bear with me, since I speak in Christ's cause; and because his glory is defaced, and his people cruelly and wrongfully slain by you, because they will not consent to the dishonour of God, and to hypocrisy with you: if I told you not your fault, it would be required at my hands at the day of judgment. Therefore know you, ye hypocrites indeed, that it is the Spirit of God that telleth you your sin, and not I. I regard not, I thank God, all your cruelty. God forgive you, and give you grace to repent!" They then departed.

This was not considered enough for one day: for before supper, Philpot was called a third time to Bonner, sitting with Harpsfield, Chedsey, and others, who demanded of him once more if he would conform, and received the same reply that he must prove his church to be catholic. Harps-

field brought out again his four points, antiquity, universality, consent of nations, and succession of bishops; but Philpot claimed them for his own church, denying that they belonged to that of Rome. It ended with the usual declaration that he was irreclaimable; and so they sent him back to his stocks. No more of his examinations were found recorded by himself. Either he was prevented writing, or they were made away with. The account of his last appearance before the commissioners is taken from the bishop's registry; affording, of course, an imperfect statement, such as they thought fit to make; but no other can be found. It was on the thirteenth of December, 1555, that Philpot was brought before Bonner, sitting judicially in the consistory of St. Paul's; who addressed him, stating these three things as being specially laid to his charge: "I. That you, being fallen from the unity of Christ's catholic church, do refuse, and will not come to be reconciled thereunto. II. That you have blasphemously spoken against the sacrifice of the mass, calling it idolatry. III. That you have spoken against the sacrament of the altar, denying the real presence of Christ's body and blood to be in the same." Bonner then reminded him how often he had been invited and required to go from his said errors and heresies; giving him once more the offer of pardon and reception into their church; and finally assuring him that should he remain obstinate, sentence would forthwith be pronounced against him. Philpot replied, under his usual protestation against the bishop's usurped power, to the first, that he never was out of the catholic church: and as for the sacrifice of the mass, and sacrament of the altar, he never spake against them. So says the register; and care was taken to make away with any statement of his own to the contrary: but all his examinations, penned by his own hand, show that he constantly spoke against both; and the sequel of his reply proves that he was not disposed to retract any thing: for the report goes on, "And as concerning the pleasure of the synod, I say that these twenty years I have been brought up in the faith of the true catholic church, which is contrary to your church, whereunto you would have me to come: and in that time I have been many times sworn—as well in the reign of king Henry VIII. as in the reign of good king Edward, his son—against the usurped power of the bishop of Rome. Which oath I think that I am bound in my conscience to keep. But if you or any of the synod

can by God's word persuade me that my said oath was unlawful, and that I am bound by God's law to come to your church, faith and religion, whereof ye be now, I will gladly yield, agree, and be conformable unto you: otherwise, not."

This being beyond the power of Bonner and his learned doctors, they began to urge him with large promises and bloody threatenings to come to their terms: but his reply was, "You and all other of your sort are hypocrites; and I would all the world did know your hypocrisy, tyranny, ignorance and idolatry." He was then dismissed, with an order to be brought up on the 10th of the month for the definitive sentence of condemnation, if he remained in his former constancy.

When the time came, Bonner presided as usual in the seat of Caiaphas-like judgment, assisted by his brethren of Bath, Worcester, and Lichfield. Bonner began, "My lords, Stokesley, my predecessor, when he went to give sentence against a heretic used to make this prayer, which I will follow,"—then he recited one in Latin, with a loud voice; on which Philpot said, "I would ye would speak in English, that all men might hear and understand you: for Paul willeth that all things spoken in the congregation to edify should be spoken in a tongue that all men might understand." The bishop on this read it in English, and when he came to the concluding word, "to refuse those things that be foes to his name," Philpot exclaimed, "Then they all must turn away from you. You are enemies to that name; God save us from such hypocrites as would have things in a tongue that men cannot understand!" He then warned the people, telling them to beware of the bishops and all their doings, which was contrary to the primitive church; and again addressing Bonner, demanded by what authority he proceeded against him. He replied, "as bishop of London:" and Philpot repeated that he was not his bishop, and moreover that he had appealed from him: asking, "My lord, is it not enough for you to worry your own sheep, but you must also meddle with other men's sheep?" Two books, of the civil and the canon law, were delivered to him, that he might there see the proof of the bishop's disputed authority; but he found none satisfactory; their law being, as he said, no better than their divinity. He compared them to men dancing in a net, and fancying none could see them. The bishops conferred, and then

tried to establish their point, by their own interpretation; but he still declared it false, as it unquestionably was; and when the mayor and others came in, Bonner proceeded to rehearse again his prayer, which was the collect for the third Sunday after Easter, then recited the articles against Philpot, and delivered an exhortation to him, wherein he set forth the enormity of his heresy, and formally invited him to recant, as he must otherwise be at once condemned. Philpot answered him not, but turned to the lord mayor, as bearing the sword, expressing his regret that the authority which had defended the gospel and the truth of God's word, should now be changed, and at the commandment of antichrist. He then more fully replied to the articles, repeating that he was never out of the catholic church of Christ, though he was not of the Babylonish church of Rome. As to the mass, he had not spoken against the true sacrifice, but of their private masses, used in corners, which were blasphemy against the true sacrifice, the death of Christ. That the abominable thing which they set upon the altar, was idolatry, which they never could justify by God's word. With respect to his denial of the body and blood of Christ being in the sacrament of the altar, he could not tell what altar they meant, whether the altar of the cross, or the altar of stone: if they meant it of the latter, he denied their Christ, as a rotten (or corruptible) thing. Touching their transubstantiation, he said, he utterly denied it, for it was brought up first by a pope: and as to the synod, gathered together in antichrist's name, let them prove that to be of the catholic church, and he would follow them. He taxed them with being not only idolaters, but traitors; railing in their pulpits against good kings, as Henry and Edward, who withstood the usurped power of the bishop of Rome, against whom he also had taken an oath, and abusing the mind of their present queen, whose heart, with the king's, he prayed God to turn from their synagogue and church. The bishop of Lichfield then began to extol the true catholic church, set upon a high hill, and to disparage Martin Luther's church, with that at Geneva. A long disputation ensued, which is not related; but when Bonner found it going against his friends, he interposed, with an argument worthy of himself. He produced a knife, and a bladder full of powder, and, showing them to the lord mayor, said, "My lord, this man had a roasted pig brought unto him, and this knife was put secretly between the skin

and the flesh thereof, and so it was sent him being in prison. And also this powder was sent unto him, under pretence that it was good and comfortable for him to eat or to drink, which powder was only to make him ink to write withal. For when his keeper did perceive it, he took it, and brought it unto me. Which when I did see, I thought it had been gunpowder, and thereupon I put fire to it, but it would not burn. Then I took it for poison, and so gave it to a dog, but it was not so. Then I took a little water, and it made as fair ink as ever I did write withal. Therefore, my lord, you may understand what a naughty fellow this is." When he had finished, the martyr said, "Ah, my lord, have you nothing else to charge me withal, but these trifles, seeing I stand upon life and death? Doth the knife in the pig prove the church of Rome to be a catholic church?"

Bonner then brought forth his other grievances; a copy of the articles of religion agreed upon at the universities, to which Philpot was a party: two printed books, one the catechism set forth in king Edward's days, the other the report of what passed in the convocation-house, so often referred to. To these were added some of the papers that Philpot designedly allowed his keeper to seize; but which contained no matter of accusation, and out of all these he strove to strengthen his miserable case against the faithful witness for God's truth. Growing weary, at length, he cut all short, just repeating the stale offer of pardon at the price of his soul, and then going on to read the final sentence. When he came to the words, that described the victim as an obstinate, pertinacious, impenitent heretic, Philpot exclaimed, "I thank God that I am a heretic out of your accursed church; I am no heretic before God. But God bless you, and give you once grace to repent your wicked doings; and let all men beware of your bloody church."

It also appears, that when Bonner was about the middle of the wicked sentence, the bishop of Bath pulled him by the sleeve, saying, "My lord, my lord, know of him first whether he will recant or no." Bonner replied, "Oh, let him alone;" and so finished reading it, after which he delivered him to the sheriffs, who brought him through the bishop's house to Paternoster-row, where his poor servant seeing him led along, cried out, "Ah, dear master!" "Content thyself," said his master, "I shall do well enough;

for thou shalt see me again." The officers thrusting the man away, proceeded to Newgate with their captive, who said to the people as they went along, "Ah, good people, blessed be God for this day!" When they came to the prison, the poor servant pressed forward to enter with his master, but was violently repulsed by the officers, Mr. Philpot endeavouring to reconcile him to it by saying he should speak with him on the morrow: but the under-keeper compassionately gave him permission to enter with him. They were first shown into a small room, until Alexander, the principal gaoler, came to them. He saluted the archdeacon with, "Ah, hast thou done well to bring thyself hither?" Philpot replied, "Well, I must be content, for it is God's appointment; and I shall desire you to let me have your gentle favour, for you and I have been of old acquaintance." The gaoler said he would show him favour if he would be ruled by him: and on being asked what he would have him do, he replied, "to recant." "Nay," said Mr. Philpot, "I will never recant, whilst I have my life, that which I have spoken: for it is most certain truth, and in witness thereof I will seal it with my blood." Alexander remarked, "This is the saying of the whole pack of your heretics," and then barbarously commanded him to be set upon the block, and as many irons to be put upon him as he could support.

The clerk then whispered to Alexander that Mr. Philpot had given his man money: on which the gaoler asked him what sum his master had given him: he said, none. The other threatened to search him; and he told him he might do so, for his master had only given a token or two for his friends, such as his brothers and sisters. The savage keeper then reproached his victim with being a maintainer of heretics, saying his man should be known well enough; but he mildly answered him, and requested him to allow the irons to be taken off. Alexander said if he would give him his fees, they should be taken off; if not, he might wear them still; and named four pounds as the price. "Ah," said Philpot, "I have not so much: I am a poor man and have been long in prison." "What will you give me then?" asked the harpy. "Sir," he replied, "I will give you twenty shillings, and that I will send my man for; or else I will lay my gown in gage; for the time is not long, I am sure, that I shall be with you; for the bishop said to me that I should be soon dispatched." "What is that to me?"

PHILPOT IN NEWGATE.

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exclaimed the inhuman gaoler, as he walked away, giving orders to lay him in close confinement; yet before he was taken down, thus manacled, from the block, the clerk would have a groat as his fee.

Whose heart does not throb with indignation while perusing this? Yet it was their Master's cup of which His servants thus drank, and highly did they esteem the privilege—sweet to them is the remembrance now of the cross that preceded their crown.

The steward of the house took the fettered captive on his back, and carried him down, his servant knew not where: but Philpot bade him go to the sheriff and tell him how he was used—probably more to relieve the faithful domestic's distress than his own. The man took another witness with him, and went straightway to Mr. Matcham, one of the sheriffs, who no sooner heard how Mr. Philpot was handled, than he took off a ring from his finger, and delivered it to the servant's companion, bidding him show it to Alexander, and in his name command him to take off the irons, to treat him kindly, and to restore what he had been deprived of. When the insolent keeper received the message, and saw the ring, he said, "Ah, I perceive that Mr. Sheriff is a bearer with him and all such heretics as he is; therefore to-morrow I will show it to his betters." However, at ten o'clock at night, he thought fit to go to the dungeon to take off the irons, and to restore again what he had robbed the prisoner of.

Next night, at supper-time, there came a messenger from the sheriffs, bidding Mr. Philpot make him ready, for the following day he should suffer and be burned at a stake with fire. He said, "I am ready; God grant me strength, and a joyful resurrection." Then going to his chamber, he poured out his spirit unto the Lord God; giving him most hearty thanks that he of his mercy had made him worthy to suffer for his truth. In the morning the sheriffs came, about eight o'clock, and called for him; and he most joyfully came down to them. His affectionate servant then met him, saying, "Ah, dear master, farewell;" to whom he said, "Serve God, and he will help thee." As they came up to Smithfield the way was foul, and two officers took him up, to bear him to the stake; on which he merrily said, "What, will ye make me a pope? I am content to go to my journey's end on foot." On first reaching the place, so famous as the altar on which God's dear servants

offered their lives, a willing sacrifice to His name and cause, Philpot kneeled down, saying, "I will pay my vows in thee, O Smithfield." Coming to the stake he kissed it, and said, "Shall I disdain to suffer at this stake, seeing my Redeemer did not refuse to suffer most vile death upon the cross for me?" and then meekly he recited the cxvi. and two following Psalms. When he had ended he turned to the officers, asking what they had done for him; and as each told him what had been his portion of the cruel office, he gave them money, according to their services.

Then they bound him to the stake, and set fire to that constant martyr, who in the midst of the burning flames yielded his soul into the hands of Almighty God, like a lamb giving up his breath, as like a lion he had been bold and courageous in defence of the gospel.

The manner in which his examinations were penned by his own hand, and preserved for the church, in spite of the great efforts of his persecutors to hinder it, is extraordinary. It shows that the Lord would neither suffer the words of such a witness to fall to the ground, nor the example of his great patience and steadfastness to be lost to his fellow-Christians. The wretched Bonner lived to see Fox's spirited narrative published, and that record of his atrocious cruelties set up in parish churches beside the Bible, for the public use of the people.

Archdeacon Philpot was the last who suffered in that memorable year, 1555: he was burned on the 18th of December, and the next butchery occurred in the same place, towards the end of January following. They had already put to death nearly all the principal men, bishops and pastors, over the fold of Christ; and now they turned their cruel hands upon the poor of the flock with merciless violence: people inferior in degree, though, blessed be God, not in steadfastness, and having among them some who were both learned and of good estimation. The following individuals were in one day condemned, and burned in one fire. Thomas Whittle, Bartlet Green, John Judson, John Went, Thomas Brown, Isabel Foster, and Joan Warne. Of these, Whittle was a priest, Green a lawyer, Judson and Went were artificers, and Joan Warne was the daughter of two martyrs, whose story has been already related. The usual articles were exhibited against them, charging them with leaving the catholic church and the faith of their godfathers, speaking against

the mass, and remaining obstinate in their errors: to which they answered, as their brethren slain before them had usually done.

Whittle was that priest of whom John Philpot made mention, as having found him in the stocks, rejoicing exceedingly in having been brought back, after his recantation. When first apprehended, he had been taken before Winchester by his captor, who hoped for some preferment in reward of his zeal; but Gardiner was then on his deathbed, and so far from thanking him, asked him in a great rage if there was no man to whom he might bring such rascals but to him. "Hence," said he, "out of my sight, thou varlet; what, dost thou trouble me with such matters?" The greedy preferment-hunter, repulsed in this quarter, took his prisoner to Bonner, who at first treated him most barbarously, beating and bruising him about the face; but afterwards by smooth speeches, mingled with threats, prevailed on him to set his hand to a bill of recantation. How his conscience tormented him for this, and how he, by tearing the paper, brought himself again under the cross, has been related. He was then, after being most savagely assaulted and wounded by Bonner, kept in prison till the 14th of January, when, being brought to the consistory with others, he was first called on by the bishop of London, who said, that whereas in time past Whittle had said mass, according to the order then used, he now of late had spoken and railed against the same, saying it was idolatry and abomination. To which Whittle replied, that at such time as he so said mass, he was ignorant; adding that the elevation of the host at the mass giveth occasion of idolatry to them that be ignorant and unlearned. Having vainly endeavoured to shake his resolution, Bonner first degraded him, by divesting him of his priestly trinkets and clerkly habit. In the midst of these foolish ceremonies, Whittle said, "Paul and Titus had not so much ado with their priests and bishops: my lord, your religion standeth most with the church of Rome, and not with the catholic church of Christ." When asked what fault he found with the administration of the sacrament of the altar, he answered, "It is not used according to Christ's institution, for that it is privately and not openly done. And also for that it is ministered but in one kind to the lay people, which is against Christ's ordinance. Further, Christ commanded it not to be elevated or adored; for the adoration and elevation cannot be ap-

proved by Scripture." He was again offered favour, if he would return to the Romish persuasion; but strengthened by the grace of God, he stood firm, and was committed to the secular power, a condemned man, in a few days to seal his testimony with his blood. He wrote some beautiful letters from the prison, to various persons, which prove him to have been a Christian of no ordinary gifts, enabled unfeignedly to rejoice in the tribulation from which he, in the infirmity of the flesh, had once for a little space shrunk.

BARTLET GREEN was the son of highly respectable parents, who gave him a fair education. At Oxford, he proved himself a good scholar, profiting much in secular studies, but greatly opposed to the truth, through the ignorance that was in him. During the latter period of his studies, he had, however, attended the lectures of Peter Martyr, then the divinity lecturer in Oxford, which was made instrumental to his conversion from double darkness to the clear light of the gospel. Removed from the university, he became a student in the Temple, where, by evil example and want of watchfulness, he was gradually led into some worldly follies and excesses, which occasioned him much grief and self-reproach, when God again, by his inexhaustible mercy, recovered him from those crooked paths. The young man's chief support was derived from his grandfather, Dr. Bartlet, a zealous member of the Romish communion, who assailed him with large offers of worldly advantages if he would recant, and return to his old superstition; but in vain. Green was of a very sweet, amiable disposition, meek, humble, discreet, and benevolent: beloved by all, save those who hated him for the truth which he followed. Among the many whom he benefitted was a faithful Christian, named Christopher Goodman, who had been his companion and friend at Oxford, in Edward's days; but was now a poor exile beyond the seas, banished by the popish government. With him Green continued to correspond; as it proved, to the grief of both, for Goodman thereby lost his friend, and the other his liberty, and ultimately his life.

A report, it seems, had been spread of Mary's death, among the banished Protestants, and Goodman wrote to Green to inquire concerning it: Green simply answered, that the queen was not dead. This letter, with many others from the flock in England to their exiled brethren, fell into the hands of the council, by the apprehension of their mes-

senger. Green's expression, "the queen is not dead," appeared so treasonable to these careful investigators, that he was immediately taken into custody; but as they could not found such a charge upon words so easily explained, they taxed him with favouring the gospel, and on that ground detained him in prison, until it seemed good to them to send him to Bonner, for judgment as a heretic. He found the bishop with two other prelates, Harpsfield, Welch, Dean, Roper, and others, seated together, and Bonner commenced by asking the cause of his apprehension, which he fully detailed, but Bonner affirmed that there was another reason for it, and asked if he had not, since his committal to the Fleet, written or spoken somewhat against the natural presence of Christ in the sacrament of the altar. Green, in reply, begged the bishop to allege no new matters against him till he should be discharged of the old; and when he persisted herein, Welch justified the order of proceeding; saying that if he had been imprisoned for treason, and had, while in durance, maintained heresy, it was no objection to the ordinary examining him: as his acquittal or condemnation on the latter point would not affect the former. So artfully could they entangle a victim whom they had resolved to destroy! Finding all protestation vain, Green desired, according to law, to hear his accusers: when Chedsey was summoned, who reported that in the presence of the lieutenant of the tower and another, he had spoken against the real presence, and the sacrifice of the mass; also affirming that their church was the church of antichrist. Bonner asked him, "Was this true?" He answered, "Yea." "Will you continue therein?" "Yea." "Wilt thou maintain it by learning?" said he again. Green replied, "Therein I show myself to have little wit, knowing mine own youth and ignorance, if I would take on me to maintain any controversy against so many grave and learned men. But my conscience is satisfied in the truth, which is sufficient for my salvation." "Conscience!" cried Roper, "so shall every Jew and Turk be saved." A great deal of talk followed; and then Welch called him aside, telling him how sorry he was for his case, dwelling on his youth, and acknowledged want of learning; assuring him that he had read all which the reformers had written, and had also been present when learned men conferred with them, and that he found there was one truth, which from the beginning had been maintained; while all who swerved from that

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unity were answered again and again. With great subtilty, and no lack of eloquence or wit, this man strove to draw Green into his net. To this, Green gave an admirable reply, meekly acknowledging the other's superiority and his own deficiencies; but adding that God was not bound to time, wit, or knowledge, rather choosing the weak things of the world to confound the strong. "Neither can men appoint bounds to God's mercy; for "I will have compassion," saith he, "upon whom I will show mercy." There is no respect of persons with God, whether it be old or young, rich or poor, wise or foolish, fisherman or basket-maker. God giveth knowledge of his truth, through his free grace, to whom he list. James i. Neither do I think myself only to have the truth, but steadfastly believe that Christ hath his spouse, the catholic and universal church, dispersed in many realms, where it pleaseth him. *Spiritus ubi vult spirat:* no more is he addicted to any one place than to the person and equality of one man. Of this church I nothing doubt myself to be a member, trusting to be saved by the faith that is taught in the same. But how this church is known is, in a manner, the end of all controversy. And the true marks of Christ's church are the true preaching of his word, and ministering of his sacraments. These marks were sealed by the apostles, and confirmed by the ancient fathers, till at length they were, through the wickedness of men and the devil, sore worn, and almost utterly taken away. But God be praised that he hath renewed the print, that his truth may be known in many places. For myself, I call God to witness, I have none hope in my own wit and learning, which is very small; but I was persuaded thereto by him,* as by an instrument, that is excellent in all good learning and living. And God is my record that chiefly I sought it of Him, by continual prayer with tears." He concluded in these words, "Now I am brought hither before a great many of bishops and learned men, to be made a fool and a laughing-stock, but I weigh it not a rush; for God knoweth that my whole study is to please him; besides that, I care not for man's pleasure or displeasure."

Welch spoke him very fair; and on his saying that before he could judge whether he had any thing to learn of them, he must, as Welch boasted of having done, read what was written on both sides, he returned to Bonner, with an

* He probably alludes to Peter Martyr.

assurance that the young man was willing to learn; and in the hope of ensnaring him, he was forthwith received into Bonner's house, well lodged, well fed, and kindly treated, with only the annoyance of frequent disputations, in which Bonner tried to overpower him with logic and tricks of the schools. Thus far Green himself related the case in a letter to Philpot, which, however, did not reach him: it appears by the sequel, that Bonner perceiving his learning, over which his humility had cast a veil, to be such as he could not, with all his chaplains and doctors, confute, and his constancy immovable, brought forth his best argument —the rigour of the law, and murderous execution; an argument which, without the special grace of God, is to our weak flesh unanswerable. He therefore caused a confession of true faith, by him deemed heresy, to be drawn out, to which Bartlet Green willingly set his hand on the 27th of December, nearly six weeks from his first examination. On the 15th of January, 1556, he was brought with the others before the consistory in Paul's, where Bonner sat in judgment, accompanied by Fecknam, then dean, and some of his chaplains. Green was the last of the seven called up for judgment; and Bonner in presenting him, made a speech to vindicate himself from the charge of seeking his blood, on the ground of the council's letter concerning him. Then he objected the articles, as to the rest of the martyrs, and a long discussion ensued between Fecknam and the prisoner, as to the interpretation of some passages in the old doctors; but when the question was put, whether he would recant, he said, "Nay, I will not. But, my lord, in old time there were no men put to death for their conscience, until such time as bishops found the means to make it death to believe contrary to them; but excommunication, my lord, was the greatest penalty which men had for their conscience: yea, insomuch that Augustine wrote, and commanded that no man should be put to death for his opinion." Bonner said, that when Augustine saw what inconveniences followed of that commandment, he wrote again to the temporal rulers, commanding them to punish their bodies also. "But," said Green, "he bade not put them to death." "He bade punish them," quoth Bonner. "Yes," said Green, "but not put them to death." "That they should be punished," repeated Bonner. He then asked Green if he would recant, and return to the Romish unity; which when he declined, Bonner pronounced the definitive

sentence, and so committed him to the sheriffs, who took him to Newgate. On his way thither, there met him two gentlemen, both of whom were his especial friends, who intended to offer some comfort to their persecuted brother; but on seeing him, their sorrow and affection overflowed in abundance of tears. The martyr, in gentle reproof, said, "Ah, my friends, is this your comfort you are come to give me in this my occasion of heaviness? Must I, who needed to have comfort ministered to me, become now a comforter of you?" Then declaring his peaceable mind and conscience, he continued to speak cheerfully to them and others till they came to the prison door, into which he joyfully entered, and there gave himself to prayer, in which he constantly delighted, and to other godly exercises, until the day of his martyrdom, to which he went cheerfully along, repeating by the way, and also at the stake, some Latin verses, thus rendered into English;

O Christ, my God, sure hope of health beside thee have I none:
The truth I love, and falsehood hate; be thou my guide alone.

Bartlet Green who was only twenty-five years of age, was singularly gifted with the most unaffected lowliness of mind, looking on himself so humbly, that nothing grieved him like language of praise or commendation. Fox relates the fact, as having heard it from his own mouth, that he was cruelly beaten and scourged with rods by savage Bonner; at which he did indeed greatly rejoice, but through the modesty of his nature avoided making mention of it, lest he should seem to glory too much in himself. Besides this, the tenderness and compassion that constantly showed themselves in him, towards all who were distressed, and his zealous efforts to interest his friends on behalf of some repentant criminals in his prison, proved him to be one of those of whom the world was not worthy. Among other beautiful pieces of writing, the following penned just before he suffered, affords a sweet picture of the state of his mind.

"Better is the day of death, says Solomon, than the day of birth. Man that is born of a woman liveth but a short time, and is replenished with many miseries; but happy are the dead that die in the Lord. Man of woman is born in travail, to live in misery; man through Christ doth die in joy, and live in felicity. He is born to die, and dieth to live. Straight as he cometh into the world, with cries

he uttereth his miserable estate; straight as he departeth, with songs he praiseth God for ever. Scarce yet in his cradle, three deadly enemies assail him; after death, no adversary may annoy him. Whilst he is here, he displeaseth God; when he is dead, he fulfilleth his will. In this life here, he dieth through sin; in the life to come, he liveth in righteousness. Through many tribulations on earth he is still purged; with joy unspeakable in heaven he is made pure for ever. Here he dieth every hour; there he liveth continually. Here is sin; there is righteousness. Here is time, there is eternity. Here is hatred; there is love. Here is pain; there is pleasure. Here is misery; there is felicity. Here is corruption; there is immortality. Here we see vanity, there shall we behold the majesty of God, with triumphant and unspeakable joy, in glory everlasting. Seek therefore the things that are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God the Father; unto whom, with the Son and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory, world without end. Amen."

Fox, who seems to have regarded this young Christian with peculiar affection, thus quaintly concludes his eulogy, after adverting to his profession of the temporal law; "I would to God he were not among the lawyers such a phœnix, that he had very few or no fellows to fly with him, or to follow his steps. But God is to be praised, that though we read of few or none among that sort who died as he did, yet good witnesses do spring up daily of the same profession, to such towardness and godly zeal, that some hope appeareth shortly to come to pass, that this goodly phœnix shall not fly alone."

Thomas Brown was reported by the constable of St. Bride's parish to Bonner, for not coming to the church; and was taken to Bonner's house at Fulham, to be examined. While there he was summoned one morning to mass, which he refused to attend, and, going into the warren, kneeled down to pray among the trees, while they celebrated their idolatrous service in the chapel. He was kept prisoner from September to the following January, then brought up for judgment with the other six. Bonner addressed him, with a boast of the pains he had taken to convert him; "yet," said he, "thou and such like have and do report that I go about to seek thy blood." The poor man boldly answered, "Yea, my lord, indeed ye be a blood-sucker; and I would I had as much blood as there

is water in the sea for you to suck." He was then called on to forsake his heresies, which he promised to do if they would prove them to be such: but instead of attempting this, they tried to win him by fair words and promises of pardon; until he finally said, "Prove it to be heresy that I do hold and maintain, and I will turn to you. But you condemn me because I will not confess and believe the bread in the sacrament of the altar, as you call it, to be the body of Christ; and therefore ye spill mine, and such like innocent blood, being the queen's true subjects; for which ye shall answer, and that shortly." He was then condemned.

JUDSON, a native of Ipswich, afterwards apprenticed in London, was complained of to Cholmley and Story, who sent him to Bonner. The like persuasions were resorted to, as with the others; but he, constantly persisting in what he had received by faithful preachers in Edward's time, could not be moved therefrom. He maintained that he had not offended; and that his belief was no heresy; and so received sentence of death.

JOHN WENT was born in Langham, Essex, a poor man, who, being examined of his faith by Story, was pronounced a heretic, and sent to Bonner. He withstood, calmly and resolutely, all their solicitations, neither flinched from their threats, but said he would not recant: by the leave of God, he would stand firm and constant in what he had said. Sentence was presently given.

ISABEL FOSTER was a native of Grafstock, near Carlisle, married to a cutler in Fleet street, and informed against for not coming to church. Bonner tried to overcome her determination, during her imprisonment, but in vain. She appeared before the consistory with the others; and her reply to all their exhortations to forsake her former answers, was, "I will not go from them, by God's grace." The condemnation was pronounced, which, in a few days after, ended her troubles here, to find a better rest in the kingdom of Christ, her Saviour.

Joan Warne, or Lashford, was the last of the seven: her story has already been related.* They all ended their lives in the flames of Smithfield, rejoicing, and praising God, on the 27th of January, 1556.

On the 31st of the same month, a fire was kindled in Canterbury, for five more of the Lord's chosen ones. JOHN

* Vol. i. page 339.

Lomas, a young man being cited, and asked if he believed the catholic church, replied that he believed so much as is contained in God's book, and no more. On his next examination, he was asked if he would confess to a priest: and said that he found it not written in God's book that he should be confessed to any priest: neither would he be confessed, unless he were accused by some man of sin. Again examined, as to whether he believed the body of Christ to be in the sacrament of the altar, under the forms of bread and wine, after the consecration, he answered that he believed no reality of Christ's body to be in the sacrament; neither found he written that he is there, under form or tressel, but he believed so much as is written. No other reply would he give.

Agnes Smith, a widow, was also accused and cited for the true profession of Christ's religion. She denied confession to a priest, admitting the propriety of confessing our offences one to another, as God has enjoined. Of the sacrament, she said that if she or any other did receive it so as Christ and his apostles after him did deliver it, then she and they did receive it to their comfort: but as it is now used in the church, she said that no man could otherwise receive it than to his damnation, as she thought. She denied penance to be a sacrament; declared the popish manner of absolution to be not consonant to God's word; and in this faith stood fast.

Joan Sole, for not allowing auricular confession, and for denying the real substance of Christ's body to be in the wafer; Anne Albright, for objecting to auricular confession, and for calling their sacrament of the altar a naughty and abominable idol; and Joan Catmer, widow of one who had before received the crown of martyrdom, who maintained the same truth, completed the number. The man and four women were fastened to two stakes, in one fire, and while the flames raged above their heads, sung psalms to Almighty God. Sir John Norton, being present, wept bitterly at the spectacle; but as for them, they wept no more: God wiped away all tears from their eyes, and brought them into his own presence, with everlasting gladness and joy.

CHAPTER VI.

ARCHBISHOP CRANMER.

The time had now arrived, when the highest dignitary of the English church must fall a prey—offered up, in flames, to the insatiable Moloch of popery; and snatched by special grace, even at the last, as a brand from unquenchable burning. The history of that amiable and estimable man, Thomas Cranmer, arcbbishop of Canterbury, is one of no ordinary interest. By the singular providence of God, he was brought from the retirement of private life, to become one of the most conspicuous characters of that eventful period; to promote, beyond any other individual, the sacred cause of the gospel in England; and finally after a grievous fall to rise again, and stand at the post of martyrdom, a witness for the truth.

Cranmer was of a good and ancient family, born in Nottinghamshire; he entered at Cambridge, where, prospering well in the higher orders of study, he was chosen fellow of Jesus College. By marrying, however, he soon forfeited his fellowship, and became reader in Buckingham College. His wife dying soon after, he was re-elected fellow, by his former companions, where he soon attained the degree of doctor and lecturer in divinity, and from his high reputation was generally chosen one of the heads, whose office it was to examine the candidates for degrees, either admitting them, or suspending the admission until they should be better furnished with learning. Dr. Cranmer, early impressed with the importance of scriptural knowledge, would never admit any to proceed in divinity, until they were thoroughly acquainted with the Bible history; so that he gave much offence, and provoked no little resentment among those whom he sent back to study this neglected branch. Nevertheless, in after time, some of these individuals becoming famous and useful to the church through their scriptural knowledge, were in the habit of highly extolling Cranmer's firmness in this point, to which they owed all their attainments. When Wolsey's famous college, at Oxford, was in progress, Cranmer was greatly solicited to accept a fel-

lowship in it; but he refused, though at the hazard of incurring the haughty cardinal's displeasure: and this was the first evident link in the remarkable chain of his future eminence. Remaining at Cambridge, he was exposed to the dangers of the plague, which broke out there; and having the two young sons of a Mr. Cressy under his charge, in college, he took them home to their father's house, at Waltham Abbey, from the peril of the infection; himself remaining there as a guest.

It was just at this time that Henry VIII., who had been for two or three years agitating the subject of his divorce among the canonists and learned men, found himself trifled with by the two cardinals, Campeius and Wolsey, who suddenly closed their commission, when he expected an immediate sentence, pretending that it was not allowable to hold courts on ecclesiastical matters during harvest. The king, exasperated at this, had despatched Campeius back to Rome, and in very bad humour left London, to pass a night or two at Waltham. His two chief helpers in the cause, Stephen Gardiner, then secretary, and Dr. Fox, almoner, accompanying him, were lodged in the house of Mr. Cressy, where, meeting Dr. Cranmer at supper, the discourse turned upon the king's business, which was freely discussed by them, being old college acquaintances. Cranmer, on his opinion being asked, said he had not studied the matter, but it seemed to him they were taking a wrong course. Instead of pursuing the case in ecclesiastical courts, he thought the better way would have been simply to propound the question, whether a man may marry his brother's wife or no? and to let the divines discuss it by the authority of the word of God, whereby the king's conscience might be better satisfied than by these uncertain proceedings. He spoke much of the certainty that Scripture would declare and show the truth; which might as well be discovered in England as at Rome.

The next day Henry removed to Greenwich, and being, as usual, very restless on the subject, he sent for his two favourite counsellors, asking them what he should now do: whether he must send a new commission to Rome; lamenting the impossibility of foreseeing when there would be an end of it. Dr. Fox, anxious to set his master's mind at rest, told him there was a hope of settling it with less labour; and repeated Cranmer's advice. Gardiner showed no little vexation at this honest proceeding, for he intended

to have taken the credit of it on themselves, and endeavoured still to give that colour to the affair, but the impetuous mind of Henry had caught what he rightly judged would be a clue to guide him out of the labyrinth: he ordered that Cranmer should forthwith be sent for, adding, "That man hath the sow by the right ear; and if I had known this device but two years ago, it had been in my way a great piece of money, and had also rid me of much disquietness."

Cranmer, who greatly disliked the summons, entreated his friends by some means to excuse him to the king; and they strove so to do; but Henry scolded and insisted, and showed how vain it was to oppose his despotic will. Cranmer was introduced, and Henry, both requesting as a friend, and commanding as a king, that he would set apart all other business and affairs to see his cause furthered, he was obliged to assent, suggesting, however, that it would be best to commit the examination of the matter by the word of God to the principal men in the universities. Henry agreed to this, still insisting that Cranmer should write out his own mind concerning it. He then called the earl of Wiltshire, giving him charge to entertain Cranmer in his house for this purpose; and to provide him with books and all other requisites. This was done; Scripture, general councils, and ancient writers, were all adduced in support of Cranmer's individual opinion, which was this—that the bishop of Rome had no such authority as whereby he might dispense with the word of God and the Scripture.

When the king saw this book, he asked, "Will you abide by this that you have here written, before the bishop of Rome?" "That I will do, by God's grace," replied Dr. Cranmer, "if your majesty do send me thither." Thus, by his means, learned men having been sent abroad to discuss the matter in foreign universities, it was also solemnly disputed in Oxford and Cambridge; and by them it was concluded that no such matrimony was, by the word of God, lawful. The next step was the sending of an embassage to Rome, consisting of the earl of Wiltshire, Cranmer, Stokesby, Carne, Bennet, and other learned doctors and gentlemen. Such a mission had never before approached the wearer of the triple crown: such a blow had never been aimed at his authority. Henry, recently the pope's champion against Luther, had laid hold on the weapon beneath which alone the mighty power of the papacy crumbles into

dust; and little did the selfish, despotic king foresee what consequences would ensue from this daring step, of sending to inform him who exalteth himself above all that is called God and is worshipped, that the word of inspiration was of higher authority than the thundered dicta of his infallibility!

The interview with the pope was marked by an incident which Fox records with much glee, as ominous of what was shortly to take place between the Romish see and England. When they came into the presence, the bishop of Rome, seated on high in his cloth of estate, richly apparelled, offered his sandaled foot to be kissed by the ambassadors. The earl of Wiltshire, not choosing so to degrade himself, stood still, and the rest followed their leader's example. It happened that the earl had brought with him a favourite spaniel of a large breed, which accompanied him on this occasion, and he, being somewhat in advance of his master when the pope's foot was graciously put forth, took the liberty of applying thereto not only his nose but his teeth, and pinched the pontifical great toe, so smartly, that his holiness lost no time in drawing it in from the sacrilegious salute; and while the ambassadors smiled in their sleeves at the incident, he tacitly dispensed with any further ceremony of that sort, and gave ear at once to their message. Strange to say, no direct opposition was offered to their plea against his authority for dispensing with the precepts of God's word; and after divers promises, and frequently appointing days for debating the question, he sent them away complimented and uncontradicted.

The rest returning to England, Cranmer went to the emperor's court, to make good his argument, even in presence of queen Katharine's nephew, and succeeded in silencing all his doctors. On his return home, Warham's death left the see of Canterbury vacant; and Henry justly conferred the dignity on the best friend and ablest advocate he had ever found within his realm. In this high pastoral charge, Cranmer so deported himself as to answer St. Paul's description of a bishop; while his fulfilment of the duties annexed to it, as a great office of state, was admirably correct. So forgiving was he, and so careful to return good for evil, that it became a common saying, "Do my lord of Canterbury an ill turn, and you may be sure to have him your friend while he liveth." His personal character was, indeed, most lovely, the qualities of his mind rare, his ac-

quirements singularly great, and his integrity, fidelity, and disinterestedness in the service of his king, such as even the caprice of that suspicious tyrant could never call in question. Indeed the attempts that were frequently made to shake his confidence in Cranmer, only served to show how fixed it was. The Lord doubtless gave him this favour in the king's eyes, that he might the better fulfil his appointed task of building up again the prostrate church of Christ. His opposition to the enactment of the flagitious Six Articles, proved a great trial of Henry's friendship for the archbishop: Stephen Gardiner, his secret and most implacable enemy, continually practised against him; and on one occasion so far prevailed, by means of his emissaries who abused the king's ear with tales that Cranmer and his chaplains by their preaching were filling the whole realm with pernicious heresies, that Henry allowed them to commit him to the tower, and to proceed so far as to make their envious malice fully apparent; but he had taken care, by privately instructing Cranmer how to proceed, and giving him his ring to produce at the proper moment, to ensure him a triumphant deliverance from their toils. So openly was the shield of royal favour thrown over this upright prelate, that it soon became a hopeless task to assail him: for whosoever slandered the archbishop of Canterbury was sure to receive some of the king's pungent rebukes, accompanied with menaces that no one liked to provoke at the hands of such a monarch. Such was Henry's affection for Cranmer, that he even connived at his living in the state of wedlock, notwithstanding the Six Articles; and faithfully kept the secret.

When Edward ascended the throne, Cranmer who had recently been convinced through Ridley's means, of the true doctrine of the sacrament, on which he never till then had been rightly persuaded, wrote five books on the subject, for public instruction, wherein he overthrows the corporeal presence, transubstantiation, adoration, the receiving of Christ's body by the ungodly, and the blasphemous sacrifice of the mass. Stephen Gardiner, then at leisure in the tower of London, took on himself to answer this publication, to whose sophistical work Cranmer again learnedly and copiously replied. This did not silence Gardiner, who wrote another book, which Cranmer was employed in confuting, during his subsequent imprisonment in Oxford. Ridley also, being deprived of pen, ink and paper, broke a

piece of lead from the frame of his prison window, and wrote with it his annotations on the margin of the book, in refutation of its falsehoods.

Cranmer also wrote a work on the Reformation, the catechism of the church of England, and great part of the book of homilies, with other works. His share of the compilation of the common-prayer, with the thirty-nine articles, is well known: and, as under his tuition the character of Edward was formed, so by his influence and direction was the glorious work of the reformation in England achieved. It was Cranmer who first dared to assert that the bishop of Rome had no authority to set aside God's commandments: it was under Cranmer's guidance that Henry flung from the neck of his country, the yoke of popish supremacy: and it was by Cranmer's hand that God established his pure worship in the place of her ancient idolatrous abominations. Neither was the prosperous course of events in Elizabeth's reign uninfluenced by this extraordinary man: he was the friend and counsellor of her early years; and doubtless was commissioned to sow the seed which yielded such precious fruit to the famished and scattered flock of Christ, during her long and glorious sovereignty.

One sore blot is indeed found on the fair page of this record of Cranmer's prosperous days. The manner in which he perverted his power over the youthful mind of Edward, to force upon that gentle king the stain of blood-guiltiness, in the case of the poor foolish Kentish girl, cannot, nor ought to be forgotten. It was a fearful crime, unspeakably aggravated by the degree of light that Cranmer possessed, and the high responsibilities with which he was invested. If none among the pastors of the awakened church soared so high as Cranmer, none fell so low: and the eye that is uplifted to gaze upon the spectacle of this exalted character, can but sink again to earth, under the sad exemplification of that truth, "There is none righteous; no, not one."

In the matter of Mary's succession, the archbishop showed a scrupulous regard to his oath, and a tenderness of conscience that no other of the council displayed. They had all sworn to her title, as rightful heir of the crown, yet he alone refused subscription to Edward's appointment of the Lady Jane as his successor, and it was not until he had conferred with the lawyers, and received their unanimous assent to the lawfulness of the thing, that, with much re-

luctance, he at length subscribed: and he alone, of all the nobles, could obtain no pardon of Mary for so doing. She, of course, remembered the part he had taken in forwarding her mother's divorce, and in changing the religion of the realm; and anxiously watched for an opportunity of destroying him. This was soon found. A report being spread abroad that Cranmer, to conciliate the queen, had offered to say a dirge mass for king Edward's soul, he lost no time in writing a full contradiction of the calumny, and left the paper open on the window of his chamber. Story, bishop of Rochester, coming in, read it, and desired a copy, which was given to him; and in a very short time, almost all the scriveners in London were occupied in transcribing this bill, which was in great request among the people.

This soon came to the knowledge of the queen's council, who forthwith issued a summons for the archbishop to appear before them, bringing an inventory of all his goods. He did so, and when they had received it, a bishop questioned him as to this bill of his, in which he seemed to be aggrieved with the setting up the mass again; adding that of course he was sorry that it had gone abroad. Cranmer answered, "As I do not deny myself to be the very author of that bill or letter, so must I confess here unto you concerning the same bill, that I am sorry the said bill went from me in such sort as it did. For when I had written it, Mr. Story got the copy of me, and it is now come abroad, and, as I understand, the city is full of it. For which I am sorry that it so passed my hands: for I had intended otherwise to have made it in a more large and ample manner, and minded to have set it on Paul's church-door, and on the doors of all the churches in London, with mine own seal joined thereto."

The lords, not knowing what to say to this bold avowal, dismissed him, promising he should soon hear further; and so he did; for he was shortly afterwards committed to the tower on a charge of treason. But as all the rest were pardoned, it would not do to maintain the indictment against him alone, who was known to have subscribed last, and with the greatest repugnance, to Edward's paper: so they dropped the treason, and retained him on a charge of heresy, sending him speedily afterwards to Oxford, to dispute with the divines there, that under some show of fair discussion, the intended murder might be veiled. What occurred there, has already been related. The first condemnation

of the three prelates having been invalid, as the pope's authority had not yet been formally recognized again in the land, a new commission was sent from Rome; and Brooks, bishop of Gloucester, had the honour of representing the pope on this occasion, being perched on a scaffold ten feet high, seated in great state just under the little idol wafer which hung in its box over the altar. On his right and left, at a proper distance below the chief actor, sat doctor Martin and doctor Story; and under them a number of officials and others.

All being prepared, the bishops in their pontificals, the archbishop of Canterbury was sent for to appear before them. He came from his prison to St. Mary's church, guarded with bills and other weapons, habited in his gown and hood, and entering their presence, neither moved his cap, nor took any other notice of them, but stood still. One of them then called, "Thomas, archbishop of Canterbury, appear here, and make answer to that shall be laid to thy charge, that is to say, for blasphemy, incontinency, and heresy; and make answer here to the bishop of Gloucester, representing the pope's person." He then advanced, quietly viewing the whole array, until espying where the king's and queen's proctors sat, he bowed his knee to the ground, and putting off his cap, made reverence to each of them: then looking the pope's proxy full in the face, he deliberately put it on again; showing him no token whatever of recognition or respect. This highly offended the bishop, who said to him that it might well beseem him, weighing the authority that he represented, to do his duty unto him: but Cranmer answered, that he had once taken a solemn oath never to consent to the admitting of the bishop of Rome's authority into this realm of England again; and that he had done it advisedly, and meant, by God's grace to keep it; and therefore would commit nothing either by sign or token, which might argue his consent to the receiving of the same: and so he desired the bishop to judge of him, and that he did it not for any contempt of his person, which he could have been content to have honoured as well as any of the other, if his commission had come from as good an authority as theirs. This he said modestly and quietly, standing covered, never once bowing or moving so as to betoken any respect for the pope's representative: and this was especially noticed by all the people, who pressed as near as possible to observe his deportment.

Then proceeded bishop Brooks to make an oration, accusing Cranmer of apostasy from the church, treason against the queen, and adultery, in that he had married. He traced his fall to the great sin of schism, in forsaking his allegiance to the pope. God, he said, then forsook him, allowing him to fall "from schism to apostasy, from apostasy to heresy, from heresy to perjury, from perjury to treason, and so in conclusion into the full indignation of our sovereign prince, which you may think a just punishment of God, for your other abominable opinions." The speech was very long, but none of it worth a repetition; and when he sat down Dr. Martin began to plead, in technical phrases, stating to Cranmer that they had reported his case to the pope, who had graciously decreed that though of late time he had excluded both justice and charity, yet his holiness would have both charity and justice shown him; and had therefore appointed the bishop of Gloucester his high commissioner, before whom the archbishop was to answer the articles of accusation; he, Martin, with Dr. Story, attending on behalf of their majesties, to accuse him.

When this speech was ended, the archbishop having leave to reply, first repeated the Lord's prayer, kneeling; then stood up and recited the apostles' creed; and thus spoke, "This I do profess, as touching my faith, and make my protestation, which I desire you to note: I will never consent that the bishop of Rome shall have any jurisdiction within this realm." "Take a note thereof," cries Story; while Martin said, "Mark, Mr. Cranmer, how you answer for yourself. You refuse and deny him by whose laws ye do remain in life; being otherwise attainted of high treason, and but a dead man by the laws of the realm." Cranmer protested before God that he was no traitor, adding, he had confessed more at his arraignment than was true. Martin repeated his assertion, and bade him proceed. Cranmer then went on, "I will never consent to the bishop of Rome; for then should I give myself to the devil; for I have made an oath to the king, and I must obey the king by God's laws. By the Scripture the king is chief, and need no foreign person in his own realm above him. There is no subject but to a king. I am a subject; I owe my fidelity to the crown. The pope is contrary to the crown. I cannot obey both; for no man can serve two masters at once, as you in the beginning of your

oration declared of the sword and the keys, attributing the keys to the pope, and the sword to the king; but I say the king hath both." He proceeded in the same concise, pointed, energetic strain to show how contrary the pope's laws are both to the laws of England and of God. He defended the orthodox faith of the sacrament in the same manner, continuing thus, "Christ commanded all to drink of the cup; the pope taketh it away from the laymen, and yet one saith that if Christ had died for the devil that he should drink thereof. Christ biddeth us to obey the king; the bishop of Rome biddeth us to obey him: therefore, unless he be antichrist, I cannot tell what to make of him. Wherefore, if I should obey him, I cannot obey Christ. He is like the devil in his doings; for the devil said to Christ, 'If thou wilt fall down and worship me, I will give thee all the kingdoms of the world." Thus he took upon him to give that which was not his own. Even so, the bishop of Rome giveth princes their crowns, being none of his own; for where princes either by election, by succession, or by inheritance obtain their crown, he saith that they should have it from him. Christ saith that antichrist shall be. And who shall he be? Forsooth he that advanceth himself above all other creatures. Now if there be none already that hath advanced himself after such sort besides the pope, then in the mean time let him be antichrist."

"Pleaseth it you to make an end?" interrupted Dr. Story. Cranmer went on: "For he will be the vicar of Christ, he will dispense with the old and new testament also; yea, and with apostasy." He then disavowed all personal ill-will to the reigning bishop of Rome; and said he spoke not so for his defence, but to declare his conscience for the zeal that he bore to God's word, trodden under foot by the bishop of Rome. He quoted our Lord's testimony, as to what would be the lot of his faithful servants in persecuting times; and set forth again the utter illegality of the pope's interference in this land, requiring the king's and queen's proctors to make known to their majesties what he had said. Then, addressing Gloucester in his high place, he went on, "And you, for your part, my lord, are perjured; for now ye sit judge for the pope, and yet you did receive your bishopric of the king. You have taken an oath to be adversary to the realm: for the pope's laws are contrary to the laws of the realm." Gloucester retorted, "You were the cause that I did forsake the

pope, and did swear that he ought not to be supreme head, and gave it to king Henry the eighth, that he ought to be it; and this you made me to do." To this Cranmer replied, that the question was settled three quarters of a year before he had the archbishopric, in the time of his predecessor Warham; so that he had nothing to do with influencing Brooks, who, as a doctor of divinity, had signed his assent to the giving of the supremacy to Henry; along with the other learned divines of Oxford and Cambridge; "so that here ye have reported of me that which ye cannot prove, which is evil done," continued the intrepid metropolitan, still standing erect before them, with his cap on his head.

Gloucester now remarked, "We come to examine you; and you, methinks, examine us." Then Story commenced an oration, the purport of which was to express his regret that Cranmer had been allowed to talk so much, to rail at him, and to demand that he should directly be compelled to answer to the articles they were about to lay against him. Martin undertook the office of examiner, whose chief object it was to exhibit Cranmer as having been a zealous Romanist in former days, and to implicate him in Henry's proceedings against Lambert. He then assailed the archbishop with some intricate queries respecting the temporal head of the church; but through the unfairness of the scribe who took down the examination, Cranmer's answers are not intelligibly given. Then followed the interrogatories, to the number of sixteen, of the choice style of which the first is a specimen. "That he, the aforesaid Thomas Cranmer, being yet free, and before he entered into holy orders, married one Joan, surnamed Black or Brown, dwelling at the sign of the dolphin in Cambridge." He answered, that whether she was called Black or Brown he knew not; but that he married there one Joan, that he granted. All the articles were in the same impertinent and vulgar style; his answers all concise, and confirmatory of his doctrine. The notary having entered them, the judges were about to rise and depart, but Gloucester seeing the people somewhat moved with the words of the archbishop, pronounced another very long harangue, setting forth the greatness of his heresy and sin; ending in these terms. "Thus much have I said, not for you, Mr. Cranmer, for my hope that I conceived of you is now gone and past; but somewhat to satisfy the rude and unlearned people, that they, perceiving your arrogant lying, and lying arrogancy, may the

better eschew your detestable and abominable schism." In conclusion, they appointed eight witnesses to depose what they knew against the archbishop, calling on him to say if he had an objection to any one of them. He refused them all, as being perjured men, and not Christian in their religion; but this was not regarded. On going out, Cranmer, as before, made low obeisance to the queen's commissioners, Martin and Story, whereat the latter, pointing to the bishop of Gloucester, said that he ought rather to give reverence unto him; but the archbishop departed without taking any notice of the pope's representative.

After this, he was cited to appear at Rome, within eighty days, and answer for himself; which he said he would do, if it pleased the king and queen to send him there; but before the fourth part of that time had expired, their majesties received the pope's commands to degrade him. Being also kept in close confinement, with no means of leaving it, he was, of course, prevented from answering the citation, yet his non-appearance at Rome was pronounced contumacious, and for such contempt of the pope's authority, he was condemned to suffer death. Thurlby, bishop of Ely, was chosen to sit on this new commission: he had been the beloved and cherished friend of Cranmer, whose palace had ever been open to him, and whose bounty he had most largely received; and with him was joined Bonner himself. These two delegates appeared in Oxford on the 14th of February, in Christ's church, sitting in pontifical state, where they opened their commission, setting forth how that the accused had wanted nothing appertaining to his necessary defence; on hearing which Cranmer exclaimed, "O Lord, what lies be these! that I being continually in prison, and never could be suffered to have counsel or advocate at home, should produce witnesses, and appoint my counsel at Rome! God must needs punish this open and shameless lying." They, however, read to an end, and then proceeded to degrade him. When he was robed and garnished as a priest, "What!" said he, "I think I shall say mass." "Yea," replied Cosins, "My Lord, I trust to see you say mass for all this." "Do you so?" returned Cranmer, "that shall you never see, nor will I ever do it."

Then were added to these garments all manner of robes, of a bishop and archbishop, as he appears at his installation; saving that as every thing then is most rich and costly, so on the present occasion, all was formed of canvas and

old rags. A mitre and pall of the same materials were then put upon him; and in his hand the crosier staff. Bonner, who of a long time had hated the archbishop, and to whose malignant spirit this spectacle of mockery was a choice regale, now stretched out his hand towards the venerable and dignified object of their antichristian cruelty, and spoke as follows: "This is the man that hath ever despised the pope's holiness, and now is to be judged by him. This is the man that hath pulled down so many churches, and now is come to be judged in a church. This is the man that contemned the blessed sacrament of the altar, and now is come to be condemned before that blessed sacrament hanging over the altar. This is the man that like Lucifer sat in the place of Christ, upon an altar to judge other, and now is come before an altar to be judged himself." Here the archbishop interrupted him, saying, that in that he belied him; for if, on the occasion to which he alluded, when a scaffolding was erected for him and some others, to sit in commission in Paul's church, there was any altar under it, he neither knew nor suspected it. But Bonner went on, in his usual strain of low scurrility, reviling him; commencing each sentence with "This is the man;" until every person present was weary and disgusted with his ruffianism. Thurlby repeatedly pulled him by the sleeve to stop him, and afterwards reproached him with breach of promise; for he had entreated him earnestly to use him with reverence.

Bonner having ended his scoffs, they proceeded to the degradation, the first act of which was to take away the crosier; which he held fast, refusing to deliver it up; and following the example of Martin Luther, drew from his left sleeve a formal appellation, which he put into their hands, saying, "I appeal to the next general council; and herein I have comprehended my cause and form of it, which I desire may be admitted." He then called on the bystanders to be witnesses that he had so appealed. The bishop of Ely at first refused to receive the paper, saying that their commission was to proceed against him: but when Cranmer reminded him that the matter was immediately between him and the pope, and that no man ought to be a judge in his own cause, Ely took the paper, saying that if it might be admitted it should. He then implored Cranmer to consider his state; and referring to the part he was himself acting, and to the great love and friendship

that had been between them, he wept so bitterly that for a long while he could not proceed. After recovering a little composure, he stepped forward, and solemnly declared that if it had not been for the royal commandment, which he could not disobey, no earthly gain should have induced him to have done it: protesting it was the saddest thing that ever happened to him. It is very probable that the brutal conduct of Bonner had roused for the moment some better feeling on the part of his fellow-persecutor. The archbishop kindly comforted his friend with much gentleness; saying he was very well content: so they proceeded in their silly ceremonies. When they attempted to remove the pall, which is the solemn and exclusive vesture of an archbishop, Cranmer asked, "Which of you hath a pall, to take off my pall?" implying that they, being of an inferior order, could not degrade him. One of them replied, that as bishops they were indeed below his order, and could not do it; but as the pope's delegates, they might take his pall, which they did. Then a barber clipped his hair round about, and the bishops scraped the tops of his fingers, where he had been anointed: Bonner indulging his usual savage disposition, by paining him as much as he could; while Ely was soft and gentle as possible. The archbishop, in the midst of their fooleries, remarked, "All this needed not; I had myself done with this gear long ago." They ended by stripping him of his own gown, to his jacket, and putting on him a poor beadle's old thread-bare gown, with a townsman's cap on his head. Then Bonner exultingly cried out, "Now you are no lord any more!" and in his repeated bursts of spite, which continued till they departed, he spoke of him as, "This gentleman here," and so forth.

When the captive was led back to his prison, habited in so unseemly a fashion, every spectator was moved to pity; and an incident occurred which proves to what utter destitution he was reduced. A gentleman of Gloucestershire had taken charge of the archbishop's gown; and now carrying it along, entered into conversation with him, remarking that the bishop of Ely had protested his friendship with tears; to which Cranmer replied, that he might have used a great deal more friendship towards him, and never have been the worse thought on; for he had well deserved it. When they reached the prison the gentleman asked him to drink: he answered, that if he had a piece of salt fish he had better will to eat; for that he had been that day some-

what troubled with that matter, and had eaten little; "but now that it is past," added he, "my heart is well quieted." It was a fact that this man, the highest dignitary of the church in England, whose liberality had been renowned through the whole realm, and whose influence was such that not only the gentle Edward but the fierce and untractable Henry could deny him nothing; this good and venerable archbishop had been so persecuted for Christ's sake, that he had not at his command a single penny wherewith to purchase a morsel to appease his hunger. The gentleman told him he would, with all his heart give him some money; but suddenly recollecting the case of a man named Farmer, who had lately been stripped of all his possessions for showing compassion to a prisoner similarly situated, he dared not relieve him in a direct way, but gave money to the bailiffs standing by, and said, if they were good men, they would bestow it on him: and so left him, the archbishop earnestly bidding him farewell, commending himself to his prayers, and those of his friends. That very night was the gentleman arrested by command of Bonner and Ely; and had not powerful interest been exerted on his behalf, he would have been sent up before the council, to be dealt with as a favourer of heresy.

We now come to the most painful event that has yet been recorded. Cranmer had been the first to move the overthrow of the pope's usurped dominion in England; he had stood forth as chief standard-bearer throughout the reformation, and had hitherto presented an undaunted front of opposition to the antichristian proceedings of Mary's reign. The fall of such a man from his steadfastness would afford so great a triumph to the enemies of Christ, inflict such a blow upon his cause, and so dishearten its upholders, that all the craft and subtlety of the devil and man was sure to work against him to this end. He had been in prison now three years, without giving them a hope of turning him away from the truth; and they pursued the wisest plan in making their last assault on his constancy. They took him from his place of confinement, lodged him in the house of the dean of Christ's church, replenished him with delicate food, induced him to play at bowls, and take his pleasure in walking, and all such indulgences as, after so long endurance of hardship and privation, might assist the flesh in its war against the spirit. What arguments they used, or how they beguiled him, it is bootless

to inquire: they succeeded; and the paper of recantation which he signed and ratified was as full and ample as their hearts could desire. In this, he renounces and detests all the errors and heresies of Luther, Zuinglius, and others; acknowledges the church of Rome as the only true church, and the pope as supreme head, Christ's vicar, to whom all Christian people should be subject. He believes, and worships, in the sacrament, the very body and blood of Jesus Christ: he acknowledges the other *six* sacraments, according to the determination of Rome; he craves pardon for his past errors, exhorts all whom he has deluded to return to the unity of the church; and submits himself to the pope, the king and the queen; ending with a protestation that he has not done this for favour or fear, but willingly, for the discharge of his conscience, and the instruction of others.

Such was the wicked declaration drawn up by his artful deceivers, to which the unhappy archbishop subscribed his name.

"O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thine help." Many a backsliding child of God has been taught to appropriate those precious words; and so it was with Cranmer. Marvellous indeed was the Lord's work, displayed in his rescue, and he who had branded his own forehead with the accursed stamp of apostasy, was yet to wear the crown of martyrdom: a willing, though indeed most guilty victim at the foot of that cross which he had madly strove to cast from him. It pleased the Lord to turn the counsel of those wicked Ahithophels into foolishness; for, instead of taking the advantage that such a conquest would have afforded them, and setting Cranmer up on high, to be a stumbling-block to others, they determined to revenge on him their old grievances; and Mary, ever on the alert to shed the blood of her people, without giving the unhappy renegade any notice of her purpose, directed Dr. Cole to go down to Oxford, and preach a funeral sermon preparatory to his burning. After him she sent some noted characters, experienced in the slaughter of Christ's sheep, lord Williams, lord Chandois, sir John Brydges, justice Brown, and others, to guard against any tumult that might arise on the unexpected burning of the archbishop.

The 21st March was the time appointed for this unparalleled piece of treachery, and on the preceding day Cole visited the unsuspecting victim, who still rested on their positive assurance of sparing his life; and questioned him

as to whether he still abode in the catholic faith; to which Cranmer replied, that by God's grace he would be daily more confirmed in the catholic faith. On the morrow, Cole came again, and asked him if he had any money; Cranmer replying that he had none, he gave him fifteen crowns to give to the poor, to whom he would; and exhorting him to constancy in the faith, he departed.

Cranmer now began to suspect the real state of the matter: and was confirmed therein, when a Spanish friar, one of the witnesses to his recantation, came to him, bringing a paper with articles, for him to recite in his open recantation before the people; earnestly desiring that he would write them out with his own hand, and put his name to it; which when he had done, the friar requested another copy, which was to remain with him. Cranmer complied: but resolving how he would now proceed, he secretly put into his bosom his prayer and exhortation written on another paper, which he meant to recite to the people, before he made his last confession of faith; fearing lest, if they heard the confession first, they would not suffer him to address the people. Soon after nine o'clock, lord Williams and his fellow murderers arrived, and a great multitude of persons assembled, full of expectation; one party longing to hear the confirmation of Cranmer's apostasy from his own lips; the other yet trusting that the Lord would recal his wandering sheep, and give him grace to seal the testimony of that doctrine which he above all other men had helped to set forth throughout the land. The greatest excitement prevailed on all sides.

St. Mary's church was the place appointed for Cole's sermon; before the pulpit was set a stage, or scaffolding, raised half way between the people and the preacher, on which the prisoner was to stand. He had again been sent to Bocardo, and thence he now came in the following order. First the mayor, and the corporation: then Cranmer, led between two friars, mumbling some chant, through the streets, alternately, until they came to the church door, when they began the *Nunc Dimittis*, singing it while they conducted him to the scaffolding, and there left him. The language of old Fox, in describing the scene, is too striking to be altered:—"The lamentable case and sight of that man gave a sorrowful spectacle to all Christian eyes that beheld him. He that late was archbishop, metropolitan, and primate of England, and the king's privy counsel-

lor, being now in a bare and ragged gown, and ill-favouredly clothed, with an old square cap, exposed to the contempt of all men, did admonish men not only of his own calamity, but also of their estate and fortune. For who would not pity his case, and bewail his fortune, and might not fear his own chance, to see such a prelate, so grave a counsellor, and of so long continued honour, after so many dignities, in his old years to be deprived of his estate, adjudged to die, and in so painful a death to end his life; and now presently from such fresh ornaments to descend to such vile and ragged apparel? In this habit, when he had stood a good space upon the stage, turning to a pillar near adjoining thereunto, he lifted up his hands to heaven, and prayed unto God once or twice, till at length Dr. Cole, coming into the pulpit, began his sermon."

This discourse was just what might have been expected from a cunning priest, whose business it was to gloss over a murder. He set about it in so orderly a way, as to prove that he had bestowed no small pains to acquit himself to the queen's satisfaction. After some prefatory apocryphal matter, he turned the story to Cranmer, whom he reproached as having once forsaken the true faith, and mightily promoted heresy through the land. Then, adverting to the justice of God, which was mingled with his mercy, as in the case of David, he blasphemously compared with it the dealings of his sanguinary mistress, who, while pardoning Cranmer, nevertheless judged it fitting to put him to a cruel death. First, as a traitor, who had dissolved the lawful matrimony between her father and mother, besides driving the pope's supremacy out of the land: secondly, that he had been a heretic, from whom, as from a fountain, all the heretical doctrines and schismatical opinions that so many years had prevailed in England did rise and spring: and further that as the death of the duke of Northumberland had lately made even sir Thomas More, chancellor, who, as Cole said, died for the church, so should there be one who should make even for the death of Fisher, bishop of Rochester; and because that Ridley, Hooper, Farrar, and Latimer were not equivalent to the said Fisher, it seemed that Cranmer should be joined to them, to make up an equality! There were, he added, other weighty causes, moving the queen and council, not meet to be opened to the common people. Then the doctor wound up his monstrous discourse with a significant application to

the hearers, reading them a lesson of passive obedience to the queen; who, if she spared not so notable a person as Cranmer, would much less spare any of them, should they oppose her supreme will. He drew a lamentable picture of Cranmer's present degraded, forlorn, and hopeless state, contrasted with what he had been; and, lastly, bestowed some comfort on the victim, exhorting him to take his death well, reminding him of the thief on the cross, the three Jews in the furnace, St. Andrew and St. Lawrence; exalting the pains that had been taken for his conversion, rejoicing in their success, and lest he should have any uneasiness about his soul, promising in the name of the priests there present, a multitude of dirges, masses, funerals, and so forth, in all the churches of Oxford for its succour.

It cannot be doubted that the hearing of this infamous effusion inflicted more pain on Cranmer than all the flames ever kindled for God's martyrs could have done. There he stood the very image of sorrow and self-reproach: now lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, and again for shame dropping them towards the earth. More than twenty times a fresh gush of tears bespoke his renewed grief; those who were present testifying that they never saw such weeping in a little child, as in this venerable father of the English church. Well do we know that rivers of tears could not have washed out the sin he had recently committed; but those bursts of sorrow were the overflowings of a heart smitten by the hand of the Lord; and already melted under the sense of the immeasurable love that had, in the blood of Christ, as we most assuredly believe, made him clean from the guilt of his transgression. It was the bitter weeping of Peter, over his treacherous denial of his pardoning Lord.

When Cole had finished his harangue, the people were departing; but he prayed them to wait, to hear from Cranmer's lips the confirmation of what he had stated: then he called on the archbishop to fulfil his promise of addressing them; who, with alacrity, answered, "I will;" and beseeching them to join in asking Almighty God to forgive him, commenced with a most touching prayer, full of the deepest self-abhorrence, confession of iniquity, and fervent entreaties for mercy. He offered it up on his knees with floods of bitter tears, while every one seemed moved to the liveliest compassion. He followed this by a long exhorta-

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tion, in which he enjoined them, first, to renounce the world and serve God; secondly, that next to God they should obey the king and queen, as being by him appointed to rule over them; thirdly, to live in brotherly love, to do good to all men, and hurt none: fourthly, to wean their hearts from riches, and show much pity on the poor. He then adverted to his own case, with heaven ready to receive him, or hell ready to swallow him up: wherefore he would declare to them his very faith; for it was then no time to dissemble, whatsoever he had said or written in times past. He rehearsed the apostles' creed, adding, "And I believe every article of the catholic faith, every word and sentence taught by our Saviour Jesus Christ, his apostles and prophets, in the New and Old Testament.

"And now," he continued "I come to the great thing which so much troubleth my conscience, more than any thing that ever I did or said in my whole life; that is, the setting abroad of a writing contrary to the truth; which now here I renounce and refuse, as things written with my hand, contrary to the truth which I thought in my heart, and written for fear of death, and to save my life, if it might be; and that is all such bills and papers which I have written or signed with my hand since my degradation; wherein I have written many things untrue. And forasmuch as my hand offended, writing contrary to my heart, my hand shall first be punished therefore; for, may I come to the fire, it shall be first burned.

"And as for the pope, I refuse him, as Christ's enemy, and Antichrist, with all his false doctrine. And as for the sacrament, I believe, as I have taught in my book against the bishop of Winchester; the which my book teacheth so true a doctrine of the sacrament, that it shall stand at the last day before the judgment of God, where the papistical doctrine contrary thereto shall be ashamed to show her face."

He certainly would not have been allowed to proceed so far, had not astonishment held the hearers mute; so unexpected was this avowal by the deceived and deceitful enemies of Christ. Some presently began to remind him of his recantation, and to accuse him of falsehood; but the rage of the disappointed doctors, who saw so great a trophy wrested from them in the moment of assured victory, was grievous. They could take no revenge; he could die but once, and to death he was doomed that day. The ut-

most stretch of their power could not kill him twice; nor could they hinder that from being a martyrdom, which was likely to have been the disgraceful execution of an apostate. They took the only means left of venting their anger, by bitterly reproaching him with dissimulation: to which he answered, "Ah, my masters, you do not take it so. Always since I lived hitherto, I have been a hater of falsehood, and a lover of simplicity; and never before this time have I dissembled." While he spoke this, all the tears that remained in his body seemed to burst from his eyes. He attempted to say more of the papacy and the sacrament; but they saw the danger, and began to shout and yell; Cole, especially, bawling out with others, "Stop the heretic's mouth, and take him away."

Then the archbishop, being pulled from the stage, was hurried away to the fire; the friars who had so unwittingly met his case, by chanting over him the song of Simeon, now vexing, troubling, and threatening him most cruelly. Cranmer paid no regard to them, addressing all his talk to the people; excepting that to one friar who was very troublesome, he gave advice to go home to his study, and apply diligently to his book; telling him that if he earnestly called upon God, by reading more he would get knowledge.

Thus, coming to the place where the holy bishops and blessed martyrs Ridley and Latimer had given their bodies to the flames five months before, he kneeled down, prayed fervently, but briefly, and then rising, quickly undressed himself to his shirt, which was made long, reaching to his feet: they were bare; and his head so perfectly bald, that when his caps were off, not a single hair appeared upon it. His beard, long and thick, covered much of his face, adding an appearance of gravity to his venerable countenance that moved all hearts. The Spanish friars, who had chiefly wrought on him to recant, and had been so busy about him since, tried once more to draw him from the faith, but in vain. He gave his hand to some old men standing by, and offered it to a priest named Ely, but he refused, saying it was not lawful to salute a heretic, particularly one who had returned to his erroneous opinions after renouncing them. He regretted having been so familiar with him, and reproved those who gave him their hands.

An iron chain was next put round Cranmer, and, seeing there was no hope of moving him from his steadfast mind, they kindled the fire, which blazed up towards him; and

as soon as he saw it rise, he stretched out his arm, put his right hand into the flame, and there held it, unflinching and immovable, except that once he applied it to his face, until in the sight of all men it was consumed before his body was even scorched. When the fire reached him, he stood, as fixed and motionless as the stake to which he was bound, his eyes uplifted to heaven and the words frequently escaping him, "That unworthy right hand!" This he repeated as long as voice was left, intermingling with it the prayer, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" until in the greatness of the flame he gave up the ghost.

CHAPTER VII.

FIERCE PERSECUTIONS AND NUMEROUS MARTYRDOMS.

It would seem as though the rage of disappointment excited by Cranmer's recovery from his fearful lapse, and his admission into the noble army of martyrs, had traversed the whole land, in a paroxysm of madness, to collect Christ's sheep for the slaughter. Those who followed were, generally, from the inferior ranks of society, but no whit less precious in the sight of God. It may be remembered that, at the burning of Robert Samuel, in Ipswich, two women were marked out for destruction, because they kindly greeted their pastor, as he went to the stake. Their names were Agnes Potten, and Joan Trunchfield, wives of two humble artisans in Ipswich, whose offence consisted in affirming that Jesus Christ was in heaven on the right hand of the Father, and not bodily present in the sacrament. For this they were condemned and burnt. At the fire, having made themselves ready, they addressed the people with much scriptural exhortation and encouragement; earnestly desiring them to credit and lay hold on the word of God, and not on man's devices and inventions: bidding them despise the ordinances and institutions of the Romish Antichrist, with all his superstitions and corrupt religion. They held up their hands in the fire, calling upon God; and showing a marvellous example of courageous consistency to the end. Trunchfield had appeared

much less ardent and zealous than her companion in the prospect of death; but when actually brought to the place of suffering, her joy and comfort abounded even above the other's. God was glorified in both.

Salisbury was the scene of the next murders. Three men, JOHN MAUNDREL, JOHN SPICER, and WILLIAM COBERLEY, were brought to the flames together. Maundrel was the son of a farmer, and himself of the same calling. He became a hearer of the gospel, by means of Tindal's Testament, which he always carried about with him; and being unable to read, he produced it whenever he found himself in company with those who could. By this means, with the help of an excellent memory, he nearly learned it all by rote; his life and conversation testifying that he was savingly influenced by what he knew. On one occasion, in Henry's days, he was reported as having spoken against holy bread, holy water, and other Romish follies, and for this crime he did penance in a white sheet, at Devizes.

When, under Mary, popery was restored, and true religion put to silence, Maundrel for a while left his home in Wiltshire, but shortly resolved to return. A friend urged him to follow the counsel, "When they persecute you in one city, flee to another;" but he replied by quoting what is said of the fearful and unbelieving in Revelation xxii. On his return, Spicer, a mason, and Coberley, a tailor, often resorted to him for conference; and thus together built themselves up in their most holy faith. Filled with zeal, they determined soon after to bear a public testimony against the abominations that prevailed; and going to the parish church of Revel, remonstrated with the people who were following in procession the idol wafer: but they gave little or no heed. When the vicar came to the pulpit, he began to read his bead-roll, and to pray for the souls in purgatory; which Maundrel with an audible voice, called the pope's pinfold, the other two affirming the same. For this they were placed in the stocks during the remainder of the service, then brought before a justice, and finally sent off, the next day, to bishop Capon at Salisbury. After several private examinations, they were publicly questioned, in the parish church of Fisherton Angel, concerning their belief. They said they believed as Christian men should and ought to do,—in God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; in the twelve articles of the creed, and in holy Scripture from the first of Genesis to the last of the Apocalypse.

This did not content the chancellor; he therefore demanded whether they believed, that in the sacrament, after consecration, there remained no subsfance of bread or wine, but Christ's body, flesh, and blood, as he was born of the Virgin Mary. They answered negatively, saying, that the popish mass was abominable idolatry, and injurious to the blood of Christ: confessing, however, that in a faithful congregation, receiving the sacrament of Christ's body and blood, being duly ministered according to Christ's institution, Christ's body and blood is spiritually received of the faithful believer. Being asked as to the pope's supremacy, they replied that the bishop of Rome usurped over emperors and kings, being Antichrist and God's enemy. Being asked, "Will ye have the church without a head?" they answered, Christ was head of his church; and under Christ, the queen's majesty. "What a woman head of the church?" They said, Yea, within her grace's dominions. As to purgatory, they replied that they believed faithfully that the blood of Christ had purged their sins, and the sins of them that were saved, unto the end of the world; so that they feared nothing of the pope's purgatory, nor esteemed his pardons. To the question, whether images were necessary to be in the churches, as laymen's books, and saints to be prayed to and worshipped, they answered negatively, Maundrel adding that wooden images were good to roast a shoulder of mutton, but evil in the church; thereby idolatry being committed.

The articles being thus answered, the chancellor read their condemnation, and delivered them to the sheriff; to whom Spicer said, "Oh, master sheriff, now must you be their butcher, that you may be guilty also with them of innocent blood before the Lord." The next day, three days after Cranmer's burning, they were brought out of the gaol to a place between Salisbury and Wilton, where two posts were set for them. Here they kneeled, and prayed secretly together; then being undressed to their shirts, Maundrel was heard to say in a very loud voice, "Not for all Salisbury;" in answer, no doubt, to the sheriff's offer of the queen's pardon, if he would recant. Spicer observed, "This is the joyfullest day that ever I saw." They were then fastened to the stakes and burnt, rendering their souls gladly and trustfully to the Lord their Redeemer. Coberley suffered long and dreadfully; but without complaint or impatience. His wife was likely to have partaken of the same

cup, for she also was imprisoned with them; but a device of the keeper's wife overcame her constancy. This woman heated a large key red hot, and laid it down in the grass behind the house, then sent Alice Coberley to fetch her the key with all speed. Alice ran to obey her; and hastily taking it up, was severely burnt in the hand, which made her cry out. The other asked her, since she could not endure that pain, how she would bear the burning of her whole body? The unhappy woman recanted.

On the 23d of April, Smithfield was again lighted up with the flame that consumed the bodies of six faithful martyrs. These were Robert Drakes, William Tyms, Richard and Thomas Spurge, John Cavel, and George Ambrose, all of Essex, within the Diocese of London. They had been sent up at sundry times to Stephen Gardiner, then lord chancellor, who, in the month of March, 1555, after examination, committed them to the king's bench and Marshalsea, where they remained nearly a year. After his death, Heath, archbishop of York, succeeded him in the chancellorship; and then four of the sufferers, the two Spurges, Cavel, and Ambrose, sent up a supplication to him, that they might appear, and be judged. Sir Richard Read was accordingly sent to the prison to examine them: he began with Richard Spurge, a shearer, whose offence was absenting himself from the mass, which he said he misliked, as well as the Latin service. Thomas Spurge, a fuller, was accused for the same matter: he said that he absented himself from church because the word of God was not there truly taught, or the sacraments of Christ duly ministered. Ambrose, also a fuller, added to the same tale, that after he had read Winchester's book, *De verâ obedientiâ*, with Bonner's preface annexed, both inveighing against the authority of the bishop of Rome, he set less by their doings than before. Cavel, a weaver, agreeing with the former, also said that he staid from church because the parson preached contrary doctrines: for first, in a sermon on the queen's accession, he had called on the people to believe the gospel, for it was the truth; and if they did not believe it they should be damned: but in a second sermon, he preached that the Testament was false in forty places.

Robert Drakes was a minister of the gospel, first made deacon by Dr. Rowland Taylor, at the command of Cranmer, and afterwards ordained priest by bishop Ridley. He was then presented by lord Rich to the living of Thundersley, in

Essex, where he faithfully fulfilled his office, until, by the the same lord Rich, he was sent to the bishop of Winchester, to answer for heretical doctrines. Gardiner asked him if he would conform himself like a subject to the laws of the realm, then in force; he answered that he would abide all laws which stood with the laws of God. On this, he was committed to prison.

William Tyms was a deacon, curate of Hockley, in Essex: his accuser was Mr. Tyrrel, to whom appertained two woods, called Plumborough wood, and Beeches wood; and under shelter of these trees, two sermons were preached for the comfort of the Lord's poor hunted flock, in Mary's days. An honest servant of Tyrrel's, named John Gye, with his wife, went to hear them, which was reported to his master, with the fact that his woods were polluted by sermons. Mr. Tyrrel being greatly displeased thereat, came to Hockley, in the hope of laying hold on the offenders; for he was in the commission of the peace, appointed to keep down the gospel in that district; which he did to the best of his ability, as by his acts fully appears. He ascertained that about a hundred persons had attended the sermons; and sending for Gye, reprimanded him severely, asking where was the naughty fellow who served the parish, Tyms; who was, he said, the cause of bringing the people there. He charged Gye to fetch him; but he declared he did not know where he was; nor could he be persuaded to betray him. Another man, however, offered to do so; and the constables were dispatched for the deacon.

Tyrrel commanded Tyms to be left alone with him that he might the more freely reproach and revile him: a part of their conversation was as follows. Tyrrel said that when he saw the blessed rood, it made him think of God. "Why, sir," answered Tyms, "if an idol that is made with man's hands doth make you remember God, how much more ought the creatures of God, as man, being his workmanship, or the grass, or the trees that bring forth fruit, make you remember God?" Tyrrel replied, by calling him traitorly knave. "Why, sir," said Tyms, "did you not in king Edward's days affirm the truth that I do now?" Tyrrel swore a blasphemous oath that he never thought it with his heart. "Well," rejoined Tyms, "then I pray you master Tyrrel bear with me; for I have been a traitor but a while, but you have been a traitor six years."

He was then sent to the bishop of London. Mr. Tyrrel deprived Gye of his livery, appointing another in his place; and so the matter rested at Hockley.

When Tyms came to Bonner, the bishop of Bath was with him; and for the space of six or seven hours he stood before them, enabled to answer all their subtleties, and to maintain his profession of the faith so steadfastly, that the constables who attended him declared they never heard the like: and when the bishop, as if anxious to save Tyms, asked these men to give him good counsel, they assured him that it was useless, for he would never turn. At last the bishops, willing to flatter him, said, "Ah, good fellow, thou art bold, and thou hast a good fresh spirit: we would thou hadst learning to thy spirit." "I thank you, my lords," said he: "and both of you be learned, and I would you had a good spirit to your learning." They then sent him to Gardiner, who received him, sitting in all the pompous pride of his office. Tyms being only a deacon, was simply habited in a coat, his hose being of a rustic make: and Gardiner scoffingly saluted him, "Ah, sirrah, are you a deacon?" "Yes, my lord, that I am." The proud prelate returned, "So methinketh, you are decked like a deacon." "My lord," said the fearless man, "my vesture doth not so much vary from a deacon, but methinketh your apparel doth as much vary from an apostle." Winchester forthwith committed him to the King's Bench, where he found many brethren to strengthen him in the faith.

It was not long before he was returned to Bonner by Gardiner, who took no further trouble about him; and thus he was placed with the other five, and brought up with them for examination five months after Stephen Gardiner had gone to his awful account. The principal charge against them was, of course, their disbelief of transubstantiation, on which they were questioned by the bishop's chaplain; and two days afterwards, on the 23d March, Bonner sent for Drakes and Tyms in his ex-officio capacity, and objected against them the articles before objected to Green, and his fellow martyrs: the same proceeding was used on the 26th towards the other four; and finally on the 28th they were all brought up together for judgment, to the open consistory in Paul's church.

Bonner began by addressing Tyms as the ringleader and perverter of his companions; he said, if his fault had not

reached to the hurt of others, he would have followed Christ's rule, told him of it privately, and if that failed, before two or three others; and if that served not, then he would have told the church: but because of the greatness and notoriety of his fault, he had thought good to follow St. Paul's injunction, "Such as sin, rebuke openly, that others may fear." Therefore, he was brought before the people, to receive judgment according to his deserts. This impudent speech he concluded by asking what Tyms could say, why he should not proceed to do so. He answered, "My lord, I marvel that you will begin with a lie; you call me the ringleader and teacher of this company; but how untruly you have said shall shortly appear; for there is none of all these, my brethren, which are brought hither as prisoners, but when they were at liberty and out of prison they dissented from you and your doings as much as they do at this present; and for that cause they are now prisoners. So it is evident that they learned not their religion in prison. And as for me, I never knew them till such time as I, by your commandment, was prisoner with them. How could I then be their ringleader and teacher? So that all the world may see how untruly you have spoken. As for my fault, which you make so grievous, whatsoever you judge of me, I am well assured that I hold none other religion than Christ preached, the apostles witnessed, the primitive church received, and now of late the apostolical and evangelical preachers of this realm have faithfully taught; for the which you have cruelly burned them, and now you seek our blood also. Proceed on hardly by what rule you will; I force not, I do not refuse you for my ordinary."

Bonner then exhorted him to recant, telling him if he so did he should be forgiven; if not, he should have judgment as a heretic. On this, one of the prisoners cried out, "My lord, you are no upright judge; for you judge after your own lust. But if you will judge us according to the holy testament of Christ, which is the word of truth, we will accord to your judgment; for unto that word we wholly submit ourselves. But as for your judgment without the truth, God shall condemn it." This prisoner was very urgent to be tried by the word of God; which angered the bishop, who called him busy knave; commanding him to hold his tongue, or he should be had away to a place of smaller ease. Tyms then proceeded, saying, "My lord, I

doubt not but I am of the catholic church, whatsoever you judge of me; but as for your church, you have before this day renounced it, and by corporeal oath promised never to consent to the same: contrary to the which you have received into this realm the pope's authority; and therefore you are falsely perjured and forsworn, all the sort of you. Besides this, you have both spoken and written very earnestly against that usurped power; and now you do burn men that will not acknowledge the pope to be supreme head."

Bonner asked where he had written any thing against the church of Rome; and Tyms referred him to his preface to Winchester's book, where he had inveighed against the bishop of Rome, calling his power false and pretended. Bonner seemed for a little space confounded; then addressing the bystanders very meekly, he made his defence to them; telling them that he and Winchester had so done because of the perilous world that then was; for it was made treason, he said, by the laws of the realm, to maintain the pope's authority: adding the monstrous falsehood, that if any man uttered his conscience respecting that authority, he suffered death for it. Then turning to Tyms he continued, "But since the coming in of the queen's majesty, when we might be bold to speak our conscience, we have acknowledged our faults; and my lord of Winchester himself shamed not to recant the same at Paul's cross. And also, thou thyself seest that I stand not in it, but willingly have submitted myself. Do thou also as we have done." "My lord," said Tyms, "that which you have written against the supremacy of the pope may be well approved by the Scriptures. But that which you now do, is against the word of God, as I can well prove."

Here one of the doctors, supposed to be Coke, interposed, telling Tyms he was like a man who passed the whole day hunting over hill and dale, and came home at night having taken nothing. So he laboured in reading the Scripture, but never could take the meaning thereof. Tyms answered that the similitude was not well applied; for, he praised God, he had not read the Scriptures unprofitably. God, he was thankful, had revealed to him so much of them as he doubted not was sufficient for his salvation. Bonner, repeating the assertion of his ignorance, asked how he knew that thing to be the word of God, which he called Scripture? Drake instantly answered to this, saying, that he knew it to be the word of God, for that it did show unto

men their salvation in Christ; and did revoke and call back all men from wicked life, into a pure and undefiled conversation. The bishop replied that heathen writers had taught precepts of good living as well as the Scripture; and yet their writings were not esteemed to be God's word. Tyms answered, "The Old Testament beareth witness of those things that are written in the new: for there is nothing taught in the New Testament, but it was foreshown in the law and prophets." This Bonner positively denied; and Drakes began to quote Isaiah in support of it: till Bonner, who never could long brook any appeal of that kind, turned to Dr. Pendleton, requesting him to devise something to do these men good. But while the Dr. sat with his face buried in his hands, considering how best to commend his own example of apostasy to these fervent spirits, Bonner saved him any further trouble by proceeding in all haste to other talk, and then to condemn them to the flames; preparatory to which he caused the articles to be read, demanding their answers thereto. Tyms gave his very clearly and scripturally: after which Bonner entreated him to revoke his heresies, to reform himself unto the church of Rome, and not to stick so much to the literal sense of the scriptures, but to use the interpretations of the old fathers. Tyms refused; thanking God for that day, trusting he would turn all their curses into blessings. "And," he asked, "what have you to maintain the real presence of Christ in the sacrament, but only the bare letter?" "We have," quoth Bonner, "the catholic church." "No," said Tyms, "you have the popish church of Rome for you, for which you be perjured and forsworn. And the see of Rome is the see of Antichrist; and therefore to that church I will not conform myself, nor once consent unto it." Then Bonner, seeing his constant boldness to be immovable, proceeded to his condemnation, pronounced the sentence definitive upon him, and gave him over to the secular power.

When Robert Drakes was called, and in like manner exhorted, he answered, "As for your church of Rome, I utterly defy and deny it, with all the works thereof, even as I deny the devil and all his works." He too was presently condemned, and delivered to the sheriff.

Thomas Spurge was next asked if he would return to the catholic church, and said, "As for your church of Rome, I do utterly deny it; but to the true catholic church I am content to return, and continue in the same, where-

of I believe the church of Rome to be no part or member." The rest were found in the like constant state; and all were together sentenced by Bonner; who ridding his blood-stained hands of them, gave them into the custody of the sheriffs of London, by whom they were lodged in Newgate; whither they went most joyfully, abiding there the Lord's good time, when he should permit them to seal their faith with the shedding of their blood. On the twenty-third of April, they were led to Smithfield, and with great willingness gave their lives in the cause of Him who had redeemed them with his most precious blood.

Some letters remain of Tyms' which prove him to have been an eminently gifted and most spiritually minded man, with a strong, clear view of the abominations that defile the papacy, throughout its iniquitous mystery, which it is greatly to be wished was more generally enjoyed in our day. The martyrs considered that church to be no part of the church of Christ; the very name of Antichrist conveyed so much to their plain apprehension; and therefore to touch that most unclean thing was in their sight, as it ought to be in ours, an actual renunciation of their Lord and Saviour.

JOHN HARPOLE, of Rochester, and JOAN BEACH, a widow of Tunbridge, were about this time accused before the bishop of Rochester, and both remaining firm in their denial of transubstantiation, they were committed to one fire in the town of Rochester.

The next martyrdom was that of JOHN HULLIER, a minister. He was educated at Eton, and thence elected scholar of King's college, Cambridge. After studying and taking orders there, he obtained a curacy three miles distant, and was afterwards removed to Lynn. Here he had many contests with the papists, who at last apprehended him, and took him to Thurlby, the bishop, at Ely, and he, after several examinations, sent him to Cambridge Castle, which being perhaps deemed too good a lodging, he was shortly after removed to the tolbooth, or common prison, where he remained almost three months. At length being brought to examination at St. Mary's church, before a number of Doctors and others, and being found constant in professing the truth, sentence was read against him by Dr. Fuller; and the foolish ceremony of degradation performed. When they had done, Hullier said, "This is the joyfulest day that ever I saw; and I thank you all,

that ye have delivered and lightened me of all this paltry." While it was doing, one standing by, and seeing a book in Hullier's hand, asked what it was: he said, "A Testament." Whereupon this man snatched it away in a rage, and threw it violently to a distance. Hullier was then delivered to the mayor, who conducted him back to prison, taking away all his books, writings, and papers.

On Maundy Thursday this gentle martyr was brought to the stake, near Jesus' college, and exhorted the people to pray for him. Then he prayed silently for a time, until a bystander said, "The Lord strengthen thee," and was sharply reproved for it by a serjeant, who bade him hold his tongue, or he should repent it. Hullier then said, "Friend, I trust that as God has hitherto begun, so also he will strengthen me, and finish his work upon me. I am bidden to a Maundy, whither I trust to go, and there to be shortly. God has laid the foundation, as I, by his aid, will end it." Then sitting down to have his hose taken off, he desired the people again to pray for him; and also to bear witness that he died in the right faith, and would seal it with his blood; certifying them that he died in a just cause, and for the testimony of the truth; and that there was no other rock but Jesus Christ to build upon, under whose banner he fought, and whose soldier he was.

While thus he addressed the people on all sides, a student who stood near called out to a proctor of the university, "Hear ye not, master proctor, what blasphemies this fellow uttereth? Surely it is evil done to suffer him." On which the proctor called out to the mayor, asking what he meant; threatening to report him to the council, as unfriendly to the queen, if he allowed that pernicious person to go on. Hereupon Hullier was silent, and went meekly to the stake, where being chained, fire was brought to the wood and reeds round the pitch-barrel in which he stood. The wind was unfavourable, and he suffered much: but just then a number of books were cast into the fire, and he catching one in his hands, and finding it to be a book of the communion, joyfully held it before him, reading until from the force of the flame and smoke he could see no more. He then fell to prayer, holding up his hands to heaven, the book being pressed between his arm and heart, while he thanked God for sending it to him. When for a long time he had been seemingly dead, in the intenseness of the fire,

he suddenly uttered the words, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" and died most meekly.

The people being greatly touched by his sufferings and patient demeanour, all prayed for him, shedding many tears. The chief men seeing this, cried out that he was not to be prayed for; and being but a condemned soul it would profit him nothing. Nevertheless, the populace went on praying, which enraged the others so much that they uttered terrible threatenings to deter them. When all the flesh was consumed from the martyr's bones, the lifeless skeleton remained standing, in a remarkable way; and the people, in defiance of all menaces, strove who should secure a relic of one whom they could not but regard as a murdered saint of God.

Then followed six from Colchester and its neighbourhood: CHRISTOPHER LYSTER, husbandman; JOHN MACE, apothecary; JOHN SPENCER, weaver; SIMON JOYNE, sawyer; RICHARD NICHOLS, weaver; and JOHN HAMMOND, tanner. These were together sent to Bonner, who, having his hands now so full of murders that he scarcely knew how to perpetrate them fast enough, made very quick work with them. He had these prisoners brought to his house at Fulham, and at once propounded to them in the open church the same articles that had been ministered to the others. To the first, the existence of one, true, catholic church, they all consented; John Spencer adding, that the church malignant, which is the church of Rome, is no part of Christ's catholic church; and that he neither hath nor doth believe the doctrine and religion taught and set forth in the same Romish and malignant church. Nichols, in answering the fourth article, said also, that he had more plainly learned the truth of his profession by the doctrine set forth in King Edward the sixth's time; and thereupon he had builded his faith, and would continue in the same to his life's end; God assisting him. They all, in replying to the fifth, acknowledged having greatly misliked and spoken against the sacrifice of the mass, and against the sacrament of the altar; affirming that they would not come to hear, or be partakers thereof, because they believed that they were set forth and used contrary to God's word and glory. They moreover granted that they had spoken against the usurped authority of the bishop of Rome, as an oppressor of Christ's church and gospel; and that he ought not

to have any authority in England. For all which sayings they protested they were no whit sorry, but rather rejoiced and were glad. They answered to the sixth article, that they never refused, nor did then refuse, to be reconciled to the unity of Christ's catholic church: but they had, and did, and so ever would hereafter utterly refuse, to come to the church of Rome, or to acknowledge the authority of the seat thereof, but did utterly abhor the same for putting down God's book, the Bible, and setting up the Babylonish mass, with all other of Antichrist's merchandize. In replying to the next article, Joyne declared that the cause of his refusing to be partaker of their trumpery was, for that the commandments of God were there broken, and Christ's ordinances changed and put out, and the bishop of Rome's ordinances instead thereof put in. Lyster affirmed that in the sacrament there is the substance of bread and wine, as well after the words of consecration as before; and that there is not in the same the very body and blood of Christ, really, substantially, and truly, but only sacramentally, and spiritually, by faith in the faithful receivers: and that the mass is not propitiatory for the quick and the dead, but mere idolatry and abomination.

On the afternoon of the same day, they were again summoned, to undergo the usual assault on their constancy. The persecutors found how truly the blood of the martyrs became the seed of the church; while an act of apostasy tended to the disheartening of all Christ's people. Therefore, they laboured the more diligently to win a revocation from such as had with the greatest boldness professed their dissent from Romish idolatry. They succeeded with a man named Roger Grasbroke, who was at first joined with these six confessors; but they all remained unmovably fixed on the Rock, which is Christ. The bishop, therefore, at once condemned them all, on the evening of the day when first they came before him; and procuring the queen's writ, sent them back to Colchester, where they were burned together on the 28th of April; most cheerfully ending their lives to the glory of God's holy name, and the great encouragement of others.

And now appears another variety, displaying both the grace of God, bestowed without respect of persons, and the horrible cruelty of his enemies, whom no degree or kind of human misery might move from their merciless determination to hunt out of the world every soul that they could not

delude. HUGH LAVEROCK, a painter, sixty-eight years of age, and crippled in his limbs, with JOHN APPRICE, a poor man, totally blind, were accused to Bonner and the other commissioners, by some active heretic-hunter. On the first of May these helpless creatures were presented before the mitred chief inquisitor, at his palace in London, where he objected against them the usual articles; to which they answered in effect as their brethren who were already slain had done. They were then remanded to prison, until the ninth of the same month; when they were produced in the consistory, and admonished to revoke their erroneous opinions concerning the mass. Laverock said, "I will stand to mine answers, and to that I have confessed; and I cannot find in the scriptures that the priests should lift up over their heads a cake of bread." Bonner then turned to Apprice, asking what he would say; the blind man answered, "Your doctrine that ye set forth and teach, is so agreeable with the world, and embraced of the same, that it cannot be agreeable with the scripture of God. And ye are not of the catholic church, for ye make laws to kill men, and make the queen your hangman."

Bonner, not a little nettled, as it seemed, at this plainness of speech, ordered them to be immediately brought after him to Fulham, where he was going to dinner; and the same afternoon, in the church, publicly pronounced the definitive sentence of condemnation against them; and so, delivering them into the hands of the temporal officer, dispatched them out of his own, but not so can he dispatch from his conscience, before the judgment seat of God, the guilt of their innocent blood.

On the fifteenth of May, the poor men were taken in a cart from Newgate to Stratford-le-bow, where the fire was prepared for their burning. When old Laverock was safely chained to his new support, the stake, he threw away his crutches, saying to his fellow martyr, "Be of good comfort, my brother, for my lord of London is our good physician: he will heal us both shortly, thee of thy blindness, and me of my lameness." The flame was kindled, and they both stood quietly in it, praising God, and testifying a lively faith in Christ Jesus, until the burning element had done its work, and the blind man was enabled to see his Saviour for himself, and the lame man, without impediment, to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.

As a meet supplement to this wicked butchery, on the

very next day after it three poor women were burned in Smithfield. KATHERINE HUT, JOAN HORNS, and ELIZABETH THACKVEL; the first a widow, the other two maids. Sir John Mordaunt and Mr. Tyrrel had the merit of delivering them into Bonner's hands. MARGARET ELLIS was joined with them in the same accusation, and with them also condemned, but she slept in the Lord before she could be brought from her prison to the stake. At their examination they showed such simplicity and ignorance on some points, as would have moved any judge to pity, save the wretch who presided; for when Bonner recited the second article, they answered that they did not know what a sacrament was. Hut and Thackvel adding that matrimony, baptism, and the Lord's supper were sacraments ordained in the church; but whether the other specified in this article be sacraments, as they heard them called, ordained by God or not, they could not tell. Margaret Ellis, being examined separately, as indeed they all were, as to the number of sacraments, answered, she could not tell: she had heard that there was one sacrament, but what it was she did not know. On the fourth article they showed a happy knowledge; for Hut remarked that though at fourteen years of age she was of the faith in which she had been christened, yet it was a dead faith; for she did not then understand what she believed. Horns said that she began at eleven years of age to learn the faith set forth in king Edward's days: in which faith and religion she had hitherto, and then did, and would hereafter continue, God so assisting her. To the fifth article they all replied to this effect, that as touching the mass, they knew no goodness in it; and as touching the sacrament of the altar, they believed Christ's natural body to be in heaven, and not in the sacrament of the altar.

As to the see of Rome, they acknowledged no such supremacy in that see; neither had they any thing to do therewith. In answering the sixth, they all refused to be reconciled or united to the church of Rome; or to any other church contrary to that wherein they then stood, and which they did profess. Katherine Hut, replying to the next, said that the reason of her not going to church was, because neither the service in Latin, mass, matins, or evensong, were used and ministered according to God's word; and furthermore, that the mass was an idol; neither was the true body and blood of Jesus Christ in the sacra-

ment of the altar, as they made men believe. She also stated that she was of the jurisdiction of Canterbury, not of London. How little that weighed with Bonner, the case of archdeacon Philpot had proved.

They were sent back to prison till the thirteenth of April, when being brought up for final judgment, the widow Hut, standing before the bishop, boldly and constantly stood to her former confession, neither yielding to his promises nor cast down by his threats. Being required to say her mind respecting the sacrament, and to return to the catholic faith, she said, "I deny it to be God, because it is a dumb God, and made with men's hands." In this she simply persisted, and received her sentence. The young girl, Horns, in like manner, showed herself a true follower and martyr of Christ. When urged upon the subject of their great idol, and pressed to acknowledge the wafer God, she said, "If you can make your god to shed blood, or to show any condition of a true and lively body, then will I believe you: but it is but bread, as touching the substance thereof, and that which you call heresy I trust to serve my Lord God in." Concerning the Roman see, she said, "My lord, I forsake all his abominations; and from them good Lord deliver us!" From this, her stable and constant assertion, says Fox, who most tenderly and feelingly relates what he very probably witnessed, when the bishop was too weak to remove her, and too ignorant to convince her, he knocked her down with the butcherly axe of his sentence. And so the holy virgin and martyr, committed to the shambles of the secular sword, was offered up with her other fellows, a burnt sacrifice to the Lord, in the savour of a sweet and pleasant smell. No less his strength and grace appeared in the other maid, Elizabeth Thackvel, whose heart and mind the Lord had so confirmed in his truth, so armed with patience, that as her adversaries could by no sufficient knowledge of scripture convict her affirmation, so by no forcible attempts they could remove her confession. Whereupon she standing to the death, being in like sort condemned, by the same unbishop-like persecutor, gave her life willingly and mildly for the confirmation and sealing up of the sincere truth of God's word.

These three innocent and godly women, thus falsely and wrongfully by men condemned, for the just quarrel and cause of God's gospel, were had to Smithfield, and there, cruelly bound to the stake, gave their bodies to the tor-

THE BLIND BOY AT GLOUCESTER.

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mentors; their spirits they commended to God: for whose glory they were willing and ready to suffer whatsoever the cruel hands of their enemies should work against them, dying more joyfully in the flaming fire than some of them that burned them did, peradventure, in their beds. Such a Lord is God; glorious and wonderful in all his saints.

In the story of bishop Hooper, mention was made of a blind boy, who earnestly pressed to be admitted to that blessed martyr shortly before he suffered, and was by him confirmed in the faith. The boy's name was THOMAS DROWRY. How often, or how long, he had endured imprisonment for the truth's sake, is not known: but on his final examination he was brought before Dr. Williams, chancellor of Gloucester, sitting judicially with the register of the diocese in the consistory, near the south door of the cathedral church, who administered the usual articles, chiefly urging that on transubstantiation, and saying, "Dost thou not believe that after the words of consecration spoken by the priest, there remaineth the very real body of Christ in the sacrament of the altar?" "No," answered the blind boy, "that I do not." "Then," said the chancellor, "thou art an heretic, and shalt be burned. But who taught thee this heresy?" "You, master chancellor." "Where, I pray thee?" "Even in yonder place," replied the boy, turning, and pointing with his hand towards where the pulpit stood. The chancellor again inquired, "When did I teach thee so?" Drowry answered, "When you preached there (naming the day) a sermon to all men as well as to me, upon the sacrament. You said, the sacrament was to be received spiritually, by faith, and not carnally and really, as the papists have heretofore taught." The shameless apostate answered, "Then do as I have done, and thou shalt live, as I do, and escape burning." The blind boy said, "Though you can so easily dispense with yourself, and mock with God, the world, and your conscience, yet will I not do so." "Then God have mercy upon thee," rejoined the chancellor; "for I will read the condemnation sentence against thee." "God's will be fulfilled!" answered the young martyr.

Hereupon the register, being moved with the scene, stood up, and said to the chancellor, "Fie, for shame, man! will you read the sentence against him, and condemn yourself? Away, away, and substitute some other to give sentence and judgment." "No, register," said the fearfully harden-

ed man; "I will obey the law, and give sentence myself, according to mine office." He did so; delivering him to the secular power, who on the very same day led the blind boy to the place of execution at Gloucester, together with one THOMAS CROKER, a poor bricklayer, condemned also for the like testimony of the truth: when both, in one fire, most constantly and joyfully yielded their souls into the hands of the Lord Jesus.

About a fortnight after this, three poor men were immolated at Beccles, in Suffolk;—THOMAS SPICER, JOHN DENNY, and EDMUND POOLE. Spicer was a youth of nineteen, taken from his bed at day-break, in the house of his master, at Winston; and was with the other two brought before Dunning, the chancellor of Norwich. The articles exhibited against them and others in that diocese, charged them with disbelief of the pope's supremacy; and of holy bread, holy water, ashes, palms, and the like: with disbelief in transubstantiation; with holding the worship of the wafer to be idolatry; with making the Lord's supper a commemorative ordinance; with refusing to follow the cross in procession, or to confess to a priest; and, lastly, with holding that man has in himself no free will. All these they confessed; and withstood the efforts of Dunning to turn them from the faith, who, practised and delighting in cruelty as he had long been, is recorded to have burst into tears while earnestly reasoning with them; and when Mings the register, hastened him to pronounce their condemnation, he could scarcely read the sentence for weeping. The following day they were burned at Beccles; although it was not possible for the writ to have come down from London, where the lord chancellor then was: but the laws of man were little regarded, in butchering Christians for obeying the laws of God.

The martyrs coming to the stake, having prayed, recited the apostles' creed; and when they came to the article, "the holy catholic church," Sir John Silliard, the sheriff who superintended their execution, exclaimed "That is well said: I am glad to hear you say you do believe the catholic church. That is the best word I have heard of you yet." To this Poole answered, that though they believed the catholic church, yet did they not believe in the popish church, which was, he said, no part of Christ's catholic church, and therefore no part of their belief. They were then bound to the stake, and the fire kindled; when they

began to praise God in so loud and joyful a voice as amazed all who heard them. A wretch named Bacon, a noted persecutor, who stood by, ordered a fagot to be thrown at them, to stop the knaves' breath, as he said; but they, not regarding this cruelty, continued their praises and thanksgivings to the end.

A violent persecution was again at this time carried on in the diocese of Norwich; so that besides those who were compelled to yield, and those who proved faithful unto death, there were no fewer than thirteen persons driven out of the small town of Winston, and twenty-one from Mendlesham, to wander as fugitives wheresoever they might find a hiding-place. Among them was a gentlewoman of eighty-four years old, with her two servants; and a poor man with his wife and five children. Their usual answer, when rebuked and persecuted for declaring their principles, was, that they acknowledged, confessed, and believed, and therefore must speak: that their tribulation was God's good will and providence, whose judgments were right to punish them and others for their sins; and that of very faithfulness and mercy, God had caused them to be troubled, so that one hair of their heads should not perish before the time; but all things should work unto the best to them that love God: that Jesus Christ was their life and only righteousness; and that only by faith in him and for his sake, all good things were freely given them, together with forgiveness of sins, and life everlasting.

Many of these exiles were of considerable substance, and had large possessions, which they freely abandoned for Christ's sake and the gospel's: and surely they do not now regret having so done.

We may now rest for a little space from the recital and contemplation of these barbarities, to record an event which happened about this time, to a poor faithful labouring man named Gregory Crow. He embarked at Malden, in a small coasting vessel, for Kent, where he expected to obtain some work; but the weather being foul, the boat was driven on a sand-bank, so that the men were obliged to cling to the mast, while the water washed away from the vessel all that would float. Among the rest, Crow saw his Testament swimming away, which he caught and placed in his bosom. Within an hour after, the ebbing tide left the boat dry; but she was so broken as to be useless, and the little party, two men and a boy, got upon the sand-bank,

where they prayed to God to send some ship to succour them, for they knew that in half an hour the spot would again be overflowed; and they were ten miles from the land. Here they found their chest, containing all Crow's fortune, five pounds six shillings and eightpence, which the other man who found it, delivered to him: but Crow at once cast it into the sea, saying, "If the Lord will save our lives, he will provide us a living." The tide now advanced; and the poor creatures mounting the mast, their only refuge, clung to it by their arms and legs for the space of ten hours; the boy, weary and exhausted, fell off, and was drowned.

When the water subsided again, Crow proposed to take down the mast and to sit upon it, as it might please God that they should drift into the way of some ship, that would take them up. They accordingly did so; and at ten o'clock at night the tide bore up the mast, which floated with the two men upon it: but Crow's companion died the next night, and he remained alone, driving up and down among the troubled waves, not daring to sleep lest they should beat him off. It was on Tuesday that the boat was wrecked; on the Friday following a vessel bound to Antwerp from Lee, was obliged by stress of weather to go out of her course; and about six o'clock in the evening they descried an object afar off, which they took to be one of the small buoys, laid by fishermen with their hooks. Some of the men proposed to go and have the fish: but captain Morse, who afterwards wrote the story, said to the helmsman, "Keep your course away; for we shall but hinder the fishermen, and have no fish neither." The helmsman obeyed; but after regarding the object some time, said, "Methinks, master, it is a man." The rest thought otherwise and they went on.

Poor Crow, seeing the ship steering away from him, and being ready to perish with fatigue, watching, and famine, and miserably beaten too by the billows, took off his cap, holding it as high as he possibly could, shaking it; and the steersman perceiving him, declared that he plainly saw a man's arm, in which the others agreeing, the captain instantly made for the spot, and took him up; a pitiable object, sodden with the waters, till his flesh was like that of a drowned corpse, bruised all over, and his eyes, nose, and mouth nearly closed up with the incrustation of salt, caused by the weather and the heat of his skin.

The moment he found himself on board, he eagerly put his hand into his bosom; on which a bystander asked him if he had any money there. "No," said he, "I have a book here; I think it be wet;" and so, anxiously drew out his Testament, giving it to them to dry. After a good night's rest, Crow, greatly recovered from the effects of his four days' dreadful peril, buffetings and starvation, related his story: which being repeated at Antwerp by the good captain, excited great interest among the people there, who supplied him with clothes and money. So that he who cast away his earthly treasure, and saved his Bible, lost nothing even of this world's good thereby. Fox concludes this narrative by remarking: "In this story, this understand, good reader, which rightly may be supposed, that if this poor man thus found and preserved in the sea with a New Testament in his bosom, had had instead of that a pix with a consecrated host about him, no doubt it had been rung ere this time all Christendom over, for a miracle, so far as the pope hath any land."

On the last day of May, WILLIAM SLECK, being a prisoner in the King's Bench, for the Lord's truth, died there: of whom this testimony is given to his faithfulness, that he was put into the ground at the back of the prison, in the same fashion that a dog would have been, by those who, as the martyrologist says, thought him not worthy to come within their pope-holy churchyards.

The next slaughter took place at Lewes; where four men were burned together. THOMAS HARLAND, a carpenter, JOHN OSWALD, husbandman, THOMAS AVINGTON, turner, and another poor man named THOMAS READ. Harland said he had not come to church since the mass was restored; and the service being in Latin, he was never a whit the better for it. Oswald refused to answer any article, unless his accusers were brought face to face with him; he remarked that fire and fagots could not make him afraid: but as the good preachers which were in king Edward's time had suffered and gone before, so was he ready to suffer and come after; and would be glad thereof. After long imprisonment in the King's Bench, they were sent to Lewes, and committed to the flames.

A faithful minister, named WILLIAM ADHERALL, and JOHN CLEMENT, a wheelwright, died in the King's Bench, prepared, had God so willed it, to suffer fire for his name's sake.

At Leicester, a godly young man, servant to a merchant, whose name is not mentioned, was persecuted, imprisoned, and finally burned for confessing Christ.

Essex, which had already sent so many martyrs to testify and suffer for the truth, now yielded no fewer than thirteen to feed one dreadful blaze. The heart trembles at such details; but these things are recorded for our solemn warning; and on our heads will be the consequences if they be repeated in vain. The names of these victims were H. ADLINGTON, a sawyer; L. PARNAM, a smith; H. WYE, a brewer; W. HALLYWEL, a smith; J. BOWYER, a weaver; G. SCARLES, a tailor; E. HURST, a labourer; L. CAWCH, a broker; R. JACKSON, a servant; J. DERRIFALL, a labourer; and J. ROUTH, the same; with two women, ELIZABETH PEPPER, wife of a weaver, and AGNES GEORGE, the wife of a husbandman, whose former wife was burned also at Colchester. Of these Henry Wye had been servant to Higbed, the martyr, which circumstance led to his first being suspected. Adlington coming to Newgate to speak with a friend who was then prisoner there for the testimony of Jesus Christ, was seized on suspicion of holding the same doctrines. They all answered clearly and decidedly to the articles, holding fast the faith which they professed. Some circumstances attended this case, of aggravated atrocity; for after Bonner had pronounced their condemnation, when they were taken to Stratford-le-Bow, the place of their martyrdom, they were separated into two parties, and each was told by the sheriff that the other party had recanted; to persuade them to do the same. He received, however, the same answer from all, that their faith was not builded on man, but on Christ crucified. Finding his purpose defeated by their constancy, he led them without further delay to the immense pile prepared for this awful sacrifice of human life to the great Antichrist of Rome, where the eleven men were fastened by long chains to three stakes, which they embraced and kissed, all together praying earnestly to God, and rejoicing that none were missing from their blessed company, who had all been so foully belied to each other by the sheriff. The two women had neither stake nor chain, but were left loose among the fagots, where they stood as quietly as though they had been fettered; the precious bands of love which bound them to Christ and to each other, being stronger than links of iron. But this was not all: Elizabeth Pepper was ad-

vanced in pregnancy, which she mentioned to a woman who assisted her to prepare for the fire; and on being asked why she had not told it to the murderers, she replied, "Why, they knew it well enough." Their bodies were all consumed together; and thirteen spirits joined at once the noble army of martyrs in heaven.

Three others had been condemned with them, and were ready to go to the same death: but for some reason, cardinal Pole sent them a dispensation for their lives, although it does not appear that they recanted. Their names stand with the foregoing thirteen at the foot of a confession of faith which they all signed, in consequence of Fecknam having falsely reported in a sermon of his, that they greatly differed from each other in their doctrine. In this document, after having contradicted Fecknam's calumny, and declared their perfect unity and agreement, they state the five following points in their belief. "I. That there are but two sacraments in Christ's church, that is, the sacrament of baptism, and the Lord's supper. For in these is contained the faith of Christ's church; that is, the two testaments, the law and the gospel. The effect of the law is repentance; and the effect of the gospel remission of sins. II. We believe that there is a visible church, wherein the word of God is preached, and the holy sacraments duly ministered, visible to the wicked world, although it be not credited; and by the death of saints confirmed; as it was in the time of Elias the prophet, as well as now. III. The see of Rome is the see of Antichrist, the congregation of the wicked, whereof the pope is head, under the devil. IV. The mass is not only a profanation of the Lord's supper, but also a blasphemous idol. V. God is neither spiritually nor corporeally in the sacrament of the altar (meaning the elements); and there remaineth no substance in the same, but only the substance of bread and wine. For these articles of our belief, we being condemned to die, do willingly offer our corruptible bodies to be dissolved in the fire: all with one voice assenting and consenting thereunto, and in no point dissenting or disagreeing from any of our former articles. Apparent also let it be, and known, that being of the former articles before the bloody bishop examined, the said day and time, we affirmed to believe all that he or they would prove by the scriptures. But he said that he would not stand to prove it with heretics; but said they themselves were the holy church, and that we ought to be-

lieve them, or else to be cut off like withered branches." To this were subscribed the names of the thirteen martyrs, with those of Thomas Freeman, William Stannard, and William Adams: the three who were rescued by the intervention of Pole.

Three of Christ's imprisoned people died in the King's Bench within two days, named Parret, Hunt, and Norice; of whom it is recorded that Hunt was intentionally starved to death. All were buried with the usual dishonour put on the bodies of those who believed.

At St. Edmund's Bury, Dr. Hopkins, bishop of Norwich, sent three to the fire: ROGER BERNARD, ADAM FOSTER, and ROBERT LAWSON. Bernard, a poor labourer, was of a very bold spirit; and when asked by the bishop whether he had been to the priest at Easter, to be shriven, and whether he had received the blessed sacrament of the altar or no, answered, "No: I have not been with the priest, nor confessed myself unto him; but I have confessed my sins to Almighty God, and I trust he hath forgiven me; wherefore I shall not need to go to the priest for such matters, who cannot help himself." "Surely, Bernard," said the bishop, "thou must needs go and confess thyself unto him." "That shall I not do, by God's grace, while I live," replied Bernard. The bishop exclaimed, "What a stout burly heretic is this! how malapertly he answereth!" "My lord," said Bernard, "it grieveth me no whit, I thank God, to be called heretic at your hands: for so your fathers called the prophets and confessors of Christ long before the time."

At these words, the bishop rose up in great heat, bidding Bernard follow him. He then went and kneeled down before what they called the sacrament of the altar; and in the midst of his prayers, looked back, and asked Bernard why he did not come and do the same. He replied, "I cannot tell why I should do so." "Why, thou vile fellow, whom seest thou yonder?" asked the bishop, pointing to the pix over the altar. "I see nobody there: do you, my lord?" "Why, naughty man," cried the bishop again, "dost thou not see thy Maker?" "My Maker! no, I see nothing but a few clouts, hanging together in a heap." Thereupon, the bishop rose up in sore displeasure, commanding the gaoler to take him away, and to lay irons enough on him; "for," said he, "I will tame him ere he go from me, I trow." Bernard was then led away and fettered, until the next day,

when, being brought up again, the bishop asked him if he did not remember himself since the day before. "Yes, my lord," said he, "I have remembered myself very well; for the same man I was yesterday, I am this day, and I hope shall be, all the days of my life, concerning the matter you talked with me of." Then one of the guards standing by, said, "My lord, I pray you trouble not yourself any more with him, but let me have the examining of him; I shall handle him after another sort, I trow, and make him a fair child ere he go, you shall see." The prisoner was immediately delivered over to the care of this new teacher, who took him to an inn, where a number of priests were assembled, who began by flattering and persuading him with all the pleasant and enticing words they could command: but the Lord so assisted the poor good man, that they could nothing prevail. They then had recourse to threats of whipping, putting him in the stocks, burning him, and all that they thought might terrify him, making a wonderful to do; but he said, "Friends, I am not better than my master, Christ, and the prophets, which your fathers served after such sort; and I for his name's sake am content to suffer the like if God shall so permit; trusting that he will strengthen me in the same according to his promise, in spite of the devil and all his ministers." Finding it impossible to overcome him, they exclaimed, "Behold a right scholar of John Fortune;" whom they then had in prison. He was taken back to the bishop, who immediately condemned him for a heretic, and delivered him to the secular power. Foster was a husbandman, and Lawson a weaver: they were both sentenced in the same cause, and taken to their death with Bernard, the eldest of them being but thirty years of age. On coming to the stake, they prayed together, while the fire was preparing; and ended their lives in such triumphant joy, amid the torments of the burning flame, that it ministered no small comfort and encouragement to the lovers of the gospel.

JOHN FORTUNE, to whom the priests compared Bernard, was a blacksmith at Thirtlesham in Suffolk, whom they had lately had in examination before them, and whom they found so zealous and ardent in spirit, so ready in the scriptures, in Christ's cause so stout and valiant, and in his answers so marvellous, that none could move him; nor was he less patient in his wrongful suffering, than sound and constant in doctrine.

When before Parker and Foster, two of the bishop's officials, he displayed great point, as well as intrepidity in his answers. Parker asked him how he believed in the catholic faith: he replied by asking in turn, what faith he meant? whether the faith that Stephen had, or the faith of them who put Stephen to death? "What a naughty fellow is this," cried Parker: "you shall see, anon, he will deny the blessed sacrament of the altar." Foster also reproached him, and then inquired his opinion of the blessed mass: to which he gave no reply. When rebuked for this, he said, "Silence is a good answer to a foolish question." After declaring that he knew no sacrament of the altar, because no such thing was written in God's book, "Then you will not believe unwritten verities?" said Parker. He answered, "I will believe that those unwritten verities which agree with the written verities be true; but those unwritten verities that be of your own making, and invented of your own brain, I do not believe." Foster said, "Well, you shall be whipped and burned for this gear, I trow." He replied, "If you knew how these words do rejoice my heart, you would not have spoken them." "Why, thou fool, dost thou rejoice in whipping?" asked Foster. "Yes; for it is written in the scriptures that Christ saith, Thou shalt be whipped for my name's sake; and since the sword of tyranny came into your hands, I heard of none that was whipped. Happy were I, if I had the maidenhead of this persecution!" "Away with him," they cried; "for he is ten times worse than Samuel." His second examination was before the bishop, who asked him if he did not believe in the catholic church: he said, Yes, that church of which Christ is the head. Did he not believe the pope to be supreme head of the church? "No," he said, "Christ was the head of the true church." "So I believe also," observed the bishop, "but the pope is God's vicar upon earth, and the head of the church; and I believe that he hath power to forgive sins also." Fortune said, "The pope is but a man; and the prophet David saith, that 'no man can deliver his brother, or make agreement for him unto God: for it cost more to redeem their souls, so that he must let that alone for ever.'" To this the bishop could only answer by asserting that like the bell-wether to the flock, and the queen-bee to the hive, so is the pope to the true church. The blacksmith pressed him hard with scripture, against their doctrines and ceremonies: but though he quoted texts

correctly, the bishop gave him the lie, declared there were no such words in the Bible; and in a rage remanded him to prison.

Next day, he was questioned upon his articles; he gave them scripture again; and when the bishop boasted that he was appointed by law to teach, and demanded obedience, Fortune reminded him how they had burned up the true bishops and preachers. When charged with resisting the higher powers, he said, "I resist not the higher powers concerning my body; but I must resist your evil doctrine wherewith you would infect my soul." Respecting the wafer, he said, "If it be not God before the consecration, it is not God after: for God is without beginning, and without ending." He also declared the deified wafer to be the god Mauzzim that robbeth God of his honour. So sorely were they galled by his answers, that they could not hear him to the end of the articles, but sent him away till the morrow.

On that occasion, in answer to the bishop's violent threats of burning him, he objected to being judged by him; quoting the civil law, that no perjured person should sit in judgment; whereas, he said, the bishop was perjured, having taken the oath against the pope's supremacy in Henry's days. Finally, he rejected the worship of the wafer, as being contrary to the words of God's book.

Whether Fortune was burned, or died in prison of hard usage, is not correctly known. His condemnation is recorded in the bishop's register at Norwich; and it is certain that he never recanted. Fox believes that he was burned; but of his right to be numbered among the martyrs, there is no doubt.

One of the most remarkable instances of divine knowledge imparted to a man of lowly rank, is the case of JOHN CARELESS; who, being but a weaver, proves by his beautiful letters, that he was not a whit behind the chiefest of God's dear servants in the graces of the Spirit, or in the gift of expressing his devotional feelings. He was greatly beloved by Bradford, Philpot, and others of the Lord's true martyrs; and proved a mighty strengthener of the afflicted saints. In the depth of his views he much resembled Lawrence Saunders; as also in the fervency of his devout spirit. It pleased God to spare him the trial of a fiery death, which he was most fully bent to undergo, by taking him to himself while yet in the prison of the King's Bench: but his

name is enrolled among the faithful martyrs; and doubtless their crown is also his.

He was a native of Coventry, where also he followed his calling. His examinations before Dr. Martin are not fully recorded; but a few passages may show the strong assurance of faith wherein he stood. Dr. Martin, after some prefatory remarks, said to him that he was a handsome man, and it was pity but he should do well, and save that which God had bought. Careless answered, "I thank your good mastership most heartily; and I put you out of doubt that I am most sure and certain of my salvation by Jesus Christ; so that my soul is safe already, whatsoever pains my body suffer here for a little time." "Yea, marry," returned Martin, jeeringly, "you say truth. For thou art so predestinate to life that thou must not perish; in whatsoever opinion thou dost die." Careless rejoined, "That God doth predestinate me to eternal life in Jesus Christ, I am most certain; and even so I am sure that his Holy Spirit, wherewith I am sealed, will so preserve me from all heresies and evil opinions, that I shall die in none at all." "Go to," said Martin, "let me hear your faith in predestination; for that shall be written also." "Your mastership shall pardon me herein," replied Careless, "for you said yourself erewhile, that you had no commission to examine my conscience. I will trouble myself with answering no more matters than I needs must, until I come before them that shall have more authority to examine me." However, on being further pressed, and on condition that his exact words should be taken down, he proceeded to state his views: "I believe that God Almighty, our most dear loving Father, of his great mercy and infinite goodness through Jesus Christ, did elect and appoint in him, before the foundation of the earth was laid, a church, or congregation, which he doth continually guide and govern by his grace and Holy Spirit, so that not one of them shall ever finally perish." When this was written Martin read it, and said, "Why, who will deny this?" Careless replied, "If your mastership do allow it, and other learned men when they shall see it, I have my heart's desire." "And do you hold none otherwise than is there written?" asked Martin. "No, verily, nor ever did." Martin turned to the scribe, saying, "Write what he saith, otherwise he holdeth not. It was told me, also, that thou dost affirm that Christ did not die effectually for all men." He an-

swered, "Whatsoever hath been told you, is not much material to me. Let the tellers of such tales come before my face, and I hope to make them answer. For indeed I do believe that Christ did effectually die for all those that do effectually repent and believe, and for no other." Martin then asked him what was Trew's faith of predestination: whether he did not believe that all men were predestinate, and that none should be damned? Careless replied that he did not. "How then?" said Martin. "Truly I think he doth believe as your mastership and the rest of the clergy do believe of predestination; that we be elected in respect of our good works, and so long elected as we do them, and no longer." Martin directed the scribe, "Write what he saith; that his fellow Trew believeth of predestination as the papists do believe." Careless interrupted, "Ah, master doctor, did I so term you? Seeing that this my confession shall come before the council, I pray you place my terms as reverently as I speak them." "Well, well," says Martin, "write that Trew is of the same faith as the catholics be." "I did not so call you, neither," said Careless, "I wonder what you mean." Here the marshal kindly interposed, remarking, "You said the clergy, did you not, Careless?" "Yes, forsooth did I," and it was so written.

Martin, whose carnal mind could perceive nothing of the spiritual things on which Careless spoke at once so candidly and so discreetly, was possessed with a sudden conviction that he held no other than what he and his fellows did; and the rest of his conversation was, on his part, altogether professions of regard, and a desire to serve him: on that of Careless, declarations of his readiness to do whatever his conscience and the word of God should approve.

This estimable man was kept for two years a prisoner, destined by the persecutors to the stake, and earnestly longing for it: but his end was to depart from the captivity of their gaols to the perfect freedom of heaven, without any intermediate step: and his body was buried in a dunghill. His letters are among the most valuable and interesting of the precious collection left by the martyrs.

CHAPTER VIII.

JULIUS PALMER.

JULIUS PALMER, who, at the age of twenty-four, yielded his life for the testimony of Jesus, furnishes us with one of the most affecting instances of God's mighty working, and victorious grace, ever beheld. One cannot read the story without thinking of the young man in the gospel, on whom Jesus looking, loved him, though as yet he lacked the one thing indispensable, which He only could supply. Palmer's history is so beautifully told by old John Fox, that we shall herein deviate as little from his words as the necessary abridgment of a redundant style will allow. He certainly is a gem of the first water among the many sparkling jewels which he has enshrined for the church to contemplate.

Julius Palmer was a native of Coventry, where his father, by his calling an upholsterer, had been chief magistrate, and was a considerable merchant. Julius was a pupil in the free school of Magdalen college, Oxford, where he became an excellent scholar, in prose and verse. He had a very prompt and ready memory, a sharp and pregnant wit; he spoke Latin fluently, and was so well versed in the Greek, that when the regular reader in that branch was absent from college, Julius supplied his place. He was a subtle disputant in the schools; and when at home used to say that he was never so pleasantly occupied as while debating hard questions in philosophy. He often spent the whole night in this his favourite occupation. Nor was he less inclined to familiar converse, greatly delighting to exercise his mind and learning by friendly argument, and close discussion with his equals; yet so devoid was he of all self-conceit and love of contradiction, that his unostentatious, modest way of carrying on an argument, the soberness of his reasoning, and gentleness of his manner, were no less remarkable than his dexterity and learning. In his behaviour he was unaffected, of a cheerful countenance, pleasant speech, courteous, affable, and lowly as a child. Of deceit he was incapable, and so unsuspicious of it in others, that he was frequently deceived by them. He never reproached an enemy, nor resented an ill office, for he used

to say that none were to be accounted valiant but such as could despise an injury.

His diligence in study was great; he rose at four o'clock in the morning, and pursued his employment till ten at night—a very late hour in those times; and by dint of such close application was admitted as a reader in logic at the age of eighteen. Such was young Palmer, in the days of king Edward; and withal, throughout that reign, as bitter an enemy to the gospel of Christ as his blind and bigoted devotion to popery could make him. His chosen companions were such as hated the truth; and the extreme openness of his character rendered his hostility apparent to all. If he came to common prayer at any time, it was because the college rules compelled him so to do; and as to sermons from the faithful preachers, he not only absented himself, but dissuaded his pupils from hearing them; telling them they could be much better occupied at home. The king's preachers, and all others who set forth sound doctrine, he openly disdained and despised; insomuch that he was continually under reproof for his contumacy, and by the officers of the college so frequently punished by fine, short commons, or severe impositions of tasks, that they remarked he sought how to expose himself to suffering in the cause that he deemed so holy.

At length, shortly before the death of Edward, some slanderous libels and railing verses against Dr. Haddon, president of that college, were found affixed to the doors and walls; and Palmer, who was known to have expressed himself with great severity against the president, was suspected of being their author. This he stoutly denied, and cleared himself of the charge; but in so doing he spoke so many reproachful things concerning the officers who examined him, and in so many ways showed his active enmity against the truth, that finding him obstinate and incorrigible, they expelled him the house.

Thus thrown on his own resources, Julius engaged himself as tutor in the family of sir Francis Knolles; where he continued until the coming in of Mary. When her visitors were despatched to Oxford, to reform the university—that is, to displace the godly and learned men established there, and to appoint others of an opposite character in their room—then came Julius Palmer, as a claimant for his forfeited privileges, truly asserting that the religion then brought back he had to the uttermost of his ability de-

fended and maintained. His plea was allowed: and he was restored again, to experience the amazing power of God's grace, under circumstances as unfavourable to his conversion, as his former state in that college had been advantageous.

During his expulsion he had heard, particularly in the house of sir Francis Knolles, so much of the truth, as did by the operation of the Holy Spirit, excite some doubt and inquiry in his mind: and this became evident, through the extreme ingenuousness of his temper, which could not endure the least shadow of disguise. Whatever his heart thought, that did his tongue utter; and to this was owing his exposure to suspicions that, by a little reserve, he might have avoided. When God began to work the change within him, he became very inquisitive to know how the martyrs were apprehended, what articles they died for, and how they took their death. He sent a scholar of his, with another young man, at his own expense, into Gloucestershire, to witness, and truly to report to him, all the particulars of bishop Hooper's martyrdom. He had often, in king Edward's time, said of the gospellers, that none of them all would stand to death for their religion; and for this cause, it was supposed, he inquired so narrowly into their conduct; thereby becoming aware with what extreme and horrible cruelty the martyrs of God were tried; and how valiantly they overcame all kinds of torments, enduring to the end. At last he was made a personal witness of it; in the examinations and death of those dear servants of Christ who in Oxford were burnt before his eyes. The first hope that godly persons conceived of him, was at his return from the martyrdom of the bishops Ridley and Latimer; when he was greatly agitated, and in the hearing of several broke out into strong expressions, "O raging cruelty! O tyranny tragical and more than barbarous!" Indeed this lovely phœnix may have been said to spring from the ashes of those blessed men: his darkness was illumined by the first rays of the candle which they, by God's grace, then lighted in England. From that very day he gave himself to the diligent study of the truth, immediately borrowing from a college friend Peter Martyr's commentaries upon the epistle to the Corinthians, and other good books of different pious men.

A very striking account was written out for Fox, by one whose own history was not a little remarkable. This Mr.

Bullingham was at college with Palmer, and quite of his mind; so that towards the end of Edward's reign, he exiled himself to France for his religion. In Mary's days he returned, and was appointed chaplain to Stephen Gardiner; and after the happy establishment of queen Elizabeth on the throne, he continued so perverse, contumacious, and mischievous, that he was dispossessed of all his livings. Nevertheless, Fox, praising God, declares that at the time he was writing, Bullingham was become a most constant professor and earnest teacher of the word of God. This is his recital of what took place between him and Palmer.

"I, Bullingham, intended to forsake England, and to flee into France, for the wicked pope's sake; (which came to pass, indeed, for in Rouen, I was for a time,) this Julius Palmer and Richard Duck brought me outwards in my journey till we came to London; where on a day Julius Palmer and I walked to St. James', the queen's palace; and as we leaned at the great gate of that palace, Palmer spake thus unto me: 'Bullingham, you know in what misery and calamity we are fallen, for the pope and his religion. We are young men abhorred of all men now presently, and like to be abhorred more and more. Let us consider what hangeth over our heads. You are departing into a strange country, both friendless and moniless, where I fear you shall taste of sourer sauces than hitherto you have done. And as for me, I am at my wit's end. The face of hell itself is as amiable unto me as the sight of Magdalen college; for there I was hated as a venomous toad. Would God I were raked under the earth! And as touching our religion, even our conscience beareth witness that we taste not such an inward sweetness in the possession therefore, as we understand the gospellers to taste of their religion. Yea, to say the truth, we maintain we wot not what, rather of will than of knowledge. But what then? rather than I will yield unto them, I will beg my bread.' So Palmer bequeathed himself to the wide world, and I passed over into Normandy. At my return into England again, my chance was to meet Palmer in Paul's, where a rood was set up. This our meeting was in the beginning of queen Mary's reign, and our miserable departing had been not long before the end of king Edward's days. Then, after our greeting, thus said Palmer; Bullingham, is this our god, for whom we have smarted?' 'No, Palmer,' quoth I, 'it is an image of him.' 'An image?' quoth he, 'I tell

thee plainly, Bullingham, John Calvin, whose Institutes I have perused since our departure, telleth me plainly by God's word, that it is an idol; and that the pope is Antichrist, and his clergy the filthy sink-hole of hell. And now I believe it, for I feel it sensibly. Oh, that God had revealed these matters unto me in times past! I would have bequeathed this Romish religion, or rather irreligion, to the devil of hell, from whence it came. Believe them not, Bullingham; I will rather have these knees pared off than I will kneel to yonder jackanapes, (meaning the rood.) God help me, I am born to trouble and adversity in this world." "Well, Palmer," said I, "is the wind in that corner with you? I warrant you it will blow you to little ease at the end. I will never have to do with you again." So I left Palmer walking in Paul's: who, through the element of fire, is exalted above the elements, where eternal rest is prepared for persecuted martyrs. Thus much is true; and let it be known that I, Bullingham, affirm it to be true. More I have not to say. In these words and deeds it appeareth that God had elected him."

It would appear that at the time of this meeting, Palmer had attained to a full knowledge of the abominable character of popery; but not to that joy and peace in believing which soon followed on a close and prayerful study of God's word. His happiness then became so great that it was apparent in all his words and actions: he never before so hated the truth as now he loved it; and his only trouble was in being compelled outwardly to join in the idolatrous services of the church, for which he had aforetime gloried in suffering rebuke, censure, and loss. At length, through God's grace, he grew up to such maturity and ripeness in the truth, that he failed not to declare certain sparks thereof in his outward behaviour; for sometimes he would absent himself from the confiteor, when he was obliged to bow in different directions, knock his breast, and perform other idle ceremonies against which his heart rose: and sometimes being there, he would leave the church at sacring time, as they term it, out of the way of the idolatrous adoration. These things were noted by the president, Cole, who both suspected and hated him, as did others of his former friends. His conscience also suffered great torment; for his new life and old living but ill agreed together, and he resolved to depart voluntarily to avoid a second expulsion. To a particular friend, who besought him to remain

a while longer, asking where he would go, or how he could live, he made answer, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof: let the Lord work: I will commit myself to God and the wide world."

Two instances are related of the extreme difficulty that he found in even tolerating the necessary intercourse with what then constituted the nominal church. After quitting Magdalen college, as a student, he had occasion to be there on a time, and hearing that the Spanish friar John, who succeeded Dr. Peter Martyr as divinity lecturer, was to preach there that Sunday, he refused to attend; till by the earnest persuasion of a friend, a fellow of the college, he was induced to accompany him. But suddenly, as the friar vehemently inveighed against God's truth, in defending certain popish heresies, Palmer, on whom many eyes were turned, left the church, and was found in his friend's chamber weeping bitterly. When it was demanded of him why he had slipped away so abruptly, he said, "O, if I had not openly departed, I should have openly stopped mine ears. For the friar's blasphemous talk, in disproving, or rather depraving the verity, made not only mine ears to glow, but mine heart worse to smart, than if mine ears had been cut from mine head." On another occasion, the same friend of his, Mr. Shipper, invited him to dinner in his chamber. Palmer went, not knowing that he was to meet this friar John, Smith, Tresham, and others of the like mind, whose company he could ill bear. On seeing them, he whispered his friend that he would be gone, for that was no place for him; but Shipper, by representing that such a step would needlessly betray and endanger him, with other persuasions, induced him to stay. When he came to the fireside, the friar, who could not speak English, saluted him cheerfully in Latin, to which Palmer, with a mild and kind countenance, returned a courteous answer; but when the friar offered him his hand, he turned his eye aside, as though he had not seen it, and spoke to another, so avoiding to give, even in semblance, the right hand of fellowship to an opposer of Christ's gospel. When they were set, and had eaten, the friar with a pleasant look, offering him the cup said, "I drink to you, learned young man." Palmer, deeply blushing, answered, "I acknowledge no such name, O sir." Then taking the cup, he set it down, as though he meant by and by to pledge him; but it was well marked that he took care to forget it. Afterwards

being sharply rebuked by his friend Shipper for what he called unwise and unseemly behaviour, Julius replied, "The oil of these men doth not supple, but breaketh my head."

On his last visit to Oxford, not long before his death, one Barwich, a fellow of Trinity college, meeting him in his friend's chamber, began to reason with him; and finding him very zealous and earnest in defending the truth, said to him, "Well, Palmer, well; now thou art stout and hardy in thine opinion; but if thou wert once brought to the stake, I believe thou wouldest tell me another tale. I advise thee, beware of the fire; it is a shrewd matter to burn." "Truly," said Palmer, "I have been in danger of burning once or twice, and hitherto, I thank God, I have escaped it. But I judge verily it will be my end at the last; welcome be it, by the grace of God! Indeed it is a hard matter for them to burn that have the mind and soul linked to the body, as a thief's foot is tied in a pair of fetters; but if a man be once able, by the help of God's Spirit to separate and divide the soul from the body, for him it is no more mastery to burn, than for me to eat this piece of bread."

This same open simplicity and godly sincerity was made the means, before long, of bringing him to the immediate presence of his God. After resigning his fellowship in Oxford, Palmer obtained the mastership of the grammar-school at Reading, where he was highly esteemed and favoured among those who loved the truth, no less for his zeal in God's service than for his great learning and knowledge. But certain artful hypocrites, hating him for the same cause, resolved on his destruction; to accomplish which, they feigned an extraordinary love for the gospel, with much affection for himself; so that they found no difficulty in gaining the entire confidence of the open-hearted young man, who desired nothing so much as to encourage others in the path where he found such increasing pleasantness and peace. Having thus got access, both to his secret thoughts and to his home, these traitors took occasion in his absence to rifle his study of certain godly books and writings, among which was some poetry, and other productions of Palmer, written against the popish proceedings, and especially against their unnatural and inhuman treatment of the martyrs. Having done this, they had the hardihood to inform him of it, threatening to lay the papers before the council, unless he would instantly and quietly

depart, resigning the school to a friend of theirs. The innocent victim of this odious deceit, taking patiently the spoiling of his goods, left all that belonged to him, with his quarter's salary, in their hands, and took his departure from Reading, determining to go to Ensham, where his mother dwelt, hoping to obtain from her certain legacies due to him by his father's will, which he should have received some years before; and taking his journey by Oxford, sent his friend Shipper, with his brother, to prepare her for his visit, and entreat her favour. He then followed, and his mother no sooner saw him on his knees, asking her blessing, as usual, than she exclaimed, "Thou shalt have Christ's curse and mine, wheresoever thou go." The poor youth, amazed at so cruel a greeting, paused a while, and then said, "O mother, your own curse you may give me, which God knoweth I never deserved; but God's curse you cannot give me, for he hath already blessed me." "Nay," replied she, "thou wentest from God's blessing into the warm sun, when thou wast banished for a heretic out of that worshipful house in Oxford; and now for the like knavery art driven out of Reading too." "Alas, mother," said he, "you have been misinformed; I was not expelled or driven away, but freely resigned of my own accord. And heretic I am none, for I stand not stubbornly against any true doctrine, but defend it to my power. And you may be sure they use not to expel or banish, but to burn heretics, as they term them." She answered, "Well, I am sure thou dost not believe as thy father and I, and all our forefathers have done; but as we were taught by the new law in king Edward's days, which is damnable heresy." "Indeed, I confess," said Julius, "that I believe that doctrine which was taught in king Edward's time, which is not heresy, but truth; neither is it new, but as old as Christ and his apostles." "If thou be at that point," said she, "I require thee to depart from my house, and out of my sight, and never more take me for thy mother hereafter. As for money and goods, I have none of thine: thy father bequeathed nought for heretics. Fagots I have to burn thee; more thou gettest not at my hands." "Mother," he replied, "whereas you have cursed me, I again pray God to bless you, and prosper you all your life long." And with other soft and sweet words, the tears abundantly trickling down his cheeks, he meekly departed from her. The sight so far touched her hard heart, that she flung after

him a piece of gold, saying, "Take that to keep thee a true man."

Thus poor Palmer, being destitute of worldly help, and cruelly repelled of her whom he took to be his surest friend, wist not where to turn his face. He at last resolved to return secretly to Magdalen college, where he knew that he had some private friends; and so it proved, for, through their kind interest he obtained, even from president Cole, a recommendation to a school in Gloucestershire, for which place he again started, commended to the divine blessing by his friends, of whom some accompanied him to Ensham, and others to Burford. As he proceeded on his way alone, musing and pondering on these things, it suddenly came into his mind to return privately to Reading; hoping by the aid of some trusty person, to secure his little property of household stuff, and to obtain the quarter's salary due to him. To Reading therefore he came; and taking up his lodging at the sign of the Cardinal's Hat, desired his hostess to assign him a retired room. But in spite of his precaution, some of the generation of vipers had knowledge of his coming; and they immediately conferred together how to complete his destruction. It was determined that one Mr. Hampton, a double-faced professor, should visit him; and under colour of friendly zeal in his service, fish out the cause of his unexpected return to Reading.

Palmer, in the integrity of his own simple and confiding heart, opened to this treacherous friend his whole design, from which the other strove to turn him, representing what great danger he would bring on himself thereby. Palmer replied, insisting on his own plan, until Hampton, in a fury, went off, saying, that as he had fished so he might fowl, for him. Palmer, still suspecting nothing, called for his supper, and went quietly to bed: but quiet he was not to remain long time, for soon after his chamber was broke open by officers and their retinue, who came rushing in, with lanterns and weapons, requiring him in the name of the king and queen to come peaceably away with them. The harmless young man arose, and without speaking one word, suffered himself to be led away, as a lamb to the slaughter. He was brought to prison, taken to a vile, damp, filthy dungeon, prepared for thieves and murderers, and there left, with his hands and feet made fast in such high stocks, that his body could scarcely touch the ground as he hung. And so for about ten days he remained.

When at last he was brought before the mayor, the charges laid against him were not, as he expected, for heresy, but for treason, sedition, surmised murder, and adultery. On hearing which, he exclaimed that if such horrible and heinous crimes might be proved against him, he would patiently submit to all kinds of torments that could be devised; adding, with a burst of righteous indignation, "O ye cruel blood-suckers, ye follow the old practices of your progenitors, the viperous and wolvish generation of pharisees and papists; but be ye well assured, that God already seeth your subtle devices and crafty packing, and will not suffer the outrageous fury of your venomous tongues, and fiery hearts to remain unpunished."

The charge of treason was grounded on some remarks that he was stated to have made respecting the queen's use of the sword put into her hand; that of sedition, because, it was said, some servants of sir Francis Knolles had fallen out, and made a disturbance among themselves, from attending his lectures. The other two were built on a letter from his landlady, which they pretended to have intercepted, and on some other equally false and absurd report. This indictment being read, the mayor ordered him in the cage, for a public spectacle to the people, while he went to dinner; and in the mean time care was taken to spread through the whole place the nature of the accusations. In the afternoon Palmer was brought to his answer, when he so easily and clearly proved his innocence, showing also, on the face of the letters themselves that they were palpable forgeries, as to make the mayor ashamed that he had given credit to them: and measures were taken to convey him privately out of the country, to save their own characters.

While this was going on, a zealous professor of the gospel, named Galant, visited him in the prison, where he found him a little better treated than before, and said, "Oh, Palmer, thou hast deceived divers men's expectations, for we hear that you suffer not for righteousness' sake, but for your own demerits." To which the martyr replied, "Oh, brother Galant, these be the old practices of that satanical brood. But be you well assured, and God be praised for it, I have so purged myself, and detected their falsehood, that henceforth I shall be no more molested therewith." And then he wrote, for his friend's satisfaction, what confirmed the statement already made.

His wicked adversaries, seeing their first plan entirely defeated, and fearing that if he should secretly escape, both themselves and the magistrates might be exposed and endangered, resolved on the extreme refuge that alone was left. They had not dared to accuse him of heresy, because they still kept on the mask of godliness themselves, and were accounted earnest brethren by the Lord's people: but now they laid aside both shame and fear; and no longer concealing the disgraceful act of robbing his study, produced the writings which they had stolen, and charged him with heresy. Palmer was then again called before the mayor, and other justices, to render an account of his faith, and to answer these new articles and informations. Having gathered enough from his own lips to entrap him, they devised a bill of instructions against him, to be delivered to Dr. Jeffrey, who was to hold his next visitation on the following Tuesday, at Newbury. This indictment, and the prisoner, were then ordered to be conveyed together to the place of his trial. An example occurred at this time, both of charitable affection towards Palmer, and disinterested modesty on his part. A Mr. Ryder, a faithful witness of God's truth at Reading, hearing how cruelly Palmer was dealt with in the prison, and that he was pining away for lack of necessaries, and how fully he had proved his innocence before the officers, of the crimes laid to his charge, sent his servant secretly, the night before his departure for Newbury, with a bent groat, in token of his goodwill, requiring him to let him know if he lacked necessaries, as he would provide for him. Palmer answered, "The Lord reward your master for his benevolence towards me, a miserable object in this world; and tell him that, God be praised, I lack nothing." The next morning, when preparing for the journey, THOMAS ASKIN, his fellow-prisoner and companion in suffering for Christ's sake in the fire, was sitting at breakfast; and seeing Palmer very sad, leaning against the window, asked why he came not to breakfast. Palmer replied, "Because I lack money to discharge the shot." "Come on man," said the other, "God be praised for it, I have enough for us both." This being afterwards related to Mr. Ryder, it grieved him excessively that he had so readily taken Palmer's modest answer.

On Monday night, they came to Newbury, and there found, in the dungeon to which they were committed, JOHN GWIN, their faithful brother martyr. When brought before

Dr. Jeffreys in consistory, the following was the order of the examination, as gathered from the notes of Mr. Shipper, and four other faithful reporters who were present throughout.

The choir of the parish church was the place, where seats were set for Dr. Jeffreys, representing the bishop of Salisbury; Sir Richard Abridges, the high sheriff; Sir William Ramsford, Mr. Winchcomb, and the parson of Inglefield. The prisoners being presented, the commission opened, and other things arranged, Dr. Jeffreys addressed Palmer, saying, "Art thou that jolly writer of three-halfpenny books that we hear of?" Palmer answered, "I know not what you mean." "Have you taught Latin so long," said the rude examiner, "that now you understand not English?" To this he gave no reply. Jeffreys then rose up, and stated that they had received certain articles against him from the mayor of Reading, whereby he had been convicted of heresies. These were: "I. That you deny the pope's holiness' supremacy. II. That there are but two sacraments. III. That the priest showeth up an idol at mass; and therefore you went to no mass since your first coming to Reading. IV. That there is no purgatory. V. That you be a sower of sedition, and have sought to divide the unity of the queen's subjects."

Here the sheriff suggested, "You were best see first what he will say to his own handy-work." "Ye say truth," replied Jeffreys. "Tell me, Palmer, art thou he that wrote this fair volume? Look upon it." "I wrote it indeed," said Palmer, "and gathered it out of the Scriptures." "Is this doggish rhyme yours also? Look." "I wrote this, I deny not." "And what say you to these Latin verses, entitled *Epicedion, &c.* Are they yours too?" "Yea, sir." "Art thou not ashamed to affirm it?" continued Jeffreys; "it came of no good spirit, that thou didst both rail at the dead, and slander a learned and catholic man yet alive." Palmer answered, "If it be a slander, he hath slandered himself; for I do but report his own writing, and open the folly therein declared. And I reckon it no railing to inveigh against Annas and Caiaphas, being dead." "Sayest thou so?" cried the angry judge; "I will make thee recant it, and wring *peccavi* out of your lying lips, ere I have done with thee." "But I know," returned Palmer, "that although of myself I be able to do nothing, yet if you and all mine enemies, both bodily and ghostly, should do your

worst, you shall not be able to bring that to pass; neither shall ye prevail against God's mighty Spirit, by whom we understand the truth, and speak it so boldly." "Ah, are you full of the Spirit?" said Jeffreys; "are you inspired with the Holy Ghost?" "Sir," answered Julius Palmer, "no man can believe, but by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Therefore, if I were not a spiritual man, and inspired with God's Spirit, I were not a true Christian. 'He that hath not the Spirit of Christ is none of his.'" To this, Jeffreys could only reply, "I perceive you lack no words;" and was admirably answered by the young martyr, "Christ hath promised not only to give us store of words necessary, but with them such force of matter as the gates of hell shall not be able to withstand, or to prevail against it." Jeffreys remarked, "Christ made such a promise to his apostles; I trow you will not compare with them." "With the holy apostles I may not compare," replied Palmer; "neither have I any affiance in my own wit or learning, which I know is but small: yet this promise I am certain pertaineth to all such as are appointed to defend God's truth against his enemies, in the time of their persecution for the same." "Then it pertaineth not to thee," said Jeffreys. Palmer rejoined, "Yes, I am right well assured that through his grace it pertaineth at this present to me, as it shall, no doubt, appear, if you give me leave to dispute with you before this audience, in the defence of all that I have there written." Jeffreys replied, "Thou art but a beardless boy, started up yesterday out of the schools; and dost thou presume to offer disputation, or to encounter with a doctor?" Palmer answered, "Remember, master doctor, 'The wind bloweth where it listeth;' and in another place, 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise:' and 'Thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.' God is not tied to time, wit, learning, place, or person. And although your wit and learning be greater than mine, yet your belief in the truth, and zeal to defend the same is no greater than mine."

Before any reply could be made to this beautiful speech, the register interposed saying, "Sir, if you suffer him thus impudently to trifle with you, he will never have done." Jeffreys took the hint, and went on: "Well, ye shall understand that I have it not in commission at this present to dispute with you: neither were it meet that we should

call again into question such articles as are already discussed, and perfectly defined, by our holy mother the church, which we ought to believe without any why or wherefore as the creed telleth us. But the cause why ye be now called hither, is that ye might be examined upon such articles as are ministered against you, and such matter as is here contained in your hand-writing, that it may be seen whether you will stand to it or nay. How say you to this?" Palmer answered, "By your holy church, you mean the synagogue of Rome, which is not universal, but a particular church of shavelings. The catholic church I believe, yet not for her own sake, but because she is holy; that is to say, a church that groundeth her belief upon the word of her spouse, Christ." "Leave railing," said Jeffreys, "and answer me directly to my question, Will you stand to your writing, or will you not?" "If you can prove any sentence therein comprised not to stand with God's word, I will presently recant it," replied Palmer. "Thou impudent fellow," cried Jeffreys, "have I not told thee that I came not to dispute with thee, but to examine thee?" Here the priest of Inglefield came to his assistance; and pointing to the pix, asked Julius, "What seest thou yonder?" He replied, "A canopy of silk broidered with gold." "Yea," said the priest, "but what is within it?" "A piece of bread in a clout, I trow." On this the other exclaimed, "Thou art as froward a heretic as ever I talked withal." He then spake much of the confiteor, and other parts of the mass; then asked, "Do you not believe that they which receive the holy sacrament of the altar, do truly eat Christ's natural body?" Palmer answered, "If the sacrament of the Lord's supper be ministered as Christ did ordain it, the faithful receivers do indeed, spiritually and truly, eat and drink in it Christ's natural body and blood." "The faithful receivers!" cried the priest; "ye cannot blear our eyes with such sophistry. Do not all manner of receivers, good and bad, faithful and unfaithful, receive the very natural body in form of bread?" "No, sir." "How prove you that?" demanded the priest. Palmer replied, "By this place, 'He that eateth me, shall live by me.'" The priest then said, "See that fond fellow; while he taketh himself to be a doctor of the law, you shall see me prove him a stark foolish daw. Do you not read likewise, 'Whosoever calleth upon the name of the Lord shall be saved?' Do none but the godly call upon him? There-

fore you must mark how St. Paul answereth you. He saith that the wicked do eat the true body to their condemnation."

Palmer wished to give him a full answer, but the priest would not hear it; crying out still, "What sayest thou to St. Paul?" "I say," replied Palmer, "that St. Paul hath no such words." "See," cries the priest, "the impudent fellow denieth the plain text—'He that eateth and drinketh the body of the Lord unworthily is guilty of judgment.'" "I beseech you, lend me your book," said Palmer. "Not so," replied the priest. But the sheriff entreated him to do so, and at last it was handed to Palmer, who said, "Your own book hath, 'He that eateth this bread.'" "But St. Jerome's translation hath 'body,'" said the priest. "Not so, Mr. Parson," answered Palmer; "and God be praised that I have in the mean season shut up your lips with your own book." Jeffreys now resumed, saying, "It skilleth no matter whether ye write bread or body, for we are able to prove that he meant the body. And whereas you say they eat it, spiritually, that is but a blind shift of descant." "What should I say else?" asked Palmer. Jeffreys replied, "As holy church saith, really, carnally, substantially." Palmer observed, "And with as good scripture I may say, grossly, monstrously." "Thou speakest wickedly," said Jeffreys. "But tell me, is Christ present in the sacrament, or no?" Palmer said, "He is present." "How is he present?" Jeffreys inquired. Palmer answered, "The doctors say, *modo ineffabili*. Therefore why do you ask me? Would God you had a mind ready to believe it, or I a tongue able to express it unto you!"

Jeffreys then asked him, what he said to the baptism of infants; he replied, "I say, that it standeth with God's word; and therefore it ought of necessity to be retained in the church." Jeffreys remarked, "Ye have forgotten yourself, I wis; for ye write that children may be saved without it." "So I write, and so I say," answered Palmer. "Then it is not necessary to be frequented and continued in the church," said Jeffreys. "Your argument is not good, master doctor," observed Palmer. "Will you stand to it?" says Jeffreys. "Yea, master doctor, God willing."

No more of the examination was preserved; but it appears that the sheriff, Sir Richard Abridges, who had already shown some kind feeling for the prisoner, sent for him to his house the same day, after dinner, and in the pre-

sence of several gentlemen, his guests, in the most friendly way entreated him to revoke his opinion; to spare his young years, wit, and learning. "If thou wilt be conformable," said he, "and show thyself corrigible and repentant, in good faith I promise thee before the company, I will give thee meat and drink, and books, and ten pound yearly, so long as thou wilt dwell with me. And if thou wilt set thy mind to marriage, I will procure thee a wife and a farm, and help to stuff and fit thy farm for thee. How sayest thou?" For this offer, which appears to have been made through a real good will, and compassionate feeling for the interesting young martyr, Palmer thanked him very courteously, and farther enlarged, but very modestly and reverently, on the great truths of the religion which he held: concluding by declaring that as he had already in two places renounced his living for Christ's sake, so he would, with God's grace be ready to surrender and yield up his life also for the same, when God should send time. When Sir Richard had heard him out, and perceived his steadiness, he said. "Well, Palmer, then I perceive one of us twain shall be damned. For we be of two faiths, and certain I am that there is but one faith that leadeth to life and salvation." "O sir," said Julius, "I hope that we both shall be saved." Sir Richard asked, "How may that be?" He sweetly replied, "Right well, sir. For it has pleased our merciful Saviour, according to the gospel parable, to call me at the third hour of the day, even in my flowers, at the age of four-and-twenty years; even so I trust he hath called, and will call you at the eleventh hour of your old age, and give you everlasting life for your portion." "Sayest thou so?" returned the kind old man: "Well, Palmer, well, I would I might have thee but one month in my house: I doubt not but I would convert thee, or thou shouldest convert me."

Mr. Winchcomb was also moved to say, "Take pity on thy golden years, and pleasant flowers of lusty youth, before it be too late." But Julius Palmer answered, "Sir, I long for those springing flowers that shall never fade away." "If thou be at that point," said Winchcomb, "I have done with thee."

Palmer was led back to the dark cell; but the two other simple believers, Askin and Gwin, were called before the consistory the same afternoon, condemned, and delivered to the sheriff.

The next morning, the sixteenth of July, Palmer was summoned, and required to subscribe to certain articles, which they had drawn out, touching the cause of his condemnation: in the beginning of which were heaped together many grievous terms, respecting his faith, as horrible, heretical, damnable, devilish, and execrable doctrine. To this Palmer refused to subscribe; affirming that the doctrine which he professed was not such, but good and sound doctrine. Jeffreys said, "Ye may see, good people, what shifts these heretics seek, to escape burning, when they see justice ministered unto them. But I tell thee, this style is agreeable to the law, and therefore I cannot alter it." "Then I cannot subscribe to it," said Palmer. Jeffreys asked, "Wilt thou then crave mercy, if thou like not justice, and revoke thy heresy?" Palmer replied, "I forsake the pope, and his popelings, with all popish heresy." "Then subscribe the articles," said Jeffreys. "Alter the epithets, and I will subscribe." At last Jeffreys bade him subscribe, and qualify the matter with his own pen; which he immediately did. Jeffreys then proceeded to read the popish sentence of his cruel condemnation; and delivered him to the secular power, to be burned the same afternoon, at five o'clock.

Within one hour before they went to the place of their execution, Palmer, in the presence of many people, thus addressed his fellow martyrs. "Brethren, be of good cheer in the Lord, and faint not. Remember the words of our Saviour Christ, where he saith, Happy are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you for righteousness' sake. Rejoice and be glad, for great is your reward in heaven. Fear not them that kill the body, and be not able to touch the soul. God is faithful, and will not suffer us to be tempted farther than we shall be able to bear it. We shall not end our lives in the fire, but make a change for a better life. Yea, for coals we shall receive pearls. For God's Holy Spirit testifieth our spirit that he hath even now prepared for us a sweet supper in heaven, for his sake which suffered first for us."

With these and many like words, he not only comforted the hearts of his poor brethren who were as sheep appointed to be slain with him, but drew plentiful tears from the eyes of many who heard him. While they were singing a psalm, came the sheriff, Sir Richard Abridges, and the bailiffs of the town, with a great company of harnessed and

weaponed men, to conduct them to the fire. When they were come to the place where they should suffer, they fell all three to the ground; and while the other two made their prayers secretly to Almighty God, Palmer with an audible voice, rehearsed the thirty-first psalm. As he rose from the earth, there came behind him two popish priests, exhorting him yet to recant and save his soul. Palmer answered, "Away, away; tempt me no longer. Away, I say, from me, all ye that work iniquity; for the Lord hath heard the voice of my tears." They then put off their raiment, went to the stake and kissed it; and when they were bound to the post, Palmer said, "Good people, pray for us, that we may persevere to the end. And for Christ's sake beware of popish teachers, for they deceive you."

As he spake this, a servant of one of the bailiffs threw a fagot at his face, causing the blood to gush out in several places: on which Sir Richard Abridges not only reviled the wretch as a cruel tormentor, but with his sheriff's staff dealt him such a blow as broke his head, and made the blood run down his ears. When the fire was kindled, and began to take hold on their bodies, they lifted up their hands towards heaven, as quietly and cheerfully as though they felt no smart, and cried, "Lord Jesus strengthen us: Lord Jesus assist us: Lord Jesus receive our souls!" and so continued without any struggling, holding up their hands, knocking on their hearts, and calling on the name of Jesus.

It was remarked as an extraordinary thing that after their three heads, by the raging force of the fire had fallen together, and formed as it were one lump of cinder, so that no one doubted they were all dead, suddenly Julius Palmer, as if waked out of sleep, moved his tongue and jaws, and was heard to pronounce this word, JESUS. So, being resolved into ashes, he yielded to God as joyful a soul, confirmed with the sweet promises of Christ, as any one that ever was called beside, to suffer for his blessed name. God grant us all to be moved with the like spirit, working in our hearts constantly to stand in defence and confession of Christ's holy gospel to the end. Amen.

And now, in place of any other remark, we will lay before the reader at the close of this most affecting history, the observations with which John Fox prefaces it. Modern liberality might recoil from the force of his language if in-

serted in its proper place: but who shall quarrel with it, after accompanying him through the foregoing details?

"As all God's works are wondrous, in calling of all sorts of men to confirm his truth, and to bear witness unto his assured and infallible word, which the adversaries have depraved and corrupted with their false glosses, to establish the fleshly kingdom of Antichrist, and to purchase security in the world, which they seek to keep in their possession by all means possible, rather cursing with the thunderbolt of excommunication, burning, hanging, drowning, racking, scourging, and persecuting by secret practice and open violence the simple sheep of our Saviour Christ than that their false, forged packing should be detected, their estimation impaired, their kitchen cooled, or their rents, revenues, goods, lands and possessions abated; I say, as God's works be wonderful, which chooseth some of all sorts to confess his gospel, so there is no one example in the whole godly fellowship of martyrs, more to be marked, yea, more to be wondered at, than this: that one which all king Edward's days was a papist within the university of Oxford, and so obstinate as that he did utterly abhor all godly prayer and sincere preaching, and almost of all them with whom he lived was therefore likewise abhorred, and, as I may say, pointed at with the finger, yet did after, in queen Mary's time, suffer most cruel death at the papists' hands at Newbury, in Berkshire, for the most ready and zealous profession of the blessed truth."

Fox gained his information from those who intimately knew Julius Palmer; and who were personally present during his false accusation, cruel imprisonment, subsequent examinations, and final murder. The story presents an awful picture, or rather the reality of what popery is. Let those who would qualify the expression by saying rather, what popery *was*, produce some sufficient testimony that the church of Rome has ever yet rescinded those sanguinary decrees, which, until formally set aside by an equally public and authoritative council with that of Trent, ARE, and MUST BE the standing laws of her antichristian synagogue.

The story which follows that of Julius Palmer, presents a fearful variety in the scene of bloodshed; and leaves perhaps a darker blot upon the page than any which has yet stained it. There was not even the semblance of a proof that the poor victims had offended against the papal power.

The facts are these. In the isle of Guernsey a woman of very abandoned character, named Vincent Gossett, stole a silver cup, which she took to an honest simple neighbour, Perotine Massey, desiring her to lend her sixpence upon it. Perotine, convinced that it was stolen, gave her the sixpence, and took the cup, in order to discover the owner and restore it. She did so; and the person who was robbed apprehended Vincent, who at once confessed the fact, and offered, if sixpence was given her, to redeem and restore the vessel. This was done.

The officers who had accompanied this thief to the house where Perotine dwelt with her mother and sister, reported to have seen there a pewter dish, from which some name or inscription had been scratched out; which led them to surmise that the article had been stolen. On this supposition, the three women were taken into custody and imprisoned. After some time they were, at their earnest entreaty, brought to trial; when it appeared from the testimony of all their neighbours and acquaintance, that their lives were irreproachably honest; their characters above suspicion, and the only fault found with them by those who knew them, was that they failed in obedience to the commands of "holy church." The result of the trials was, that Vincent Gosset was whipped, set in the pillory, and banished from the island; while the three women, Catherine Cawches, Guillemine Gilbert, and Perotine Massey, were remanded to prison for not coming to mass.

This matter appertaining to the spiritual power, their worthy coadjutors of the temporal arm sent a notification to Jacques Amy the dean and his curates, apprising them that the women were suspected of heresy. The poor creatures were then examined by the justices touching their faith, when they said they would obey and keep the ordinances of the king and queen, and the commandments of the church; notwithstanding that they had said and done the contrary in the time of king Edward, in showing obedience to his ordinances and commandments before. They were then sent back to prison, till an answer should arrive from the dean and his accomplices, which answer was a condemnation of the parties for heresy, without having heard a word even of the foregoing examination. When the bailiff and jurates found that the women had not been questioned by the clergy, they refused to confirm the sentence that day; and sent them to these wolves in shepherds'

guise, who, after a separate private examination, of which no account on record was ever given, recommitted them to the castle; and within a fortnight afterwards, directed this final sentence to the secular power; that Catherine Cawches and her two daughters were found heretics, and condemned and judged on that day to be burned, until they be consumed to ashes, in the place accustomed, with the confiscation of all their goods, movables, and heritages to be in the hands of the king and queen's majesties, according and after the effect of a sentence delivered in justice by Mr. Dean and the curates, the 13th day of July, 1556.

The poor unoffending, ignorant creatures at once appealed to the king and queen against this horrible act of bloodthirsty malice: but of this the murderers would not hear: and they were directly led to the place of slaughter. To enter fully on what ensued is impossible—human nature recoils from it. Three stakes were set up; to the central one was fastened the mother, her two daughters being on either side. An attempt was made to strangle them; but the rope broke, probably from being burnt, and they all fell alive into the fire, the intenseness of which was sufficient to burst their tortured bodies.

It was then that a fourth victim was discovered: a fine little boy, the offspring of Perotine, was seen lying among the flames, and thence was snatched unhurt by a bystander, who laid the poor babe on the grass. But who should dare to rescue a HERETIC from the strong grasp of the holy catholic church? Without a judicial order nothing could be done; so the little innocent was taken up and carried to the provost, who declining to decide on so difficult a point, sent it to the bailiff: and he too orthodox to err on the side of mercy, humanity, or common justice, gave orders to take it back, and throw it into the flames. And so, to quote the exquisite language of Fox, the infant, baptized in his own blood, to fill up the number of God's innocent saints, was both born and died a martyr; leaving behind to the world, which it never saw, a spectacle wherein the whole world may see the Herodian cruelty of this graceless generation of catholic tormentors.

In the early part of Elizabeth's reign, Matthew Cawches, brother of the elder victim, presented a supplication to her majesty's commissioners, relating the above facts attested by the neighbours. The queen ordered an immediate inquiry into the matter, which ended in the dispossession of

the villanous dean of all his livings, and his committal to prison. The accessories to this "bloody murder," as it was rightly termed, were obliged publicly to acknowledge their crime in wrongfully condemning the three women and the infant, and having at the same time also knowingly acquitted a wilful murderer; and on this open confession and submission their pardon was granted. It was perhaps necessary; for had queen Elizabeth commenced executing justice upon all who could be proved to have committed barbarous murders, with their accessories before, at, and after the fact, she must have well nigh depopulated the whole realm of England: which may God, of his infinite mercy, even yet preserve from the withering curse of popery, for his dear Son's sake! Amen.

CHAPTER IX.

PERSECUTIONS—JOAN WASTE—AND OTHERS—PRISONERS FAMISHED—VISITATION OF CAMBRIDGE—BUCER AND PHAGIUS—MORE MARTYRDOMS.

THE bloody rage of this persecution spared neither man, woman, nor child, wife nor maid, lame, blind, nor cripple; and so through all, men and women, as there was no difference either of age or sex considered, so neither was there any condition or quality respected of any person. Whosoever he were who held not as they did, of the pope and sacrament of the altar, were he learned or unlearned, wise, or a simple innocent, all went to the fire: as may appear farther, by the instance of a poor young man, named THOMAS MOOR, a servant, in Leicester, who, for saying that his Maker was in heaven, and not in the pix, was apprehended, and brought before his ordinary, who began by asking whether he did not believe his Maker to be there, pointing to the high altar: he said, "No." "How then dost thou believe?" said the bishop. The young man answered, As his creed did teach him. The bishop went on; "And what is that yonder, that thou seest above the altar?" Moor answered, "Forsooth, I cannot tell what you would have me to see. I see there fine clothes, with golden tassels, and other gay gear, hanging about the pix: what

is within, I cannot see." "Why," said his spiritual pastor, "dost thou not believe Christ to be there, flesh, blood and bones?" "No, that I do not," he replied.

Upon this, without further preface, the bishop read the sentence, condemning the poor, but faithful servant of the Lord, to death. He was burnt; suffering with much joy, and glorying in his Saviour.

About the same time, two men and a woman, named THOMAS DUNGATE, JOHN FOREMAN, and mother TREE, were burned at Grinstead, in Sussex; who patiently endured, for Christ's sake, all the torments that men's rage could inflict, and departed to their eternal rest.

The next victim selected was a young woman of twenty-two, named JOAN WASTE, blind from her birth. She lived in Derby; the bishop of the diocese, Ralph Baine, with Dr. Draycott, his chancellor, Sir John Port, and a whole party of officials, gentry and bailiffs, sat in judgment to condemn the innocent blood of this afflicted girl. She was the daughter of a barber, an honest, industrious poor man: and Joan, notwithstanding her blindness, contrived, while yet very young, to add something to the earnings of her parents, by knitting, or turning ropes with her father, who occasionally worked at that business also; and it was remarked of her, that in no case would she be idle. When deprived of both parents, she resided with her brother; and in the days of king Edward of blessed memory, she embraced the privilege of hearing the church service in a language that she could understand. It became her daily delight to hear sermons and homilies, and to join in public worship; until, by the influence of the Holy Spirit, she became well grounded and settled in the saving faith of the gospel. Redoubling her diligence, she earned money enough to buy a New Testament, and being unable to use it, because of her total blindness, she went to a man named John Hurt, seventy years of age, who was a prisoner for debt in the castle of Derby. This poor old captive daily read to her a chapter from her beloved book, unless by illness, or other unavoidable cause, he was hindered; in which case the blind girl took her testament to the parish clerk, or some other person who could read. When she found none willing to do it freely, she would bargain for so many chapters, for a price; devoting the few pence saved from her earnings to the purchase of this greatest of all blessings: and thus, every day she had her portion of that

which to her, as to David, was more to be desired than gold; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Another thing was remarked of Joan Waste; that she could, without a guide, readily find her way to any church in the town of Derby, or to any place or person where she had once enjoyed the hearing of God's word. It cannot be wondered at, that, thus constantly exercised in the blessed scriptures, she was able to repeat whole chapters with ease; and could reprove sin, and impugn errors in doctrine, by unanswerable arguments drawn from the source of all her knowledge. Her life also was fully accordant with the profession that she made; and when the accession of Mary spread darkness again over the land, she continued steadfast, unmovable, abounding in the work of the Lord, and maintaining an open protest against the abominations that were done. For this she was called to account, before the wretched bishop and his guilty accomplices. The articles exhibited against her were, first, that she did hold the sacrament of the altar to be only a memorial or representation of Christ's body, and material bread and not his natural body unless it were duly received. And that it ought not to be reserved from time to time over the altar, but immediately to be received. Secondly, that she held, that in receiving the sacrament of the altar she did not receive the same body, that was born of the virgin Mary, and suffered upon the cross for our redemption. Thirdly, she held that Christ at his last supper did not bless the bread that he had then in his hands, but was blessed himself: and by the virtue of the words of consecration the substance of the bread and wine is not converted into the substance of the body and blood of Christ.

To these she answered, that she believed therein so much as the holy scripture taught her, and according to what she had heard preached unto her by divers learned men: whereof some suffered imprisonment, and others suffered death for the same doctrine. Amongst these she named Dr. Taylor, who, she said, took it upon his conscience that the doctrine which he taught was true; asking them if they would do so, in like case, for their doctrine? If not, she desired them for God's sake not to trouble her, a blind, poor, and unlearned woman, with any further talk: and she ended by saying that she was ready, with God's assistance, to yield her life for that faith, in such sort as they should appoint. The bishop and Dr. Draycott pressed her

with arguments on the omnipotency of Christ, asking why was not Christ able as well to make the bread his body, as to turn water into wine, to raise Lazarus from the dead, and perform other miracles? To their sophistry they added grievous threats of imprisonment, torture and death, if she continued obstinate. The poor girl then, probably thinking to convict them of their insincerity in a belief that no rational person could really entertain, told the bishop that if he would before that company take it upon his conscience that the doctrine which he would have her to believe concerning the sacrament was true, and that he would in the dreadful day of judgment answer for her therein,—as Dr. Taylor, in divers of his sermons had offered,—she would then further answer them.

The bishop immediately said that he would do so: but Draycott, the chancellor, who seems to have thirsted for her blood, said, "My lord, you know not what you do: you may in no case answer for a heretic." Then he demanded of Joan whether she would recant or no; telling her she should answer for herself; the bishop at once yielding to the chancellor's correction. The poor girl perceiving how matters stood, said that if they refused to take on their conscience the truth of what they would have her believe, she would answer no further: but desired them to do their pleasure; which they did, by pronouncing sentence against her, and committing her to the bailiffs. By them she was kept in prison for a month or five weeks, when they received a writ from the bishop, requiring them to bring her to the parish church of All-hallows, where Dr. Draycott was to make a sermon.

On the appointed day, the doctor came to the church, attended by a train of his worthy associates. The innocent martyr was then led thither, and placed before the pulpit, where the doctor began to denounce the poor blind creature, declaring to the people that she was condemned for denying the sacrament of the altar to be the very body and blood of Christ, really and substantially, and was thereby cut off from the body of the catholic church. He said, that she was not only blind of her bodily eyes, but also blind in the eyes of her soul: and that as her body should be presently consumed with material fire, so her soul should be burned in hell with everlasting fire, as soon as it left the body, and there remain world without end. He also informed his congregation that it was not lawful to

pray for her; and so, with many terrible threats, made an end of his sermon, commanding the bailiffs and attendant gentlemen to see her executed. The blessed young believer was then taken direct from the church, to a place called the Windmill Pit, near the town; and there, holding her poor brother Roger by the hand, she prepared herself for the fire, desiring the people to pray with her, saying such prayers as she had learned, and calling on Christ for mercy as long as her life lasted. In the mean while Draycott went to his inn, and indulged himself with a comfortable sleep while his victim endured the torturing death of the flames. Who now, of the two, we cannot but ask, is comforted, and who tormented?

On the first of September, a godly, aged and devout person, born in Wiltshire, named EDMUND SHARPE, was condemned to martyrdom at Bristol, where he constantly and manfully persisted in the just quarrel of Christ and his gospel against the ordinances of the Romish apostasy. He was tried, as pure gold, and made a lively sacrifice in the fire; in whose death, as in that of all his saints the Lord was glorified, for the great grace of steadfastness bestowed on him.

In the same month, four suffered at Mayfield in Sussex, the names of two only being recorded. These were JOHN HART, and THOMAS RAVENSDALE; their companions were a shoemaker and a currier. They all four died in one fire, praying and praising God, while they yielded their lives for the testimony of the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ.

The day after this, a young man, a carpenter, was butchered in like manner at Bristol for the same cause; who gave up his life to the Lord with such joyful constancy and triumph that all the church of Christ had reason to praise God on his behalf.

Then, at Wotton Underedge in Gloucestershire, one JOHN HORN, and a woman, were burned together, and died very gloriously; proving that unto them death was life, whereas life with a defiled conscience would have been death. But fire was not the only weapon found for the destruction of the Lord's little flock, as appears in the story of a poor family named DANGERFIELD, in the same parish where the last martyrs suffered. The husband, a godly and honest poor man, having been absent from home for a while, and hearing that his wife had just given birth to her tenth child, hastened home to see her. He was

presently accused by his neighbours, and brought to bishop Brooks, who committed him to prison, where he lay till his legs were nearly fretted away by the irons.

The woman was taken soon after his apprehension, from her bed, with her babe, then just fourteen days old, and placed in the common gaol, amongst thieves and murderers, where the merciless creatures would not even allow her to come near a fire, and her sufferings were of course very great. Brooks, determining to effect by deceit what he had no prospect of otherwise accomplishing, sent for the man, representing to him that his wife had recanted, and working on the anxious feelings of the husband and father until he obtained from him a promise of signing a form of recantation, which Brooks drew out. He did not then recant, but engaged so to do after a while, as the price of being permitted to see his wife and child. On visiting them in the gaol, he discovered the wicked cheat that had been practised, finding his poor wife not only steadfast in the faith, but exceedingly afflicted at the sight of his intended recantation. "Alack," said she, "how long have we continued one, and hath Satan so prevailed, to cause you to break your first vow, made to Christ in baptism?" The poor man, deeply grieved for his sin, departed, praying to Almighty God that he would not suffer him to live so long as to call evil good, and good evil, or to put darkness for light and light for darkness. His prayer was heard; for, worn out by cruel imprisonment, and sorrow of heart, he fell sick on the way home to his desolate house, and died before the time arrived for fulfilling his promise to the bishop.

Joan Dangerfield continued in prison, till she was brought before the bishop for examination, of which no account remains: however, she pleased him so little by her answers, that he sent her back to her dungeon, with increased severities, where her tender babe, deprived of the nourishment that she had no longer strength to yield, and perishing with famine and cold, was taken away from her and shortly died; the mother following soon, of a broken heart. In addition to this, the mother of Dangerfield, a helpless old woman of eighty, died for want of the attention and comforts that there was no one to bestow on her in the house where she was left alone: and thus were four innocent persons put to death, by lingering pains, without bringing them to public trial, or to a public execution. The

nine young children were dispersed, no one knew where, to live as they could, or to perish as they might.

The month of October was marked by the burning of JOHN KUDRE, a shoemaker, at Northampton. One who, by the grace of God, had renounced the false doctrines of Rome, and endured to the end, earnestly contending for the true faith, even in the fire of martyrdom.

In the castle of Chichester, three who were waiting their crown, through the like sufferings, died of cruel handling; and were buried in the fields; and one HOOKE was martyred at Chester.

In November, the following atrocity marked the tender mercies of Nicholas Harpsfield, archdeacon of Canterbury, who, excepting Dunning, of Norwich, was the most barbarous persecutor of that rank in the whole nominal church. Some of his victims in that diocese, who suffered at his instigation, by sentence of Thornton, bishop of Dover, and his active assistance in harassing God's people while under Bonner's hand, have been recited; the following exceeds in cruelty all that has yet been related concerning him. There were in Canterbury castle fifteen godly persons, in bonds for the gospel, of whom not one escaped with life; all being either burned, or deliberately starved to death in the prison. Of the first who suffered by fire, the story will follow by and by; they were ten in number. The five who remained were JOHN CLERK and DUNSTAN CHITTENDEN, not yet condemned; with WILLIAM FOSTER, ALICE POTKINS, and JOHN ARCHER, lying under sentence of death. They had all stood most boldly to the confession of faith which was laid against them as the crime of heresy: the woman, when asked her age, replied that it was forty-nine years, according to her old age; and according to her young age, since she learned Christ, she was one year old. They were all in humble life, and of small learning, according to this world's fashion; but they had so learned Christ crucified as to prefer suffering affliction with his people before all that the world could give. What became of them, let the reader gather from this letter, which was thrown by them out of the window of their prison, after which they were never heard of more.

"Be it known to all men that shall read or hear read these our letters, that we, the poor prisoners of the castle of Canterbury for God's truth, are kept and lie in cold irons; and our keepers will not suffer any meat to be

brought to us to comfort us. And if any man do send us any thing, as bread, butter, cheese, or any other food, the said keeper will charge those that so bring us any thing, except money or raiment, to carry it them again; or else if he do receive any food for any of us, he doth keep it for himself, and he and his servants do spend it, so that we have nothing thereof: and thus the keeper keepeth away our victuals from us. Insomuch that there are four of us, prisoners there for God's truth, famished already; and thus it is his mind to famish us all. And we think he is appointed thereunto by the bishops and priests, and also of the justices, so to famish us; and not only us of the said castle, but also all other prisoners in other prisons for the like cause, to be also famished: notwithstanding we write not these letters to the intent that we might not afford to be famished for the Lord Jesus' sake; but for this cause and intent, that they having no law to famish us in prison, should not do it privily, but that the murderers' hearts should be openly known to all the world; that all men may know of what church they are, and who is their father."

It was, indeed, from no feeling of revenge, neither from any unwillingness to suffer that God's dear martyrs always sought to give every publicity to the proceedings of their enemies: but as the Lord had solemnly warned his church to beware of false teachers, who should come to them in sheep's clothing, while inwardly they were ravening wolves, and had moreover, emphatically given a rule by which to discover them, "Ye shall know them by their fruits," the Christians of those days felt what Christians in every age ought to feel, that it was a solemn duty owing to the whole body of Christ's church, to reveal the poisonous fruit, that all might know and shun the deadly tree which bore it. False charity to Christ's enemies is the sin of our day: in other words, the besetting sin of our day is, to commit high treason against Christ.

It has already been noticed that cardinal Pole's zeal against heresy found a vent, which, though alike ridiculous, disgusting, and contemptible, was less cruel than that chosen by his coadjutors. They loved to suck the warm blood from the veins of the living: murder was their trade. He generally contented himself with mumbling the bones of the dead: his pursuit was exhumation. The year 1557 was opened by cardinal Pole, with a solemn visitation of the university of Cambridge, which, as he rightly judged, stood greatly in need of reformation, according to

his sense of the word. Cambridge had been one of the first among public bodies to cast off the Romish yoke; and had also proved a nursery of true religion, where the greater number of those distinguished divines who had already endured the flames of martyrdom, first imbibed the pure milk of the word. Martin Bucer, too, had lately laboured there; and by his public interpretation of Scripture, had done no small damage to the craft of the shrine-makers.

The persons appointed to conduct this important visitation, were Scott, bishop of Chester, Watson, bishop of Lincoln, Christopherson, of Chichester, Cole, provost of Eton college, with one Nicholas Ormanet, an Italian priest, high in favour with the pope, and by him sent into England with Pole, to watch his proceedings. A citation was sent to the vice-chancellor of Cambridge, willing him, with the whole body of divines and graduates, to be at St. Mary's church on the morning of the eleventh of January, there to receive the visitors, and to be prepared to lay before them such things as should seem necessary to the proposed reformation of their university. Great preparations were made: it was resolved that the expenses of the visitors should be borne by the university and colleges; and some days before the appointed meeting, the queen's commissioners sat in form, consisting of some high officers of the place and town, who swore the high constables, and appointed two for every parish, to make inquisition, on oath, for heresy, lollardy, conspiracy, and seditious words, tales, and rumours, against the king and queen: also for heretical and seditious books, for negligence and misdemeanour in the church; for observation of ceremonies, for ornaments, and stock of the church.

The visitors arrived on the ninth; and the first day was passed in bandying compliments between the entertainers and their guests. The second they devoted to seeing sights, just, by the way, stopping to interdict two churches, St. Mary's, where Martin Bucer lay buried, and St. Michael's, which was similarly contaminated by the bones of Paul Phagius. The latter of these had departed to a blessed rest so long before as 1549, when he had but lately commenced what promised to be a course of eminent usefulness. Old Bucer lived longer, and by his laborious diligence in the Lord's work, never sparing himself, nor allowing the infirmities of age to slacken his ardour, together with so singularly holy and blameless a life that even

his popish adversaries could find no evil thing to say of him, he had won such universal love and respect, that his funeral exhibited an extraordinary spectacle of all ranks, degrees, and parties, vying who should most contribute to honour his memory. Three or four years had elapsed since that time, and the priests had never shown any scruple of conscience in celebrating their masses and other things in the churches where these holy men lay interred. However, the cardinal's visitors discovered that pollution was contracted by the vicinity of their heretical bones; and an order was given that in future all the pageantries of Romish devotion should be celebrated in the chapel of King's College.

The day being come, a grand procession took place, the great cross being borne before the visitors and commissioners; but somewhat of effect was lost, by the students' disobeying the order issued for them to come in their surplices. However, they all assembled in great pomp, and the vice-chancellor, richly habited, gave them a sprinkling of holy water at Trinity. At Queen's College they underwent the warmer process of fumigation, or being incensed, as it is called. Mr. Stokes then welcomed them in a lengthy Latin oration, for which the bishop of Chester returned thanks, saying among other things, that their right reverend father, the lord cardinal, desired nothing so much as with his own hand to sustain and hold up, now ready to fall, or rather to raise up, already fallen to the ground, the university whereof he gladly took unto himself the name and duty of guardian. He would rather have come in person to salute the university, than have sent visitors to correct it: but the latter being needful, he had appointed them. Then the bishop proceeded to admonish all offenders to return to the right way, to confess their fault, and amend it. He promised them, in that case, all kinds of humanity and gentleness at their hands; with an intimation of what might be expected, should they prove refractory. This passed at Queen's College: they then proceeded to King's, where a grand mass was sung, during which the Italian priest was observed to use sundry gestures and ceremonies, till then unknown in the service, which were set forth as a pattern to be evermore observed by all who saw them. Then they went to St. Mary's, which being interdicted, no mass could be there performed: but a virulent sermon was preached by one master Peacock, against Bilney, Cranmer, Latimer, Rid-

ley, and such heretics: after which they proceeded to the business of the visitation. One of the first formalities included the reading of a document, wherein was named every member of the university, among whom was Robert Brassy, master of King's College, a venerable, worthy old man, who, hearing his name recited next after the vice-chancellor's, said he was there present, as all the others were; nevertheless, as the reformation of his house was wholly reserved to the bishop of Lincoln, both by the king's patent, and by confirmation from the bishop of Rome, under a penalty if he should suffer any strangers to intermeddle, he openly protested in discharge of his duty, that unless their commission gave them authority and jurisdiction upon his college, either by express words or manifest sense, he utterly exempted himself from being present. This symptom of independence mightily displeased the visitors, who told him that no places or persons were exempted from the jurisdiction of my lord cardinal, by whom they were deputed: wherefore he had done evil to call into question authority so well known to all men. Chester seemed especially angry; for old Brassy had a little before obtained the honours of that office, in despite of the bishop, who had done all he could against him.

Next day they sat in King's College; probably because it had obtained the evil repute of never having been without a heretic or two, time out of mind: and their business being to smell out heresy, it appeared a fair field for starting the game. There, however, they met with somewhat of a discomfiture at the outset. An order had been given as to the manner in which they should be received at each college: the members of every house being directed to adorn themselves in full habits; the master harnessed like a priest going to mass, was to advance, followed by every individual belonging to his college, robed, and ranged according to rank, degree, and seniority, to the outward gate of the college, and there meet the cardinal's delegates. A cross was to be carried before him, with holy water to sprinkle the commissioners, and incense to fumigate them: and so, after these necessary services, they were to be brought with all pomp and solemnity to the chapel. Now, whether old Dr. Brassy was tainted by the infectious air of this heretical college over which he presided, as the bishop of Chester surmised, is not fully known; certain it is that he laid himself open to such suspicion, for when the great person-

ages, at the appointed hour, arrived at the outer gate of King's College, neither master, fellow, nor student, neither cross, holy water, or censer, was there to welcome them; and they were obliged to proceed alone to the church-door, where they perceived a great bustle; the whole college party were just commencing in all haste to put on their vestments; and were interrupted in the operations of the toilet by the sudden entrance of the offended dignitaries.

Brassy immediately tendered his excuses, first, acknowledging that he ought to have been sooner ready; secondly, he declared himself glad to see them; promising in his own name, and in that of all the others, as much reverence as might be, in all matters concerning their common welfare; but thirdly, repeating in his own college the same protestation against their interference as he had uttered the day before in St. Mary's church. He softened this, by beseeching them not to be offended; for that since he only did it in discharge of his duty, he had the juster cause to be excused. The bishop of Chester interrupted him with a frowning look and angry countenance, saying, he needed not to repeat the things that he had protested before, nor they to make further answer to those things wherein they had sufficiently informed him before. He rather feared that their quarrel was not good, since they made such ado about it, and sought such starting holes; for so were diseased persons wont to do, when for the pain and grief they are not able to abide a strong medicine. As though, said he, any man were able to grant so strong a privilege as to withstand the pope's authority! finally admonishing Brassy to desist from such unprofitable altercation, and to conform himself to the things that were then in doing. After this, they went to mass: which finished, says Fox, first they went with great solemnity to the high altar of their church, and having there saluted their god, and searching whether all were well about him or no, they walked through all the inner chapels of the church: the church goods, the crosses, the chalices, the mass-books, the vestments, and whatsoever ornaments were besides, were commanded to be brought out to them. When they had satisfied themselves with the view of these, and called over by name every fellow and scholar of the house, they went to the master's lodging, swearing them all to answer every interrogatory that should be put; and so proceeded to the examination. Some of the collegians, however, refused to be sworn, alleging that

they had already given the necessary guarantee of their faith to the university; and that it was moreover contrary to all reason and justice to swear a man to criminate himself. Finally, after much disputation, they took the oath, reserving a condition of not impeaching their faith already given to the college.

The grand matter, however, reserved for the decision of these papal delegates, was the case of Bucer and Phagius. Long and grave was the deliberation, at the end of which the vice-chancellor and heads of colleges were called on, severally, to give their verdict, as to what should be done to Martin Bucer. The general sentence was this: "that forasmuch as Bucer, while he lived, had not only sowed pernicious and erroneous doctrine among them, but also had himself been a sectary and famous heretic, erring from the catholic church, and giving others occasion to fall from the same likewise: a supplication should be made to the lords commissioners, in the name of the whole university, that his dead carcase might forthwith be digged up,—for so it was needful to be done,—to the intent that inquisition might be made as touching his doctrine, the which being brought in examination, if it were not found to be good and wholesome, the law might proceed against him. For it was against the rule of the holy canons that his body should be buried in Christian burial. Yea, and besides that, it was to the derogation of God's honour, and the violating of his holy laws, with the great peril of men's souls, and the offence of the faithful, especially in so difficult and contagious a time as that was. Wherefore it was not to be suffered, that they, which utterly dissented from all other men in the trade of their living, laws, and customs, should have any part with them in the honour of burial. And therefore the glory of God, first and before all things ought to be defended; the infamy which through this thing riseth on them, with all speed put away; and no room at all left for those persons to rest in, who, even in the same places where they lay, were injurious and noisome to the very elements: but the place ought to be purged, and all things so ordered as might be to the satisfying of the consciences of the weak. In executing whereof, so notable an example ought to be given to all men, that no man hereafter should be so bold to attempt the like."

The foregoing is a faithful transcript of what, from the raving absurdity that runs through it, would scarcely be

credible, even as a specimen of the drunken pranks of that great Harlot, when gorged to the full with the contents of her abominable cup. The precious document was drawn up in the form of a petition of the university, to which was appended their common seal; the commissioners cunningly ordering it so, that it might appear they would not have gone about it, unless supplicated thereto. However, it unhappily came out, that in drawing up this ridiculous petition, the vice-chancellor had only used instructions given him in writing, by their lordships. This vice-chancellor, Andrew Perne, was judged the meetest man in Cambridge to have the ordering of the weighty affair in hand, being considered the most popish among them; and when he appeared before the commissioners with his supplication, its prayer was not only granted, instanter, but full authority vested in Perne to exhume the heretics: for the examination instituted, and the sentence pronounced on Bucer, had also, in like form, been extended to Phagius. It is not to be supposed that the whole university concurred in this disgraceful and inhuman puerility; but care had been taken, after Edward's death, so to drive out the godly and learned men, supplying their places with the very dregs of ignorance and impiety, that the few who might be found to raise a voice against the proceeding, were soon overpowered by the majority, and an appearance of unanimity put upon the matter.

The affair of Bucer and Phagius being so far disposed of, the visitors went next day to King's College, and had mass, with various ceremonies; after which old Brassy repeated his protestation, to which Chester made a reply, wondering what he meant; but saying that they would bear with him and receive his protestation. After some more investigations of their chalices and other things, they went to dinner, and finished the day's work by affixing the university seal to the instrument of the dead men's condemnation. Proceeding in regular order, the following day they published a citation enjoining Bucer and Phagius, on pain of contumacy, to appear before the commissioners in St. Mary's church on a given day: permission being also extended for the like appearance on the part of any one who should choose to stand forth and defend their doctrine. This citation was affixed to the market cross, the church door, and to those of the schools. A great number of these absurdities were carried on; evident care, however, being

taken to provide against the possible appearance of some champion of God's truth. Had John Philpot been alive and at liberty, they never would have dared to publish such a challenge: but they had put to death the pastors; and knew that the unlearned flock could not venture into their halls of disputation. The day being come, and neither Bucer nor Phagius appearing, the delegates, to show their extraordinary lenity, actually extended the time allowed to six days later, when, should they still remain contumaciously absent, judgment must assuredly be executed upon them.

This postponement was to the twenty-sixth of January, when the pageant took place with all possible effect. All the learned body of the university, headed by their superiors and the mayor, with his officials and townsmen, met together at St. Mary's, where after a long delay the commissioners came forth, and mounted a scaffolding raised above the rest for their occupation. Then stood up Dr. Perne, the vice-chancellor, and with exemplary gravity of countenance detailed the whole process of the citation, with the contents thereof. This being done, Scott, bishop of Chester, arose, and after contemplating for a while the vast assembly before him, delivered an oration, to the disparagement of the lives, doctrines and writings of the defunct; and greatly to the enhancement of the tenderness that characterized all the doings of holy church, and of the bishops in particular. "For," saith he, "howsoever we of ourselves are inclined to mercy in our hearts, than the which, we protest, there is nothing under the sun to us more dear and acceptable, yet notwithstanding the very law riseth up to avengement; so that the common salvation of you all, which the law provideth for, must be preferred before the private charity of our minds. Neither ought any such negligence to overtake us for our parts, that we, being scarce yet escaped out of the shipwreck of our former calamity, should now suffer this inexpiable mischief to disquiet any longer the consciences of the weak." Again quoth the tender-hearted prelate, "If we had desired revengement, we might have showed cruelty upon them that are alive: of the which, alas, the more pity! there are too many that embrace this doctrine. If we thirsted for blood, it was not so to be sought in withered carcases and dry bones." He ended a long speech in these impious and impudent words: "But if God, as he is slow to wrath and vengeance, will

wink at it for a time, yet notwithstanding if we, upon whom the charge of the Lord's flock leaneth, should permit so execrable crimes to escape unpunished, we should not live in quiet one hour." He then recited the sentence in barbarous Latin; and ordered the bodies to be digged out of their graves, to be degraded from holy orders, and delivered to the secular power. It was not of course lawful for such innocent persons as they were, abhorring bloodshed and detesting the desire of murder, to do violence to any man. Then Perne preached a sermon against Bucer, railing exceedingly at him: with what degree of sincerity may be understood from the fact that this same Perne, either just before or immediately after his sermon, was seen in his own house to strike himself on the breast, weeping, and wishing with all his heart that God would grant that his soul might even then depart, and remain with Bucer's; adding that he very well knew his life to have been such that if any man's soul were worthy of heaven, Bucer's especially was so. Yet, in his open discourse he did not scruple to vilify this good man most foully, pretending to quote Bucer's confessions to him, in private conference, in proof thereof.

The next step taken was to send an express to the cardinal in London, requesting the issue of a writ, authorizing the mayor of Cambridge to burn those condemned heretics. Meanwhile, by way of an interlude, Dr. Watson preached so ridiculous a sermon, as to excite the laughter of his audience: his object being to show in what order of procession Joseph and Mary, with wax candles in their hands, brought the little babe to the temple. The messenger returned from town with the writ; and the sixth of February was appointed for the solemn deed, in preparations whereto nearly a month had been devoted. Perne, the vice-chancellor, was chosen, as has been said, to superintend the business: he went in due state to St. Michael's church, and having sworn three of the parishioners to dig up Phagius' bones, and bring them to the place of execution, while a like engagement was entered into respecting Bucer at St. Mary's, he sent the mayor to burn them: for no stain of blood must touch their ecclesiastical fingers. Bucer's coffin was found in sufficient repair to admit of his being removed in it; Phagius required a new one; which being provided, the two criminals were borne to the market-place, closely guarded by a phalanx of armed men, who, with glittering weapons,

surrounded the coffins, bound as they were with ropes, and laid on the shoulders of men. It was market day; and a multitude of simple country people had assembled in the town; who, seeing this warlike array, guarding two criminals to execution, and learning that the parties had already been dead some years, made themselves not a little merry on the occasion. Some, indeed, expressed the utmost abhorrence and detestation of such extreme and disgusting cruelty towards the mouldering remains of their fellow-creatures, but the rest laughed openly, asking what need there was for weapon or chain: "were they afraid the dead bodies would assault them, or that they could not be burnt loose without peril? Surely they would not run away."

So, followed by the people, they came to the great post that was fixed in the middle of the market-place, with a pile of wood about it. The coffins were then set on end, bound with a long chain to the stake, as though they had been alive; and as soon as fire was applied, great numbers of their own, with other books of the like sort, which had been condemned to the same fate, were thrown into the flames, amid the scoffs and indignant remarks of the disgusted populace. While the bodies were thus roasting, Watson, in St. Mary's church, preached a sermon against Bucer, railing at him for holding those very doctrines to which he, Chester, and others there present, had, in king Edward's days, unreservedly subscribed.

There remained now but one act of this disgraceful farce to be performed: this was the purification and reconciliation to holy church of the two desecrated temples, St. Mary's and St. Michael's, where the heretical bodies had been interred. So on the following day the commissioners took their wafer-god, who had remained in his box under their especial care in Trinity college all this while, and the bishop of Chester, wrapping the idol in a towel consecrated by the pope himself, which Ormanet had lately presented to the university, lodged it in his bosom; and in procession more showy, and no less ridiculous than that of the preceding day, made a tour of all the streets in Cambridge, until they reached the church. The order of procession was this: first went the masters regent, loudly singing a hymn; then the bishop of Chester with his precious charge; after him Ormanet and the other commissioners; next came the heads of colleges, each bearing a long lighted taper in his

hands; a little space behind, was marshalled the whole body of the university; the rear being brought up by the mayor and townsmen. Beadles preceded the party, crying out to the people to bow humbly before the host; threatening any who should refuse so to do, with a lodging in the tolbooth. The little idol being replaced over the altar, and, as they hoped, appeased by the sacrifice of the heretical remains that had defiled the sanctuary, Chester made a long prayer; and so the matter ended.

However, the reformation of the university was not forgotten: for before their departure the cardinal's deputies arranged with scrupulous exactness all things pertaining to their spiritual duties. It was prescribed at how many masses each man should daily attend; how many *paters* and *aves* every one should say on entering the church, and after what sort he should, at such entrance, bow to the altar, how to the master of the house, what he should do while there, how long he should stop; how many, and what prayers he should say; what, and how he should sing; what meditations should be used while the priest was secretly mumbling his memento; at what part of the mass a man should stand, when he should sit down; when he should curtsey, whether exclusively, inclusively, or how: with such other minute particulars as defy enumeration. Not to be behindhand in showing such favours as they could, the university conferred its honorary degrees with a prodigal hand upon the actors in this extraordinary drama; and so they parted, mutually edified and benefited by four weeks' intercourse.

No attempt has been made to throw a veil of seriousness over the broad farce of these doings. Shocking as they are, when viewed in the light of their assumed Christianity, and loathsome in the perpetration of such indecent outrages upon the dead bodies of God's saints, still they afford a contrast to the sanguinary scenes of the preceding and following pages, whereon the harassed mind can rest, and at which reason cannot but smile.

Oxford enjoyed a visitation also, at the cardinal's command: and having there no person of greater importance to exhume, the wretched commissioners violated the grave where an honest and worthy woman was laid, the wife of that eminent servant of God, Peter Martyr, who in blessed king Edward's days had so effectually wrought in the work of national reformation. They dug up her bones, and with

every species of contumely thrust them into a dunghill. This act operated strongly against the credit of the apostate church; for the gentlewoman was a stranger, a foreigner, not only inoffensive to all, but so remarkable for her tenderness and charity towards the poor, that her death had been a cause of grievous mourning to all the needy people around; and her fame was that of a Dorcas. Yet these popish ecclesiastics considered it an affair worthy of their gravest deliberation and most diligent zeal, to rake her innocent ashes out of the ground, and re-inter them in a heap of rubbish and defilement! Verily, by their fruits ye shall know these teachers.

But while the comparatively harmless fooleries of the cardinal's visitors were being enacted at the universities, Harpsfield and his fellow-helpers took care that the fires of martyrdom should not too long smoulder beneath the ashes. They were kindled into violence to consume, in the middle of that month of January, 1557, the martyrs remaining in Canterbury castle after the death, by famine, of those five already mentioned. Ten survived; and of these, six, that is to say, S. Kempe, W. Waterer, W. Prouting, W. Lowick, T. Hudson, and W. Hay, were burnt together at Canterbury, on the fifteenth of January: N. Final, and M. Bradbridge, at Ashford, on the sixteenth, and T. Stevens, with J. Philpot, about the same time, at Wye. The articles objected against these men were increased to the number of twenty-two; containing various new matters, deemed important to the maintenance of the Romish see. Their answers agreed in effect, whatever slight difference might appear in the wording, granting the church of Christ, denying the church of Rome, refusing the mass, and Latin services, rejecting the superfluous five sacraments, and disclaiming the doctrines of justification by works, the invocation of saints, and the like. For this confession they were content to yield their lives, which the bloody persecutors were perfectly willing to take; and thus they entered into the joy of the Lord.

The month of February was ushered in by a proclamation or commission given forth by Mary and her consort, the purport of which may show how necessary it is to bear in mind the apostolic injunction, "to pray for kings and all that are in authority; that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty." This dreadful instrument gave, to use the words employed in it, full power

and authority unto any three of the commissioners, "to inquire, as well by the oaths of twelve good and lawful men, as by witnesses, and *all other means and politic ways you can devise*, of all and singular heretical opinions, Lollardies, heretical and seditious books, concealments, contempts, conspiracies; and all false rumours or tales, seditious and slanderous words or sayings, raised, published, bruited, invented, or set forth against us, or either of us," and so on: "giving unto you, and three of you, full power and authority, by virtue hereof, to search out and take into your hands and possessions, all manner of heretical and seditious books, letters and writings, wheresoever they or any of them shall be found, as well in printers' houses and shops as elsewhere; willing you, and every one of you, to search for the same in all places, according to your discretions." Then follows some direction concerning a vigilant guardianship of the ecclesiastical possessions; and it goes on: "Also, to search out all such persons as obstinately do refuse to receive the blessed sacrament of the altar, to hear mass, or to come to their parish churches, or other convenient places appointed for divine service; and all such as refuse to go on procession, to take holy bread or holy water, or otherwise misuse themselves, in any church or other hallowed place, or wheresoever any of the same offences have been, or hereafter shall be committed, within this our said realm." This sweeping commission, having thus fully established the utmost latitude of inquisitorial search, concludes by placing the liberties and lives of all who shall fall under suspicion, at the entire disposal of the commissioners.

The first fruits of this terrible proclamation were manifested in the diocese of Canterbury and the town of Colchester. In the latter place twenty-three innocent persons were apprehended at once: one escaped; and the remaining twenty-two, fourteen men and eight women, were together driven up to London, like a flock of lambs to the slaughter-house, with two or three leaders at most, among them; all ready to give their bodies to the tormentors for the gospel's sake. They were fastened in semblance only; for the cord passed about their arms was held by themselves, and escape would have been perfectly easy. On approaching London, the keepers called them together and pinioned them; and thus they entered the great city. Bonner endeavoured to get them privily to his house; but, as he complained to car-

dinal Pole, they insisted on going publicly through Cheapside, all the way exhorting the people, and received great comfort from them. Bonner greatly desired their destruction; but Pole, who was certainly of a very different disposition from his more sanguinary agents, and who had been a favourer of protestantism until worldly ambition led him to enact the part of a zealous Romanist, interfered in their behalf. In so doing he was not much opposed by the bishops, who seemed to consider their number rather too large to be summarily dealt with: and they were, at last, permitted to draw up such submission as they themselves deemed right, which was, in fact, no renunciation of their doctrine, and on the merit of this they were set at liberty. But the lynx eye of persecution was upon them; and many of the number were afterwards severally apprehended again, and put to death, as occasion served, and as will hereafter appear.

On the twelfth of April, five martyrs were burned together in Smithfield; J. Loseby, H. Ramsay, T. Thurtell, Margaret Hyde, and Agnes Stanley. They were apprehended by lord Rich and others, and sent to Bonner, whose chancellor, Darbishire, examined them upon the usual articles; their answers to which proved them to be simple unlearned people; and thus they were exposed to some of the deep snares of their examiners, who by a peculiar craftiness of sophistry drew from them a confession that "they had separated themselves from the true faith." The manner of doing it was this: the first article proposes the belief of one, true, catholic church of Christ, to which they all, of course, readily assented, admitting that into such church they had been baptized; that is, into the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Grounding their assumption of being the catholic church on the external confession of the Trinity, these artful doctors contrived to make it appear that all their idolatrous and vain superstitions were to be adduced from that fundamental point of faith; and so by the mere abuse of words, drew the simple people to admit what they had not the least intention of granting,—that they had separated themselves from the faith into which they were baptized; whereas they only meant to say that though the Romish church retained the confession of the Trinity, into which they were also baptized, they had separated from that church on account of the manifold abominations whereby the light that was in

her had been turned into black darkness. In all their answers they constantly affirmed the mass to be most wicked blasphemy against Christ Jesus, contrary to the truth of the gospel, and therefore to be utterly refused and rejected: yet, since they ignorantly granted that "when they came to years of discretion, and understood the light of the gospel, they did separate themselves from the faith of the church," it was laid hold on as an admission of error, if not as a recantation, by the chancellor, who for that time dismissed them.

But they had another to deal with, whose delight in human blood was too great to admit of his conniving at such an escape. Bonner took the matter into his own hands, and added thirteen new articles to those already in use, which enabled these dear servants of God to give a right exhibition of their scriptural belief, and so secured to them the martyr's crown, which they had no desire or intention of losing, howsoever their words had been wrested by Darbishire and others. Among the new articles of Bonner were these: "Thou has thought, believed, and spoken, within some part of the city and diocese of London, that the faith, religion, and ecclesiastical service here observed, and kept, as it is in the realm of England, is not a true and a laudable faith, religion, and service, especially concerning the mass, and the seven sacraments; nor is agreeable to God's word and testament; and that thou canst not find in thy heart, without murmuring, grudging or scruple, to receive and use it, and to conform thyself unto it, as other subjects of this realm customably have done and do. Thou hast thought, &c. that the English service set forth in the time of king Edward the sixth, here in this realm of England, was and is good and godly, and catholic in all points; and that it alone ought, here in this realm, to be received, used and practised, and none other. Thou has thought, &c. that thou art not bound to come to procession to the church upon days and times appointed, and to go in the same with others of the parish, singing or saying then the accustomed prayers used in the church, nor to bear a taper or candle on candlemas-day, nor the ashes upon Ash-Wednesday, nor bear palms upon Palm-Sunday, nor to creep to the cross* upon days accustomed, nor to receive

* This is one of the grossly idolatrous practices of the Romish church, in which the people approach the crucifix creeping and crawling like reptiles, in the lowest attitude of prostration, to kiss

and kiss the pix at mass-time, nor to receive holy water or holy bread, nor to accept and allow the ceremonies and usages of the church, after the manner and fashion as they are used in this realm. Thou hast thought, &c. that in matters of religion and faith thou must follow and believe thine own conscience only, and not give credit to the determination and common order of the catholic church, and the see of Rome, nor to any member thereof. Thou hast thought, &c. that all such as in the time of king Henry VIII. or in the time of queen Mary in England, have been burned as heretics, were no heretics at all, but faithful and good Christian people; especially Barnes, Ganet, Jerome, Frith, Rogers, Hooper, Cardmaker, Latimer, Taylor, Bradford, Philpot, Cranmer, Ridley, and such like; and that thou didst and dost allow, like and approve all their opinions, and dost mislike their condemnations and burnings." These were a part of Bonner's additional articles; in some of which they were also charged with holding the doctrine of fatal necessity, that infant baptism is unscriptural, that the soul sleeps till the day of judgment, that a judicial oath is unlawful, and fasting or abstinence not allowable by God's word. These calumnious accusations they utterly denied; but to those first specified they fully assented: allowing that they were bound to believe the true catholic church, so far as it instructed them according to God's holy word; but not to follow the determinations of the erroneous and Babylonical church of Rome. They denied being of the absurd opinion of fatalism; but granted that man of himself, without the help and assistance of God's Holy Spirit, hath no power to do any good thing acceptable in God's sight. True fasting and prayer, they said, used according to God's word, are allowable and available in his sight; and that by the same word every faithful man may eat all meats at all times, with thanksgiving to God for the same.

On the first day of April the bishop had them again before him, to try if they would stand to these answers; and finding them steadfast, in refusing to recant, he remanded them for two days; then in open consistory, he produced them, demanding of each separately, what he or she could

the foot of the crucifix, and to address the senseless block in language of unequivocal adoration, calling upon it even by the name of "wood," to pardon their sins and to save their souls. See the Romish ritual.

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say, why he should not pronounce the sentence of condemnation. Thomas Loseby first answered, "God give me grace and strength to stand against you and your sentence: and also against your law, which is a devouring law: for it devoureth the flock of Christ. And I perceive there is no way with me but death, except I would consent to your devouring law, and believe in that idol, the mass." Thomas Thurtell said, "My lord, I say thus; if you make me an heretic, then you make Christ and all the apostles heretics: for I am in the true faith and right belief, and I will stand in it; for I know full well I shall have eternal life therefore." Henry Ramsay's reply was, "My lord, will you have me to go from the truth that I am in? I say unto you, that my opinions be the very truth, which I will stand unto, and not go from them: and I say unto you farther, that there are two churches upon the earth, and we be of the true church, and ye be not." Then spoke Margaret Hyde, "My lord, you have no cause to give sentence against me; for I am of the true faith and opinion, and will never forsake it; and I do wish that I were more strong in it than I am." Lastly, Agnes Stanley witnessed this good confession, saying, "I would rather every hair of my head were burned, if it were never so much worth, than that I will forsake my faith and opinion, which is the true faith."

They were left until the afternoon, when Bonner first called for Loseby, and, after the usual form, commanded the articles with his answers to be read, previous to passing sentence. When, in the reading, mention was made of the sacrament of the altar, the bishop and his colleagues put off their caps; whereupon the faithful Christian poor man, said, "My lord, seeing you put off your cap, I will put on my cap," which he did. Bonner entering upon the usual persuasions to recant, which were a part of the formality of mock judgment, Loseby answered him, "My lord, I trust I have the Spirit of truth, which you detest and abhor; for the wisdom of God is foolishness unto men." On this the bishop condemned and delivered him to the sheriff; calling next for Margaret Hyde, who said, in reply to his hacknied phrases of exhortation, "I will not depart from my sayings till I be burned: and, my lord, I would see you instruct me with some part of God's word, and not to give me instructions of the holy bread and holy water, for

it is no part of the scripture." But Bonner, being unable to do this, used his best argument by forthwith condemning her to the flames.

Agnes Stanley next came, who answered him, "My lord, where you say I am a heretic, I am none; neither yet will I believe you; nor any man that is wise will believe as you do. And as for those that ye say be burnt for heresy, I believe they are true martyrs before God: therefore I will not go from my opinion and faith as long as I live." For this she received the usual reward, of being sentenced to die.

Thurtell's final answer was, "My lord, I will not hold with your idolatrous ways, as you do: for I say the mass is idolatry, and will stick to my faith and belief so long as the breath is in my body." He was condemned as a heretic. Ramsay, being the last, shortly said, "I will not go from my religion and belief as long as I live; and, my lord, your doctrine is naught: for it is not agreeable to God's word." His sentence being given, this noble little company of martyrs were led away by the sheriffs, who, on the twelfth of the month, brought them to Smithfield, where they joyfully yielded up their lives: being kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation; and receiving the end of that faith, even the salvation of their souls.

CHAPTER X.

GRATWICK—ALLEN—AND OTHER MARTYRS.

The next burning took place in St. George's fields, Southwark; and the sufferers were, W. Morant, S. Gratwick, and one named King. The case of Gratwick is extraordinary, if any thing perpetrated by the Romish bishops could be considered so; and the statement written by himself gives evidence of the most hardened, barefaced disregard even of their own partial and unjust laws: for it appears that, first, he was condemned by the bishops of Winchester and Rochester, who were not his ordinaries: secondly, on appealing from their incompetent judgment, his appeal was not admitted; thirdly, when they had no

other screen for their scandalous proceeding, they suborned a priest to personate the bishop of Chichester, Gratwick's proper ordinary; fourthly, they would neither yield to the force of his arguments, though unable to answer them, nor even object the true articles against him; but forged some that were false and had made no part of his examination; and sixthly, with no other ground against him than speaking the words, "That which I said, I have said," they put him to death. And this, says Fox, was the dealing of these men, which needs will be reputed for catholic fathers of the spirituality, successors of the apostles, disciples of Christ, pillars of the holy church, and leaders of the people; —of whose doings and proceedings, how agreeable they are to the example of Christ and his apostles, I leave to discuss; referring the judgment hereafter to them which know the institution of Christ's religion and doctrine.

It does not appear what was Gratwick's calling; but his recital shows great ability. It seems that he had been for some time the object of persecution; for coming before White, bishop of Winchester, at St. George's church, Southwark, the bishop asked him if he was contented to revoke the heresies which he had oftentimes maintained and defended before him; reproaching him with having repeated his erroneous doctrines publicly on the Sunday before; and threatening to excommunicate him if he did not recant. Then he read some articles, demanding Gratwick's answer, who told him that those articles were not his, but of the bishop's devising, to take his life. He appealed to his proper ordinary, declaring he had nothing to do with the diocese of Winchester, having been apprehended by his own bishop, and sent a prisoner into that diocese. While he was speaking the bishop of Rochester came in, and after him Harpsfield, archdeacon of Canterbury, both of whom came by a preconcerted scheme, and were received with great joy by White, who said, "I am very glad of your coming: for here I have one before me, who hath appealed unto you, being his ordinary." Harpsfield replied that he knew the man very well; having had him several times before him; but Gratwick said, "My lord, I am not of his diocese, not by five miles; for his diocese reacheth, on that part, but to the cliffs of Lewes, and I am of Brighthelmstone, five miles beyond, in the diocese of the bishop of Chichester." On this the three bishops consulted together, and laughed: they then said, his ordinary would be there by and by: but when

he saw them sending out on some message, and laughing again, the martyr addressed them, "Why do you laugh? Are ye confederate together for my blood, and therein triumph? You have more cause to look weightily upon the matter, for I stand here before you upon life and death. But you declare yourselves what you are: for you are lapped in lamb's apparel, but I would to God ye had coats according to your assembly here, which is scarlet gowns; for I do here perceive you are bent to have my blood." Just then came hurrying in a fellow habited as a bishop; Winchester, taking care to inquire of a servant who was coming, and receiving for answer, "My lord of Chichester," welcomed him with great respect, saying to the prisoner, "Lo, here is your ordinary: what have you to say unto him?" Gratwick, who at once detected the cheat, answered, "I have nothing to say unto him. If he have nothing to say unto me, I pray you let me depart." Then the counterfeit bishop said, "Here you stand before my lords and me, in trial of your faith; and if you bring the truth, we shall by compulsion give place unto you, as it is to be proved by the word, and your doctrine to be heard and embraced for a truth." Gratwick asked if the argument was to be decided by authority, or by the judgment of the Spirit of God in his members: the mock bishop replied, By both. Then, said Gratwick, "Now will I turn your own argument against you; for Christ came before the high priests, scribes, and pharisees, bringing the truth with him, being the very truth himself, which truth cannot lie, yet both he and his truth were condemned, and took no place with them: and also the apostles, and all the martyrs that died since Christ." He seems to have adduced this to show the inefficiency of any body of men to decide on points of doctrine otherwise than by the written word: and repeated his challenge to answer it if they could. However the counterfeit got into a rage, and instead of replying, desired the bishop of Winchester to object some articles against him, to prevent his getting out of their hands. He began to read again the forged articles, which Gratwick once more refused to acknowledge; and the sham Chichester then directed to examine him on the sacrament of the altar, to which he answered, "My lord, I do believe that in the sacrament of the supper of the Lord, truly ministered in both kinds, according to the institution of Christ, unto the worthy receiver, he eateth mystically by faith the body and

blood of Christ." He asked the counterfeit if this were not the truth, who answered, "Yea;" but Winchester being more subtle, said that he separated the sacrament of the altar from the supper of the Lord, not allowing the former to be the true sacrament: condemning also the ministration in one kind, and allowing that the unworthy receiver did not eat and drink the body and blood of Christ. Gratwick objected to the forced construction always put on his words; but demanded a proof that their's was the true sacrament, or their church the true church: in which case he would go with them. But it seems that, on a former occasion, of which there is no account, Winchester had been shamed in the argument, which made him unwilling to enter upon it again: however, he alleged the words, "Take, eat, this is my body," adding, "these are the words of Christ; wilt thou deny them?" He answered, "My lord, they are the words of scripture; I affirm and do not deny them." "Why, then," said Rochester, "thou dost confess, in the sacrament of the altar to be a real presence, the self-same body that was born of the Virgin Mary, and is ascended up into heaven." Gratwick asked, if he meant a visible body: for if it were a real presence, and a material body, it must be a visible body also. Winchester asserted it was a real and material, but invisible body: he observed, then it must be a fantastical body, if it were both material and invisible; for it was manifest that our Lord's human body was visible and seen. Here the bishop broke in, and asked where he had seen Christ? Gratwick asked if it followed that Christ was invisible because their corporeal eyes could not comprehend him. The bishop then took another line, and referred to Judas, who, he said, in eating the sacrament, ate Christ wholly, as the apostles did. Gratwick asked if he meant Christ's flesh and blood, spoken of in the sixth of John, where it is written, "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life in me." The bishop replied he did. "Then," said Gratwick, "of necessity Judas must needs be saved, because he did eat the flesh and drink the blood of Christ as you have affirmed: and also all the ungodly who die without repentance, because they have eaten your sacrament, which you say is the flesh and blood of Christ: therefore of necessity they shall receive the benefit thereof, that is, eternal life; which is a great absurdity to grant. And then of necessity it must follow, that all who

eat not, and drink not, of your sacrament, shall finally perish and be condemned: for Christ saith, "Except ye eat my flesh and drink my bloŏd, ye can have no life in you." And you have afore said that of your sacrament, which you say is the same flesh and blood that Christ speaketh of: and here I prove, that all children then that die under age to receive the sacrament, by your own argument must be damned:—which is horrible blasphemy to speak. Now here I turn your own argument upon you: answer it if you can." Winchester here accused him of deceit, sophistry, and perverseness; then asserted that St. Paul had plainly opened the sixth of St. John, saying, "They eat Christ's body and drink his blood unworthily," and that was the cause of their condemnation. But Gratwick at once corrected him; "My lord, take heed ye do not add unto the text, for he that addeth unto the text is accursed of God; and I am sure you have brought more than Paul hath spoken: for he saith not, because they have eaten his body and drank his blood unworthily; but St. Paul saith, "Whosoever shall eat of this bread, and drink of this cup unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of Christ." Note, my lord, he saith not as you have affirmed, but clean contrary."

At this they were greatly enraged, Winchester saying that he belied the text; on which he called for a Testament, but Winchester tried to evade it, by reminding him how he had objected to Latin, insisting on English being used for the people's sake. When, however, Gratwick persisted in demanding a Testament, whether Latin or English, the bishop stood up, and asked whether any of the audience could lend him an English Testament. The man who should have produced one, would presently have been laid in prison, on a charge of heresy: but the poor flock were now too wary to be so easily ensnared. No answer was given to the treacherous inquiry, and Winchester then turned to railing at Gratwick, saying he gloried in his talk, and in the support of the people, who were come about him to be encouraged in their heresy: that when last before him at St. Mary's church, Gratwick had reproved his sermon; and had at least a thousand by him to pray God strengthen him: "but now," he continued, "let me see him here that dare open his mouth to bid God strengthen thee; he shall die the death that thou shalt die." The martyr replied, "My lord, I know your cruelty doth extend more

largely than your pity. Good experience have I so to say: for you keep men in prison a year or two, taking their books from them, permitting them not so much as a Testament to look upon for their soul's comfort, the which all men ought to have: and so you treat them more like brutes than Christian men." "No, sir," answered the worthy successor of Stephen Gardiner, "we will use you as we use the child: for if the child will hurt himself with the knife, we will keep the knife from him. So, because you will damn your souls with the word, therefore you shall not have it." Gratwick asked him if he was not ashamed to make the word of God the cause of their condemnation: observing, it were as good an argument to say, that because some men did abuse drink, therefore meat and drink should be taken from all men. Here the counterfeit bishop of Chichester, who had been dosing all this while, waked up, and hastily desired them to read his articles once more; and if he would not answer them, to take him on his first words, "That which I have said I have said." Winchester began to read them, but Gratwick assured him he would not answer those articles, as they were altogether false, forged, and different from his real examinations; merely invented to shed his blood. Then the counterfeit charged him, in St. Peter's words, to render a reason of the hope that was in him: to which he answered, "So can I do, and yet I shall not please you; for here I now render my hope as St. Peter willeth me: I believe only in Jesus Christ, to have my salvation in him, by him, and through him; but I perceive you would have me render my faith in such sort as you would have my blood; and therefore you bring good scriptures, and evil apply them." Winchester proposed to pronounce sentence at once, and lose no more time about him; on which Gratwick desired to say a few words for himself, and told the bishop that on the last Sunday preaching against him and other prisoners, he had taken the text of St. James, "If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth himself, that man's religion is vain;" and had then with his own tongue slandered the prisoners, accusing them of Arianism, and Pelagianism; calling them Herodians and Anabaptists. When they stood up to justify themselves from heresies against which they would give their lives, even as he would give his life for the cause in which he there stood before that company, the bishop had threatened to cut out their tongues,

and to have them pulled out of the church by violence. He showed how awfully, in this, the wretched prelate had offended against the very scripture that he had undertaken to expound.

Winchester, in a rage, here caught up the condemnation, declaring he would sentence him for his former words, "I have said," if he refused to answer those articles. Gratwick said he would answer them, if they could prove them to be any part of his former examinations: that is, of the original charge against him, which he had already answered. Winchester replied, "Have at thee now: if thou wilt not yield, I will pronounce sentence against thee;" and then went on to curse and ban in Latin, at such a rate, that the martyr told him, if the people might hear it in English, they would think him an uncharitable bishop: also bidding him take heed what he did, for that he had neither temporal nor spiritual law against him, in any cause. A gentleman repeated this to the bishop again, when Winchester paused, and asked if he would recant: Gratwick inquired whereof he should recant; to which the bishop replied, "Ah, are you there? nay, then I know what I have to do; and so finished reading the sentence. However, the bishop's chaplains, misunderstanding some quiet, and even playful reply given by the martyr to a man who was scoffing and railing at him, cried out, "Stop, stop, my lord: for now he will recant." Winchester asked him if he would; he replied, "My lord, my faith is grounded more steadfastly than to change in a moment; it is no process of time can alter me, unless my faith were as the waves of the sea." On this he was delivered to the sheriffs, loudly praying to God not to lay his blood to their charge, if it were his good will. As he was led away, he spoke to those around him, when a cry was raised, "Cut out his tongue, or stop his mouth." He was taken to the Marshalsea, and laid in irons where he wrote the foregoing account, ending thus: "Therefore I pray unto God that they unto whom this present writing shall come, may take example by my death, and soldier fare. So be it."

Winchester had acted throughout a Satanic part; for, unable to intimidate this steadfast confessor, he had used every allurement to seduce him from the faith. He praised his eloquence, learning, and knowledge; commended his personal comeliness, as being fitted to grace a court; and by such means sought to draw him unawares into some

concession that should establish his right to judge him, as his ordinary. But the Lord strengthened his servant, who endured the short though cruel pains of martyrdom with the two others, and went to his eternal rest.

Two were delivered to the flames at Bristol, in the same month—RICHARD SHARPE, and THOMAS HALE. Sharpe, a poor weaver, had been terrified and persuaded by Dalby, the chancellor, into an act of recantation, more than a year before; after which he became so miserable that the sufferings of his mind and conscience were not to be endured: his flesh wasted, his countenance changed, and he could no longer labour, as before, at his occupation. Led by the Spirit of God, whom he had so deeply grieved, the repentant offender came soon after to the Temple church, in Bristol, after high mass, and at the door of the choir said, with a loud voice, pointing to the altar, "Neighbours, bear me record that yonder idol is the greatest and most abominable that ever was; and I am sorry that ever I denied my Lord God." The constables were ordered to apprehend him instantly, but no one moved; so he left the church. He was afterwards seized in the night, and, remaining true to his confession, they condemned and sent him to his pardoning God.

Hale was a shoemaker: they took him also in the night, from his bed, on a charge of heresy; when he remarked, "You have sought my blood these two years, and now much good do you with it." On his examination, he avowed the sacrament of the altar to be idolatrous, and was sentenced. These two, being bound back to back at one stake, gladly received the fire: Hale embracing it with his arms, as a friend whom he delighted to welcome.

Thornton and Harpsfield, whose fiery hatred to the flock of Christ sent many a soul to lie under the altar,* and neceeded no stirring up by such a proclamation as that lately issued, had soon after the gratification of burning seven martyrs at once, two men and five women, in Maidstone. WALTER APPLEBY, and PETRONI, his wife; EDMUND ALLIN, and KATHARINE, his wife; JOAN BRACEBRIDGE, a woman named MANNINGS, and a blind girl, called ELIZABETH, formed this company. Nothing is preserved of their examinations, except that of Edmund Allin, who was a miller, in Kent, and in a year of great scarcity fed the poor, selling his corn at half the market price; also sup-

* Rev. vi. 9.

plying their souls with the bread of life, by reading and explaining to them the Holy Scriptures. This coming to the knowledge of the neighbouring priests, Allin and his wife were summoned before the magistrate, named sir John Baker, who committed them to prison; from which, soon after, they got out and escaped to Calais. Here, however, Allin could not rest: his mind was uneasy; and he told a friend that he knew not what caused it, but he supposed God had something for him to do in England. Under this impression he returned to his native village, Fytenden.

Taylor, the priest of the parish, who had been the first to report them before, heard of their return, and finding they were not at mass on the next Sunday, he suspended the service, a little before the elevation of the wafer, and, turning to the people in a great rage, ordered them to go to the house of the miller, and to apprehend him and his wife, promising to be with them himself as soon as possible. Then, hurrying over the rest of his mass-work, and throwing off his vestments, he went with all speed to assist in haling the innocent people again before justice Baker: he committed them to Maidstone gaol, and then sent some of his men to their house to search it, who, by breaking a lock, possessed themselves of a sum of money, which they kept; making also a seizure of Bibles, psalters, other good books, and writings: these were taken by the priest of the next parish, and by law recovered from him in the reign of queen Elizabeth. The good miller and his wife, being thus maliciously accused, wrongfully imprisoned, and robbed, were exposed to the taunts and revilings of justice Baker, who commenced by asking Allin, "Who gave thee authority to preach and interpret? Art thou a priest? Art thou admitted thereunto? Let me see thy license?" To which one Collins, his worship's chaplain or schoolmaster, added, "Surely he is an arrant heretic, and worthy to be burned." The miller made this reply:—"An it may please your honour to give me leave to answer in the cause of my faith, I am persuaded that God hath given me this authority, as he hath given to all other Christians. Why are we called Christians, if we do not follow Christ—if we do not read his law—if we do not interpret it to others that have not so much understanding? Is not Christ our Father? Shall not the son follow the Father's steps? Is not Christ our Master? And shall the scholar be inhibited to learn and preach his precepts? Is not Christ our Redeemer?

And shall not we praise his name that hath redeemed us from sin and damnation? Did not Christ, being but twelve years old, dispute with the doctors; and interpret the prophet Isaiah? And yet, notwithstanding, he was neither of the tribe of Levi, which were priests, but of the royal tribe of Judah, neither had taken any outward priesthood: wherefore, if we be Christians, we must do the same." "An it shall like your honour," quoth Collins, "what a knave is this, that compareth himself with Christ?" Baker replied. "Let him alone; he will pump out anon an infinite heap of heresies. Hast thou any more to say for thyself?" "Yea, that I have," answered Allin. "Adam was licensed of God, and Abraham was commanded to teach his children and posterity, and so David teaches in divine psalms; and Solomon also preached to the people, as the book of 'The Preacher' proveth very well; where he teacheth that there is no immortal felicity in this life, but in the next. And Noah taught them that were disobedient in his days; and therefore is called the eighth preacher of righteousness, in the second epistle of Peter. Also in the second of Numbers, where Moses had chosen seventy elders to help him to teach and rule the rest, Eldad and Medad preached in the tents; wherefore Joshua, being offended, complained to Moses that Eldad and Medad did preach without license. To whom Moses answered, and wished that all the people could do the like. Why should I be long? Most of the priests were not of the tribe of Levi and Aaron." Collins said, "These are authorities of the Old Testament, and therefore abrogated; but thou art a fool, and knowest no school points. Is not the law divided into the law ceremonial, moral, and judicial?" "I grant," replied Allin, "that the ceremonies ceased when Christ came, as St. Paul proveth to the Hebrews and to the Colossians, where he saith, 'Let no man judge you in any part of the Sabbath day, new moon or other ceremonies, which are figures of things to come: for Christ is the body.'"

"And are not the judicials abrogated by Christ?" asked Collins. "They are confirmed," he replied, "both by Christ in the fifth of Matthew, and by Paul in the first epistle to Timothy, iv. The law saith he, is not set forth for the virtuous and godly, but for manslayers, perjurers, adulterers, and such like." Collins exclaimed, "thou art an heretic. Wilt thou call the judicials of Moses again?—wilt thou have adultery punished with death?—disobedient

children to their parents to be stoned?—wilt thou have *legem talionis?* But thou art an ass. Why should I speak Latin to thee, thou erroneous rebel? Shall we now smite out eye for eye, tooth for tooth? Thou art worthy to have thy teeth and tongue plucked out." To this Allin answered, "If we had that law, we should neither have disobedient children, neither adulterers, neither false-witness bearers, neither ruffians." Here Baker interrupted. "Master Collins, let us return to our first matter. Why didst thou teach the people, whom thou saidst thou didst feed both bodily and spiritually, being no priest?"

"Because that we are all kings to rule our affections, priests to preach out the virtues and word of God as Peter writeth, and lively stones to give light to other; for as out of flint-stones cometh forth that which is able to set all the world on fire, so out of Christians should spring the beams of the gospel, which should inflame all the world. If we must give a reckoning of our faith to every man, and now to you demanding it, then must we study the scriptures and practise them. What availeth it a man to have meat, and will eat none; and apparel, and will wear none; or to have an occupation, and to teach none? Shall every artificer be suffered, yea, and commanded, to practise his faculty and science, and the Christian forbidden to exercise his? Doth not every lawyer practise his law? Is not every Christian a follower of Christ? Shall ignorance, which is condemned in all sciences, be practised of Christians? Doth not St. Paul forbid any man's spirit to be quenched? Doth he prohibit any man that hath any of these gifts, which he repeateth, 1 Cor. xiv. to practise the same? Only he forbiddeth women, but no man. The Jews never forbade any: read the Acts of the Apostles. And the restraint was made by Gregory, the ninth pope of that name, as I have heard one, a learned man, preach in King Edward's days." Collins here said to the justice, "This villain, an it like your honour, is mad. By my priesthood, I believe that he will say, that a priest hath no more authority than another man. Doth not a priest bind and loose?" Allin answered, "No; my sin bindeth me, and my repentance looseth. God forgiveth sin only, and no priest; for every Christian, when he sinneth, bindeth himself, and when he repenteth looseth himself: and if any other be loosed from his sin by my exhortation, I am said to loose him; and if he persevere in sin, notwithstanding my exhortation, I am said to bind him,

although it is God that bindeth and looseth, and giveth the increase. Therefore, saith Christ, 'Wheresoever two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.' And again, 'Whosoever sins ye forgive, they are forgiven; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained.' Neither hath the pope any keys, save the keys of error; for the key that openeth the lock to God's mysteries and to salvation, is the key of faith and repentance; and, as I have heard learned men reason, St. Augustine and Origen, with others, are of this opinion."

It may be supposed that all this was more than usually shocking in the ears of poor Allin's examiners; they reviled him, and laid him in the stocks that night. Some, however, who were not so cruel, gave him what they considered good counsel; appealing to a part of what the Romish church receives as scripture; but which is, in truth, so full of blasphemy and falsehood that it is a great marvel the framers of the English liturgy have allowed it to be read in the church—the apocrypha. In the forged book of Baruch, it is written, "Wherefore, when ye see the multitude of people worshipping them, behind and before, say ye in your hearts, O Lord, it is thou that ought only to be worshipped." The simple miller was beguiled by this appeal to what he found bound up with his Bible; and resolving to follow the jesuitical counsel, so wickedly attributed to Baruch, he agreed to be present at mass, with a mental reservation—that darling loop-hole of popish consciences—against what he should outwardly conform to. The Spirit of God, however, strove too mightily within him, against this treacherous subterfuge, to allow it to prevail, and Allin suddenly left the church, before the grand act of idolatry was committed. He considered that a little cake between the priest's fingers could not be Christ, nor a material body; neither having soul, life, sinews, bones, flesh, legs, arms, nor breast; and he lamented having been seduced by that which his conscience testified to be no scripture. He did not return to the church; and was of course summoned before Baker to answer for his contumacy, who asked him why he refused to worship the blessed sacrament of the altar? "It is an idol," said Allin. "It is God's body," returned Collins. "It is not," repeated the martyr. "By the mass it is," says the priest. "It is bread," said Allin. "How provest thou that?" asked the other. Allin replied, "When Christ sat at the supper, and gave them bread to

eat,"—but Collins angrily broke in, "Bread, knave?" "Yea, bread," he repeated, "which you call Christ's body. Sat he still at the table, or was he both in their mouths and at the table? If he was in their mouths and at the table, then had he two bodies or else a fantastical body; which is an absurdity to say it." Baker remarked, "Christ's body was glorified, and might be in more places than one." "Then he had more bodies than one, by your own placing of him," saith Allin. Collins exclaimed, "Thou ignorant ass! the schoolmen say that a glorified body may be every where." But Allin rejoined, "If his body was not glorified till it rose again, then was it not glorified at his last supper; and therefore it was not at the table and in their mouths, by your own reason." "A glorified body occupieth no place," quoth Collins: to which the miller replied, "That which occupieth no place is neither God nor any thing else: but Christ's body, say you, occupieth no place: therefore it is neither God nor any thing else. If it be nothing, then is your religion nothing: if it be God, then have we four in our trinity, which is the person of the Father, the person of the Son, the person of the Holy Ghost, and the human nature of Christ. If Christ be nothing, which you must needs confess if he occupieth no place, then is our study in vain, our faith frustrate, and our hope without reward." Collins again cried out, "This rebel will believe nothing but scripture. How knowest thou that it is scripture, but by the church? And so saith St. Augustine."

Allin answered very beautifully, "I cannot tell what St. Augustine saith; but I am persuaded that it is scripture by divers arguments: first that the law worketh in me my condemnation. The law telleth me that of myself I am damned; and this damnation, Mr. Collins, you must find in yourself,—or else you shall never come to repentance. For as this grief and sorrow of conscience, without faith, is desperation; so is a vain-glorious and Romish faith, without the lamentation of a man's sins, presumption. The second is the gospel, which is the power and Spirit of God: this Spirit, saith St. Paul, certified my spirit, that I am the son of God; and that these are the scriptures. The third are the wonderful works of God, which caused me to believe that there is a God, though we glorify him not as God; (Rom. i.) the sun, the moon, the stars, and other his works, as David discourseth in Psalm xix. declare that there is a God, and that these are the scriptures; because

that they teach nothing else but God and his power, majesty and might; and because the scripture teacheth nothing different from this prescription of nature. And, fourthly, because that the word of God gave authority to the church in paradise, saying, that the seed of the woman should break the serpent's head. This seed is the gospel;* this is all the scriptures, and by this we are assured of eternal life; and these words, 'the seed of the woman shall break the serpent's head,' gave authority to the church, and not the church to the word."

Then Baker said, "I heard say that you spake against priests and bishops." "I spake for them," he replied: "for now they have so much living, and especially bishops, archdeacons, and deans, that they neither can nor will trust to God's word. If they had a hundred pounds a-piece, then would they apply their study; now they cannot for their affairs." Collins asked, "Who then will set his children to school?" He answered, "Where there is one now set to school for that end, there would be forty; because that one bishop's living divided into thirty or forty parts, would find so many well learned men as the bishops be now, who have all this living: neither had Peter or Paul any such revenue." "Let us despatch him," said the justice: "he will mar all." But the schoolmaster, having nothing to lose, and every thing to gain, in such a scramble as the miller proposed, remarked, "If every man had a hundred pounds, as he saith, it would make more learned men." Baker objected, "But our bishops would be angry, if they knew it." Allin said, "It were for the common wealth to have such bishoprics divided, for the farther increase of learning." "What sayest thou to the sacrament?" demanded Baker. "As I said before." "Away with him!" And so the innocent and godly servant of Christ was taken to prison, and with his wife and the other six, burned to ashes.

In the same diocese, and in the town of Canterbury, these wretched persecutors next sacrificed another company of seven, of whom four were women. They seem to have particularly delighted in trying the faith and torturing the weak bodies of poor females; but the omnipotency of God endued them with strength and fortitude con-

* Here Allin is in evident error: not the gospel but Christ, is the woman's seed; not the written word, but the living Word: not the church, but her Spouse and Head.

stantly to withstand the utmost extremity of this pitiless persecution. The names of the victims were as follows: JOHN FISHCOOK, NICHOLAS WHITE, NICHOLAS PARDUE, ALICE BENDEN, another married woman named WILSON, and a widow, BRADBRIDGE. The case of Alice Benden may serve as a sample of the rest. She was brought before a magistrate, in October, 1556, who demanded why she did not go to church: she answered that she could not do so with a good and clear conscience, because there was much idolatry committed against the glory of God. She was then, with many mocks and taunts, sent to prison; but her husband having some interest with his wealthy neighbours at Staplehurst, got them to write to the bishop of Dover, who had the chief power of the sword of spiritual tyranny in that part of the country. He, on receiving the letter, sent for Alice, asking if she would go home, and go to the church: she replied, "If I would have so done, I need not to have come hither." "Wilt thou go home," said he, "and be shriven of thy parish priest!" She said, No, that she would not. However, he repeated, "Well, go thy ways home, and go to the church when thou wilt." She made no answer to this; but a priest standing by, said, "She saith that she will, my lord: wherefore let her go." On this, she was set at liberty, and returned to her home; where her husband, as he before had done, urged her to go to mass, which she constantly refused to do. After a fortnight's unsuccessful persuasion, he went on Sunday to the church, and by his talk among his neighbours there, occasioned his wife to be again apprehended, and taken before Sir John Gilford, who sent her once more to prison. Shocking to relate, her husband agreed, for some trifling sum of money, to save the constable the trouble of taking her to the gaol, by guarding her thither himself; but the poor woman, unwilling to let him so disgrace himself, went to the constable's house, and desired him to go with her. He said he had not time; but at her entreaty sent his boy to walk beside her; and in this custody the poor creature walked at once to her prison in the castle of Canterbury.

There she found another woman, a neighbour of her's, named Potkins, also in prison for the truth: and these two agreed together to live on twopence-halfpenny per diem; as they heard it was a custom there to starve the prisoners, when it could be done, and they wished thus to prepare themselves for greater privations. They succeeded in mak-

ing that trifling sum suffice for their daily support, during the fortnight that they remained together; at the end of that time Alice was removed, and Potkins was one of the five afterwards famished in the castle, whose letter has already been given. The occasion of Alice Benden's removal was this: her husband went to the bishop, and asked her release; but was told that she was an obstinate heretic, who could not be reformed: therefore he could not deliver her. Benden then said, "My lord, she hath a brother whose name is Roger Hall, who resorteth unto her. If your lordship would keep him from her, she would turn; for he comforteth her, giveth her money, and persuadeth her not to return or relent." The hint was presently taken, and cruelly acted upon: Alice was ordered to closer imprisonment, with a strict charge that if her brother came, he should be taken into custody. Alice was carried into a dungeon, or vault, the window of which looked into a court; before this window was a wooden paling, or fence, four feet high, and three feet removed from it. Her lodging was between a pair of stocks and the stone wall, a little short straw being strewed on the damp ground. Her allowance was a halfpenny's worth of bread, and a farthing's in drink, each day: and thus she continued for nine weeks, without a change of apparel, until she became a loathsome spectacle. Meanwhile Roger Hall frequently visited the place in search of his sister, at the imminent peril of his life; but owing to the situation of her dungeon, the fence before the window, and its not being generally used as a prison, it was long before he found her. One morning early, when the keeper, who was also a bell-ringer was absent ringing for early mass, Hall came near the spot, and heard his sister's voice, singing forth her sorrowful complaint in some of David's psalms. On this he put money into a loaf of bread, and reached it to her on the end of a pole: but neither meat nor drink could he convey; and the keeper's orders being to allow but one halfpenny worth of bread, the poor prisoner could not purchase more at any price. At her first coming into this noisome place, she was exceedingly cast down, and with many grievous lamentations inquired why the Lord God laid so heavy a hand on her, separating her from her loving companions, and bringing her into such extreme misery; still, in all her complaints and supplications, she would ever repeat the verse, "Why art thou so cast down, O my soul?" adding, "The

right hand of the Most High can change all." She soon received such comfort, being strengthened with strength in her soul, that she became very joyful in the tribulation, and continued so to the time of her deliverance. After five months' imprisonment, more than two of them passed in this dreadful plight, she was again called before the bishop, who asked her whether or no she would now go home, and to the church; promising her great favour if she would conform to their doings. She answered, "I am thoroughly persuaded by the great extremity you have already showed me, that you are not of God; neither can your doings be godly; and I see that you seek my utter destruction;" at the same time showing them how she was crippled and nearly disabled from moving, by the cold taken in that frightful lodging. The bishop ordered her to be removed from the filthy hole, and sent to Westgate, where, after she had been a little cleansed, and new clad, the whole of her skin peeled off, as though it had been destroyed by some deadly application. Here she continued for one month, when she was again called before the mitred monster, condemned and sent to Canterbury castle, to be kept with the rest until their slaughter day, which was the 20th of June, when she, with the other six, passed through a fiery portal to the green pastures of heaven.

When Alice was at the stake, she cast her handkerchief to one John Banks, desiring him to keep it in remembrance of her; then from about her waist she took a white lace, charging the keeper to deliver it to her brother, Roger Hall, and to tell him that it was the last band that she was bound with, except the chain. Moreover, a shilling of Philip and Mary, which her father had bent, and sent to her when first she went to prison, she requested that Roger would, with her obedient salutations, return to her dear father, to satisfy him that she had kept it, the first piece of money sent to her after her troubles began; and also to prove, for his satisfaction, that she had never lacked money while in prison. Her six companions had, with her, kneeled down, and prayed with such zeal and affection, that even the enemies of Christ could not but admire it: they then undressed, and went most cheerfully and joyfully to the fire. One of them, the widow Bradbridge, had two children, named Patience and Charity. When the bishop condemned her, she told him that if he must needs burn her, she hoped he

would take and keep *Patience* and *Charity*. "Nay," quoth the bishop, "by the faith of my body, I will meddle with neither of them both."

A man named Matthew Plaise, of whom it is not certainly known whether he was burned, famished or escaped, gave some shrewd replies to this bishop Thornton, and his sanguinary colleagues, Harpsfield and Collins, with the other inquisitors. Plaise was a weaver, learned in nothing but the word of God; and by his knowledge thereof, under divine teaching, able to baffle all the jesuitical subtlety and sophistry of these school-bred theologians, and to resist their idolatrous superstitions. A few passages only need be cited. Plaise himself wrote the account. "Then the bishop began with me again, and charged me in the king's and queen's name, and the lord cardinal's, to answer yea or nay to the articles that followed. Then I commanded in His name that should come in flaming fire with his mighty angels, to render vengeance to the disobedient, and to all those that believed not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, which should be punished with everlasting damnation, that he would speak nothing but the truth, grounded upon Christ and his apostles; and then I would answer him, or else not. Then he was very angry, and said if I would not answer he would condemn me indeed, unless I would answer every article. Well, said I, if you do, you shall be guilty of my blood, and prove yourself a murderer." After a while, Harpsfield undertook the argument; and this is a part of the dialogue. "Then I saw whereabout they went, granting to answer them by the word, or else I think they would have condemned me for holding my peace; and this was my beginning: I believe that Christ took bread, and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave it to his disciples, and said, 'Take, eat; this is my body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me.' The archdeacon asked, Dost thou believe that Christ meant even as he said? I said, Christ was no dissembler, but he spake the very truth. Thou hast very well said; we will make the best of thy words. Then he praised me with many words, going about to prove it his body, real and substantial, and said, Christ called himself bread: and this to prove, when Christ said 'This is my body,' the bread was his body, said he, real and substantial, not so long and so big as it hung on the cross, as the Capernaites did think; but we eat it as man's weak nature can eat Christ. Therefore, when he said,

'This is my body,' the bread was his body in very deed. Then I asked him what Christ meant by these words, 'Which is given for you.' He said, Christ spake that of the bread also, but it was not written in Matthew, though Luke had these words. Then I asked him, if Christ's body was made of bread, whether that was given for our redemption, or whether the bread was crucified for us or no. Then he said, No, by St. Mary, I say not so. I said, You have spoke the truth indeed, and even as I believe. Then he stood up with a great many words, and said that I did think it but bare bread still, as other bread is; but he was sure Christ called it his body, and then it was his body indeed; for he would believe Christ. When he had spoken his pleasure by me, thinking to have condemned me by their law, I said he had not judged right of me: for I had not so spoken, but did believe the words of Christ as well as he; and as much as he could prove by the word. Then he would hear what I did say it was. I said I did believe it was what he gave them. Then he asked me, what was that he gave them? I said, that which he brake. He asked me, What was that he brake? I said, That he took. What was it that he did take? I said, The text saith, he took bread. Well then, thou sayest it was but bread that his disciples did eat, by thy reason. I said, Thus much I say, Look what he gave them, they did eat it indeed. Why then was not that his body that they did eat? It was that which he brake. Well said he, 'I perceive thy meaning well enough: for thou dost think it but bread still, and that he was not able to make it his body.' "That is your exposition upon my mind."

After this the archdeacon thought to establish his grand point of transubstantiation by an example from the Old Testament. "Then he began with Moses' rod, how God commanded him to lay it down, and it was turned into a serpent. Seeing that this was done by Moses, being but a man, how much more Christ, being both God and man, took one thing and gave to his disciples another. I said, his comparison was nothing like; for Moses' rod, when it was laid down, he saw that it was turned into a very serpent indeed: but in this sacrament, no man can see either quality or yet quantity to be changed. Then said the bishop, that mine opinion and faith was like unto the Capernaites. I said theirs was more like their opinion than mine."

It is interesting and important to observe how firmly even the poorest and most ignorant of the people maintained their ground, in opposition to the monstrous doctrine so strenuously insisted upon in the Romish church. In the great majority of cases, our martyrs suffered chiefly for that point: often for that alone. In our day, an extraordinary opinion has been broached by a new sect in the church, which has sprung up where Ridley and Latimer suffered, but certainly not from any seed of their sowing. This notion is, that in the controversy with Romanism we are not to touch on the point of transubstantiation, lest peradventure, we be led to speak too lightly or irreverently of the sacramental ordinance. Our blessed reformers thought otherwise; and we shall do well to take heed that we be not beguiled from following in their steps. To shrink from approaching the subject, is to invest it with a character that belongs not to it, any more than to the other sacrament of baptism; and such restraint would lead to two evils, both of the broadest complexion of popery: it would leave the matter in the hands of the priesthood, as though the laity had nothing to do but to yield a blind assent to ecclesiastical dicta; and it would gradually, but effectually, enwrap the element itself in that mystification which is supposed to rest like a cloud upon the Romish pix, where, enveloped in some consecrated napkin, as too holy for profane eyes to behold, lies the wafer divinity of the apostate church. With due reverence let us treat all holy things;—and all God's ordinances are, like his blessed word, most holy: but with no such scrupulosity need we draw back from investigating, handling, dissecting, and exposing the most impious invention that ever was coined to desecrate what God has sanctified and to render the most touching memorial of our Saviour's everlasting love to his church, an abomination.

CHAPTER XI.

RICHARD WOODMAN.

How well the good soldiers of Christ endured hardness in these days of the church's great conflict, we have in many instances seen: another follows, inferior to none in the mani-

festation of such powerful faith, such an earnest contending for the truth, and such a gift of utterance conferred on an unlearned man, brought before rûlers for Christ's sake, as God alone can bestow.

Richard Woodman was an iron-worker, dwelling at Warbleton, in Sussex, and at the time of his apprehension about thirty years of age. The curate of his parish, one Fairbanke, had taken a wife, and throughout King Edward's days he preached the true doctrine, greatly persuading the people never to give heed to any other. In the very beginning of Mary's reign he veered about, and taught his flock just the contrary to what he had aforetime proclaimed. Richard Woodman, hearing him thus belie the truth, admonished him of his inconstancy, and for so doing was forthwith apprehended, and committed to the King's Bench, where he remained a year and a half. Thence, by Dr. Story, he was transferred to Bonner's coal-house, and kept there a month, after which he underwent twenty-six examinations, and was expecting the stake, when, on the day that the noble martyr, Philpot, was burned, he, with four others, was suddenly set at liberty. His notice of this is given in language equally severe and just; highly expressive of the indignation and abhorrence excited in the minds of God's people by the murder of that holy man. After saying that Bonner sent for them and discharged them, only requiring them very earnestly to speak well of him, Woodman goes on: "And no doubt he was worthy to be praised, because he had been so faithful an aid in his master the devil's business: for he had burnt good master Philpot the same morning, with whose blood his heart was so drunken, as I supposed, that he could not tell what he did, as it appeared to us both before and after. For but two days before he promised us we should be condemned that same day that we were delivered; yea, and the morrow after he had delivered us he sought for some of us again, yea, and that earnestly. He waxed dry after his great drunkenness, wherefore he is likely to have blood to drink in hell, as he is worthy, if he repent it not with speed. The Lord turn all their hearts, if it be his will!"

Woodman wrote down all his former examinations; but the bishop of Chichester got hold of them, and either concealed or destroyed them. The persecutors then proclaimed that Woodman had recanted; but this he disproved, by going and talking so openly, from parish to parish, and

among the principal people too, that it was resolved to apprehend him again immediately. They forged a charge against him of usurping the office of the ministry, in baptizing and marrying persons, from which he so fully cleared himself, that they could not even execute on him the warrants already drawn up. However, they soon issued others, and the queen's chamberlain sent three of his men to take him, while ploughing his land. These men being friends of Woodman's, he had no suspicion of them, and so was easily arrested; but going home to change his apparel, it occurred to him to demand a sight of their warrant, when they confessed having none with them; and he, pleading the right of an Englishman, refused to go with them unless they produced one. They locked him into his house, and guarded the door, while one went to fetch a warrant; and he, profiting by the opportunity, escaped from the rear of the dwelling.

Of course, a strict search was set on foot, which Woodman eluded by taking up his abode under the trees in a thick plantation, within a bowshot of his own house: here, with his bible, pen, and ink, he contentedly staid six or seven weeks, his wife daily bringing him food. "I thought myself blessed of God," writes this simple and fervent soul, "that I was counted worthy to lie in the woods for the name of Christ." Meanwhile the seacoast, from Portsmouth to Dover, was guarded, to prevent the poor man's escape; but failing in their search, they gave it over, concluding he had gone abroad: and so he did, when they had ceased watching. But such was his longing for his native land, that he says, "I thought every day seven years, or ever I were at home again." So in three weeks he returned, and notwithstanding the eager hunt the enemy set on foot after him, he often abode for a month or five weeks openly in his own house, following his accustomed occupation. His enemies, as he remarks, could lay no hands on him till the hour was fully come. It arrived at last, and by the villany of his own father and brother he was betrayed into their grasp. The occasion was this: Richard Woodman had entrusted property, of the value of fifty pounds a year, to his father and brother, wherewith to pay his debts, and to maintain his wife and children. They wickedly reported that it was not sufficient for the former purpose, whereas it was more, by two hundred pounds, than all his debts amounted to; and Woodman anxious to do justice, applied

to them to restore the money and writings, and to come to a settlement with him. A day was appointed, on which a full reckoning should be sent in to him, with the balance; and to avoid this restitution, the wretched brother went and apprized his enemies, that at such a time they might certainly seize him in his own house. The sheriff accordingly sent a strong party of men, who concealed themselves all the night in bushes near the dwelling. A workman in Woodman's employ, and two of his little children, falling in with them were detained, lest they should give the alarm; and in the forenoon, while the poor man was reclining on a bed, making shoe-thongs, his little girl who saw them approaching, ran into the room crying out, "Mother, mother, yonder cometh twenty men." Woodman started up, and thought to have slipped out of the door, but they were too near, and his wife instantly shut and bolted it, while he did the same by another door. The house was immediately surrounded, the officers calling out to have the doors opened, or they would break in.

Woodman's house had been searched at least twenty times, by night and by day, sometimes with nearly a score of men at once examining it. There was, however, a place which they had never been able to discover, being formed for concealment: into this he went, while his wife, knowing him to be now safe, opened the door, and telling the men he was not there, excused herself for having barred it, on the ground of having often been frightened by the men sent to search, and also supposing that the displeasure against her husband extended to her and her children. They demanded a candle, saying there were many secret places in the house; and after a most minute search they gave over, some of the party going down to the churchyard, where they stood talking with the unnatural father of the persecuted man. The conductor of these officers was a next door neighbour, and particular friend of Richard Woodman's, who had been persuaded by his wicked brother thus to betray him. He knew of the hiding-place, which his friend had often mentioned to him in confidence; but it happened that he had never shown him the way to it, only that the entrance was over a window in the hall. On this they renewed the search, and one spied a little loft with three or four chests in it, between two of which the entrance really lay; but as they could not discover it, they insisted on his wife pointing it out. She misled them to an-

other quarter, then gave Woodman a token to escape, by which he supposed there was no further hope of his lying concealed. He could not descend into the house without coming into the midst of them; and his only resource was to break out through a boarding, which he did by setting his shoulders against it; but unhappily the noise occasioned by this attracted their attention, and caused them to look out at a window, just as he jumped down to escape.

Poor Woodman had not found time to put on his shoes, when the alarm was first given by his child: he had now to run along a lane strewn with sharp cinders, while a shout was raised, and a pursuit commenced with cries of "Strike him, strike him." He looked backed and saw only one man within a hundred yards of him; and had he been shod, he might have got easily away, being strong, swift, and courageous; but just then his naked foot came upon a hard pointed cinder, and starting from it, he stepped into a hole full of mire, which threw him down. Before he could recover himself, the pursuer, a very powerful man, came upon him, and he was taken. On this he remarks, "It was not God's will; for if it had been, I should have escaped from them all, if there had been ten thousand of them." While they were conducting him to his home, to put on his shoes, and complete his dress, one of them scoffingly said, "Now your Master hath deceived you; you said you were an angel; and if so why did you not flee away from us?" He asked who had ever heard him say he was an angel? "It is not," he added, "the first lie by a thousand that they have made of me. Angels were never of mortal birth; but if they had said they heard me say I do trust I am a saint, they had not said amiss." "What! do you think to be a saint?" asked the other. "Yea, that I do, and am already in God's sight, I trust in God; for he that is not a saint in God's sight already, is a devil. Therefore, he that thinketh scorn to be a saint, let him be a devil."

At his own door he met his father, who desired him to remember himself; meaning to consider the consequences of persisting in his religious faith: to whom Woodman answered, "I praise God, I am well remembered whereabout I go. This way was appointed of God for me to be delivered into the hands of mine enemies, but woe to him by whom I am betrayed! It would be good for that man he had never been born, if he repent not with speed. The scriptures are

now fulfilled on me; 'For the father shall be against the son; and the brother shall deliver the brother to death,' as it is this day come to pass." One of the men remarked that he was a good child to accuse his father: he answered, "I accuse him not, but say my mind; for there was no man knew me to be at home but my father, my brother, and one more; the which I dare say would not hurt me for all the good in this town." After some further talk, and cruelly refusing to let him even enter the door of his house, at which he was obliged to put on his shoes and the rest of his clothes, they bound him by putting a hound's slip over his arms: which, he says, rejoiced his heart, that he was counted worthy to be bound for the name of God. He then took leave of his poor wife, his children, and his wretched father, and was led away.

On the 12th of April, the sheriffs sent him to London, where, two days after, he was brought before his ordinary, the bishop of Chichester, to whom he had appealed, Story, Cook, and others for examination. The bishop told him he was sorry for him, and so were all the gentlemen of his country: where he had a good report among rich and poor. Wherefore he wished him to consider himself, his family and friends: not to think himself wiser than all the realm; but to receive instruction. Woodman disclaimed any wish to seem wiser than others, being willing to learn of any man who could or would teach him the truth. "For my wife and children, God doth know how I love them in him, and my life also. My life, my wife, and my children are all in God's hands, and I have them all as though I had not, I trust, according to St. Paul's words. But if I had ten thousand pounds of gold, I had rather forego it all than them, if I might be in choice, and not displease God." He then told Chichester that he had appealed to him, that if any fault was found in him, he might be reformed at his hands: and also, that if his blood was shed unrighteously, it might be required at his hands, who had undertaken to be the physician of that part of the country. On this Story broke in as usual, saying, "Is not this a perverse fellow, to lay to your charge that his blood shall be required at your hands. Thinkest thou that thou shalt be put to death unjustly, that thy blood shall be required? No, if he should condemn a hundred such heretics as thou art. I helped to rid a good sort of you: and I promise thee I will help to rid thee too, the best that I can." Woodman would

have replied; but Chichester enjoined them both to be silent; and then kindly addressing Woodman, calling him neighbour, told him that he, as his spiritual pastor, was about to give him spiritual counsel: therefore he must listen to him. Woodman begged first to ask him a question; which was, whether he was sure that he had the Spirit of God. The bishop said no; swearing by St. Mary that he dared not be so bold as to say so. Then Woodman told him he was like the waves of the sea, unstable; and threatened him with the doom of the Laodicean church; which put Story into a great rage, who stormed at him, saying he had the devil within him, and was mad; and that he was worse than Satan; and so forth: while Chichester remarked that the man was sent to him to learn, but took upon him to teach him. The poor fellow on seeing their blindness, burst into tears and said, "The Jews said to Christ he had a devil, and was mad, as ye have said here by me: but I know the servant is not above his Master. And God forbid that I should learn of him that confesseth that he hath not the Spirit of God." "Why," said the bishop, "do you think that you have the Spirit of God?" "I believe verily that I have the Spirit of God," was the reply. Chichester observed, "You boast more than ever Paul did, or any of the apostles; the which is great presumption." Woodman answered, "I boast not in myself, but in the gift of God, as Paul did; for he said he believed verily that he had the Spirit of God; making no doubts, in 1 Cor. vii." "It is not so," says the bishop; "you belie the text." "If it be not so, let me be burned to-morrow." Story said, "Thou shalt not be burned to-morrow, but thou shalt be burned within these six days, I promise thee." Chichester next qualified his denial of the quotation, by saying that if it was so, it was wrong translated; as it was, he said, in a thousand places more. They then consulted the Latin and Greek versions, and told him that in both Paul said he supposed he had the Spirit of God, but was not sure: the bishop adding, "Even so I hope and suppose that I have the Spirit of God, but I am not sure."

Woodman said, if men had translated the Bible wrong, woe unto such false translators! However, he warned them to beware that they did not slander the translators, whom he believed to have had the fear of God before their eyes. He offered to prove, by places enough, besides the one quoted, that Paul had the Spirit of God; as he himself,

and all the elect, had. This he did by citing, "No man can believe that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost," and went on: "I do believe that Jesus Christ is my Redeemer, and that I shall be saved from all my sins by his death and blood-shedding, as Paul and all the apostles did, and as all faithful people ought to do, which no man can do without the Spirit of God; and as there is no damnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, so there is no salvation to them that are not in Christ Jesus: for 'He that hath not the Spirit of Christ is none of his,' but is a cast-away. And again: 'We have not received the Spirit of bondage, to fear any one; but we have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry Abba, Father. The same Spirit certifieth our spirits that we are the sons of God.' Besides all this, St. John saith, 'He that believeth in God, dwelleth in God, and God in him.' So it is impossible to believe in God, unless God dwell in us. Oh, good God! what more injury can be done unto thee than to mistrust that we have received thy Holy Spirit by thy gift? Thus may all men see their blindness, and whose servants they be, as they do declare themselves both by their words and deeds."

Here Dr. Story cried out, "Oh my lord, what a heretic is this same! Why do you hear him? Send him to prison to his fellows in the Marshalsea, and they shall be dispatched within these twelve days." "When I heard him say so," writes Woodman, from whose recital of his last examinations this account is taken, "I rejoiced greatly in my heart, desiring God, if it were his will, to keep him in that mind: for I looked surely to have gone to the bishop of London's coal-house, or to Lollards' tower; but it pleased God to put it in their hearts to send me to the Marshalsea, amongst our brethren, and my old prison fellows, so mercifully hath God dealt with me, in easing me of my burden that I looked for." They observed his satisfaction, and the bishop said, "Methinks he is not afraid of the prison:" to which Woodman replied, "No, I thank the living God." This again roused Story's savage spirit, who said, "This is an heretic indeed: he hath the right terms of all heretics. The living God! I pray you be there dead gods, that you say the living God?" Woodman mildly replied, "Be you angry with me because I speak the words which are written in the Bible?" "Bibble-babble, bibble-babble," quoth the dignified divine. "What speakest thou of the Bible? There is no such word written in all the Bible.

"Then I am much to blame if it be not so written," said Woodman, and quoted texts in support of his assertion. Chichester owned it was so written, and that it was the truth; but added, that such was the speech of all heretics. He was supported by Story, who sagely said, "My lord, I will tell you how you shall know a heretic by his words, because I have been more used to them than you have been; that is, they will say, 'The Lord,' and 'We praise God,' and 'The living God.' By these words you shall know a heretic." "All these words," returned Woodman, "are written for our learning, and we are commanded of the prophets to use them daily, as thus: 'The Lord's name be praised, from the rising up of the sun even to the going down of the same.' Also: 'As many as fear the Lord say always, The Lord be praised.'" After a little more railing, Dr. Story went off to mass; and then the bishop said to Woodman, "I would not have you use such speeches as you do, as 'the Lord be praised,' and 'the living God,' with such like words. Can you not say as well, our Lord, or our God, as otherwise?" Woodman, after declaring that he did not see how he could deserve to be censured for using the plain language of Scripture, added, "It seemeth to me that you mistrust that I believe not as you do." "Yea, that is my meaning indeed," said the bishop. "I believe in the living God," repeated Woodman; "if you do not so, then our belief is not alike, indeed. But if it please you to examine me on any particular matter now, or at any other time, I will make you answer thereto, by God's help." The bishop then charged them with erring from the church, and in proof of it showed him a great bundle of writings, which Woodman immediately saw and acknowledged to be his own, privily stolen from his house by the sheriff's men. They contained his examinations and discussions during his former imprisonment, and he expressed his gladness that the bishop might now see, under his own hand, a full statement both of what had been said and what had been done against him, referring him to the parties named there for a confirmation of its truth. Then followed a very long conversation, in which the bishop manifested a spirit so different from that of his brethren in general, that if he was sincere in it, his mind must have been ill at ease under the burden of such companionship in evil. Gently, kindly, and candidly he both spoke and listened, as one who was far from desiring to turn away his

ears from the truth; and even admitted, with evident satisfaction, Woodman's refutation of all the false charges against him. Having cleared himself, the martyr thus spoke: "Wherefore look ye to it, for I am now in your hands, and you ought to be a house of defence against mine enemies; for if you suffer them to kill me, my blood shall be required at your hands. If you can find any just cause in me worthy of death by God's word, you may condemn me yourself, and not offend God: wherefore look to it; the matter is weighty; deliver me not into their hands, and look to be so discharged." Chichester told him he was not yet fully invested with the authority of his office, but he would do what he could for him. They then entered on the question, whether or no St. Paul was married, and Woodman proved that he was not: speaking also very fully on the subject, and in a way that seemed greatly to please the bishop, who said he was very glad to have heard him so speak, and repeated warmly his assurance of a sincere wish to serve him. Woodman told him he was willing to renounce any thing that he held, which could be proved contrary to God's word. "And the truth is," continued he, "I have talked with a dozen priests at the least, since I was delivered out of prison, of certain matters, and they have not been able to certify me in any thing that I have asked them; and therefore they have complained of me to the sheriff and justices, making tales and lies on me, to turn me to displeasure, as much as in them lieth. I promise you, there be as many unlearned priests in your diocese as in any one diocese in England, I think: the more it is to be lamented." The bishop's answer was greatly to his credit: "I promise you I do much lament it myself, for I hear say no less; but it is true as you say. I would I could remedy it, but I cannot; but I will do the best that I can when I come into the country: and I will be glad to talk with you some other time, when I shall be somewhat better at ease. You see, I am very tender now, as I have been this half year and more. Come to dinner; our dinner is ready. I caused you not to tarry for any great cheer that you shall have; nor would I that you should think I go about to win you with my meat: but you be welcome, with all my heart: come, sit down."

How unlike to Bonner and his brother ruffians! The Lord gave his poor faithful servant this favour in the sight of one to whom he seemed sent with a message of admoni-

tion and instruction. After partaking of a plentiful meal with the bishop, a merchant, and one of the sheriff's officers who guarded him, he was told by the bishop that he must deliver him to Story's man, but that he would soon send for him again, and prayed God he might do him good. Woodman begged that he might have nothing to do with Story, requesting the bishop to examine him himself; and then they began on the subject of the sacraments, when he would acknowledge only two; and the bishop engaging to convince him by God's word that there were seven, kindly bade him farewell. Thus does the bold and faithful Protestant conclude this part of his narrative: "And so I was brought to the Marshalsea, where I now am merry—God be praised therefore!—looking for judgment of my flesh, for they intend to dispatch me shortly, if God will give them leave: but God hath their hearts in his hand, and they can do nothing to me but as God will give them leave. Wherefore I commit my cause to God only, and I am sure there shall not one hair of my head perish without my heavenly Father's will, although I bide never so much trouble. Job perished not for all his trouble, though God gave the devil leave to trouble and try him divers and many ways, as God hath suffered his members to trouble and try me divers and many ways, I praise God. They shall as little prevail against my faith, I have no mistrust, as the devil prevailed against Job, whatsoever they do with my goods, body, or life. For he that kept Job in all his trouble neither slumbereth nor sleepeth, but keepeth me and all his elect, that whether we live or die it shall be to the praise and glory of God. For if we live, we live at the Lord's will; and if we die, we die at the Lord's will: so whether we live or die we are the Lord's—blessed be his name therefore! Wherefore, dear brethren and sisters, to whom this my writing shall come, be of good cheer, and fear not what man can do unto you, for they can but kill the body: but fear Him that hath power to kill both body and soul. And yet once again I bid you be of good cheer, for the sheriff, with divers other gentlemen and priests, when I was at the sheriff's house, said to me, that all the heretics in the country hung on me, as the people did in times past upon St. Augustine, or St. Ambrose, or such like. Wherefore, said they, look well on it; you have a great thing to answer for. To the which I answered, I pray God lay nothing more to my charge than he will do for heresy, as I

am sure he will not; for He hath set my sins as far from me as it is from the east to the west, so that I am sure they shall never come near me any more. Yea, and that they call heresy, we serve God withal. And I am sure there is no man nor woman that hangeth on me, but on God. But yet that is their imaginations and thoughts, that if they might win me to them, they should win a great many likewise: and thinking to kill me if they cannot win me, as I trust in God and am sure they shall never, by God's grace, if it were possible for them to kill me ten times: for I am so linked to Christ in a chain by faith, that it is impossible for men to loose us asunder, neither for life nor death, I praise my Lord God therefore: and no doubt their full intent and purpose is to kill me, thinking thereby to make other afraid, which death of my body were best of all for me, if God were so pleased. But if I may live for the comfort of other, His name be praised therefore. I know what he can do, but what he will do I know not. But if death be offered me, so that I cannot refuse it without displeasing of God, I trust in God I shall not offend my brethren in receiving of death, but shall be rather an occasion of strengthening their faith, by choosing and receiving of it, and that with joy. For as Christ hath given his life for us, so ought we to give our lives for the defence of the gospel, and comfort of our brethren. And whereas the bishop saith he will prove seven sacraments, be you out of doubt he shall never be able to do it, no more than he hath proved other arguments with me already. Thus fare ye well. From the Marshalsea, where I now am, as a sheep appointed to be slain, God be praised therefore."

Of all the English army of martyrs, Richard Woodman seems the most to have resembled Martin Luther in the cast of his natural character, and the peculiarity of his spiritual gift. This will appear more plainly as we proceed in the story, and find him applying the hammer of God's word to the hardened iron that formed the sinews of his enemies' necks, with as much force and as little ceremony as he was wont to exercise, when working the metal, in the way of his worldly calling. In archdeacon Philpot, this boldness of speech, and energy of thought, appeared under the polish of rank, education, learning, and ecclesiastical dignity: in Woodman it stands forth rough and unmitigated, save by the subduing influence of true piety, which, however, in his case, added emphasis to the impulse of holy

indignation, when he looked upon those whose hearts were really, as he had before expressed it, made drunk by the blood of the saints and martyrs of Jesus; the blood of men by whom he had been taught the way of salvation, whose dungeons he had shared, whose sufferings he had witnessed, and the smoke of whose cruel burning had hardly ceased to darken and infect the air. Strong must have been the power of that grace which withheld from bitter revilings the tongue of one whose natural courage shrunk from nothing; and who was so keenly sensible of the wrongs inflicted on his murdered pastors, the blasphemous dishonour heaped upon the name of his God! Richard Woodman, the humble ironmonger of Sussex, made more than one mitred head cower beneath his righteous rebukes; and forced them to wince under the scornful irony that touched the idolatrous priests of Baal from the inspired lip of Elijah. We do not intend to soften down any part of the recital; but to give it, with as few curtailments as our limits will allow, in the very words of the martyr.

His second examination was in the bishop of Chichester's house, where Story sent him. He returned the bishop's courteous greeting with the most respectful salutation he could render; at the same time thanking him for his former kindness: and then Chichester begged he would be brief in his discourse, as the length of their former conversation had impaired his health. The seven sacraments were proposed; and on Woodman denying five, and requiring the bishop to prove them by scripture, he got into a great fume, swearing in a very coarse and shocking manner; for which his prisoner reminded him that he was not setting a right example to the flock. Chichester seems to have been exposed to evil influence since their last meeting: for when Woodman justified his rebuke by quoting the command to reprove an offending brother, he and the priests pronounced him past cure; and the bishop desired Dr. Story to be called, as he would talk no more with him: adding that the company of his fellows in the Marshalsea had made him worse than he was: for before, he had some hope of him. After some more hard speeches, the bishop a little moderated his displeasure, and consented to proceed in the matter of the sacraments. They began with matrimony, where Chichester fortified himself with the word *sacramentum* used in the Latin version; and Woodman holding to the English rendering, "a great mystery," as

typifying the union of Christ with his church, showed, very beautifully, that the "mystery," or unseen thing, was the union of heart, invisible to the eye; whereas a sacrament was a visible sign. He asked the bishop, "My lord, I pray you what is a sacrament?" "It is the sign of a holy thing," replied the bishop, who had parried his last argument by insisting that the ceremony being seen, and the man and woman also seen, it was not an invisible mystery. Woodman, then, on this new ground of the bishop's choosing, disproved his assertion, saying, "There need not be a sign of a holy thing where the holy thing itself is. Matrimony is a holy thing in itself, and is ended outwardly, and needs no more signs but themselves: wherefore it cannot be a sacrament as others be." To this the bishop returned a singularly ridiculous answer. "Lo, now you speak against yourself; and for an example, I came by an hosier's, and there hangeth a pair of hose, the which be hose, and be the sign of hose, that be to sell within." At this the priests chuckled, and Woodman answered indignantly, he wondered they were not ashamed of themselves. When taunted by the priests for being angry, he replied, "I am not angry, but I am earnest, I tell you, to see your blindness and folly. I talked of the scriptures that be written, and it is God's word, to prove my matter true by; and you will prove your matter true by a pair of hose. And as well can you prove it by that as by God's word." "Why," said a priest, "is there nothing true but what is written in the Bible?" Woodman replied, "St. Paul saith to the Galatians, 'If an angel come from heaven and hold any other doctrine than may be proved by God's word, hold him accursed:' and so do I tell you plainly." The priest resumed, "Here is a Testament in my hand; if I hurl him in the fire and burn him, have I burned God's word or no? I will buy a new one for sixteenpence." Woodman answered, "I say you have burned God's word; he that would burn a Testament willingly would burn God himself if he were here, if he could: for he and his word are all one." They made a great jest of this; and he continued, "Laugh on. Your laughing will be turned to weeping, and all such joy will be turned to mourning, if you repent not with speed." Chichester, to cover the folly of his priests, said, "Why, if my counting-house were full of books, and if my house were on fire by chance, and so burned, is God's word burned?" "No, my lord, because they were burned against

your will; but yet if you should burn them willingly, or think it well, or not be sorry for it, you burn God's word as well as he. For he that is not sorry for a shrewd turn, doth allow it to be good." Chichester remarking that he had little learning, then asked him what St. Paul meant by the passage, "We have an altar whereof you may not eat." He answered, "There is no man so foolish as to eat stones, I trow." This greatly annoyed the bishop, who said it was a plain mock; but Woodman reminded him he had just accused him of having no learning or knowledge, or understanding, wherefore he ought to make things more plain to him, and not ask him such dark questions, and blame him too. The bishop declared the greatest fool in his house would understand his meaning; and calling by his name a servant who stood a little way off, "Come hither, I say to thee, thou shalt not eat of this table. What do I mean thereby?" "Forsooth, my lord, you would not have me eat of this table," answered the man, laying his hand on it. This made all the party laugh; including Woodman, who said, "He hath expounded the matter almost as well as I." "He meaneth well enough," said the bishop, "if you would understand him. Answer me again, to make it more plain. I say thou shalt not eat of this table. What mean I thereby?" "Forsooth you would not have me eat this table." At this they laughed again; and the bishop, almost angry, said, "He meaneth that I would not have him eat of the meat that is set upon the table. How sayest thou, dost thou not mean so?" The man replied, "Yes, forsooth, my lord, that was my meaning indeed:" and Woodman observed he had answered according to the prompting; showing that he could have replied to the first question. They then passed on to the sacrament of the altar; Chichester asking what he said to it. He replied, "You mean the sacrament of the body and blood of Jesus Christ?" "I mean the sacrament of the altar, and so I say." "You mean Christ to be the altar, do you not?" asked Woodman: the bishop answered again, "I mean the sacrament of the altar in the church. What, is it so strange to you?" "It is strange to me, indeed, if you mean the altar of stone," returned Woodman. "It is that altar that I mean," said the bishop. Woodman remarked that he understood not the altar so; and craving permission to show his belief, brought some scriptures to prove that Christ, in the midst of his assembled people, is

the true altar, where Christians, at peace with each other and all the world, should come and offer their gift of prayer to God. After hearing him out, Chichester said, "Do you understand the offering and the altar so? I never heard any man understand it so; no not Luther, the great heretic, that was condemned, by a general council, and his picture burnt." To which Woodman shrewdly replied, "If he were an heretic, I think he understood it not so indeed: but I am sure all Christians ought to understand it so." The bishop maintained his own view; which was quite a Jewish one; and when Woodman showed him so, he said, "Who shall be judge betwixt us in this matter?" Woodman observed, "The twelfth of John declareth who shall be judge in the last day." "You mean," said Chichester, "the word shall judge the word. How can that be?" Woodman replied, "St. Peter saith, the scripture hath no private interpretation: but one scripture must be understood by another." He also said, "The true church of God is able to discuss all doubts: to whom I refer it." The bishop of course, took this as an admission in favour of his false church. Woodman asked what he offered up on his altar? he said, "We offer up in the blessed sacrament of the altar, the body of Christ to pacify the wrath of God the Father." And at that they all put off their caps in honour of the idol. Woodman proved, from Paul to the Hebrews, that the one offering of Christ was sufficient; and added, "As far as I can see, you be priests after the order of Aaron, that offered up sacrifice for their own sins, and the sins of the people." The bishop said, "No; they were priests after the order of Melchisedec, who offered bread and wine in remembrance, to signify the giving of Christ's body in bread and wine, which he, at the last supper, gave to his disciples, and ordered to be used to the end of the world." Woodman liked this exposition: he said the bishop had made it very plain to him, that as Christ was the end of all sacrifice, so was he the beginning of the sacraments, willing them to be used in remembrance of him to the world's end. The bishop, however, insisted on more than a remembrance; on transubstantiation: but desired him to be brief. Woodman said, "My lord, if you will answer me to one sacrament I will answer you to another. If you say the words of baptism over the water, and there be no child there, is it true baptism?" "No; there must be the water, the word, and the child; and then it is a baptism." "Very well," rejoined Woodman; "then

if a child be baptized in the name of the Father and of the Son, it is not truly baptized." "No: the child must be baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, or else it is not truly baptized." "Then, there may be nothing added or taken away from the sacraments, may there?" "No," said the bishop.

"Now, my lord, I will answer to you, if it please you." "Well," replied the bishop, "how say you? 'Take, eat, this is my body;' is it not Christ's body as soon as the words be said?" "My lord, replied Woodman, "I will answer you by your own words, that you answered me, which is true. The water, the word, and the child, all these together make baptism: the bread, the wine, and the word, make the sacrament; and the eater, eating in true faith, maketh it his body. Here I prove it is not Christ's body but to the faithful receiver. For he saith, 'Take, eat, this is my body.' He called it not his body before eating, but after eating. And St. Augustine saith, 'Believe, and thou hast eaten.' And St. John saith, 'He that believeth in God, dwelleth in God, and God in him:' wherefore it is impossible to dwell in God, and to eat his body, without a true faith." The priest said, "Then the faith of the receiver maketh it his body, and not his word, by your saying. I pray you, what did Judas eat?" Woodman replied, "Judas did eat the sacrament of Christ, and the devil withal." "He did eat the body of Christ unworthily, as St. Paul saith," returned the priest. "Nay," said Woodman, "St. Paul sayeth no such thing. He spake not of eating his body unworthily, but of the sacrament unworthily. For he saith, 'Whosoever eateth this bread, and drinketh this cup unworthily, eateth and drinketh his own damnation, because he maketh no difference of the Lord's body;' and not because he eateth the Lord's body. If Judas did eat Christ's body, it must needs follow that Judas is saved; for Christ saith, in the sixth of John, 'Whosoever eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day.'" On this, the priest and bishop agreed that it was lost labour to talk any more with him: so the latter demanded a final answer as to his belief in the matter, and received this reply: "I do believe that if I come to receive the sacrament of the body and blood of Christ truly ministered, believing that Christ was born for me, and that he suffered death for me, and that I shall be saved from my sins by his blood-shedding;

and so receive the sacrament in that remembrance, then I do believe I do receive wholly Christ, God and man, mystically, by faith: this is my belief." Chichester observed, "Why, then, it is no body without faith; God's word is of no force, as you count it." "My lord," he replied, "I have told you my mind without dissimulation; and more you get not of me, without you will talk with me by the scriptures; and if you will not do so, I will begin anew with you, and prove it more plainly, three or four manner of ways, that you shall not say nay to that I have said, yourself."

At this they began to laugh heartily, saying to one another, "This is an heretic indeed: it is time he were burned." Their ridicule and malignity moved him to a very severe rebuke. "Judge not, lest you be judged: for as you judge me, you shall be judged yourselves. For that you call heresy, I serve God truly with, as you all shall well know, when you shall be in hell, and shall be compelled to say, for pain, This was the man that we jested on, and whose talk we thought foolishness, and his end to be without honour: but now we may see how he is counted among the saints of God, and we are punished. These words shall you say, being in hell, if you repent not with speed, if you consent to the shedding of my blood: wherefore look to it, I give you counsel." The priest taxed him with being angry; and went on to repeat some words that he had spoken against their idols, and in answer to Stephen Gardiner. He answered, "That I said, I said: and where you said I was angry, I take God to my record I am not, but am zealous in the truth, and speak out of the Spirit of God with cheerfulness." The priest mockingly repeated, "The Spirit of God!—hough, hough, hough; think you that you have the Spirit of God?" "I believe surely," answered the martyr, "that I have the Spirit of God, I praise God therefore: and you be deceivers, mockers, and scorners before God, and be the children of Satan, all the sort of you, as far as I can see. Here Story came in, and after railing as usual, advised the bishop to have nothing more to do with him, and ordered him back to the prison without further question. When they were all gone to receive a party come to dine with the bishop, a priest began to flatter Woodman, urging him to recant; but with no success: and after a few words, he was conducted again to the Marshalsea.

Soon after this, the marshal came to the prison, and questioned Woodman as to his having been abroad speaking seditious words, both of which he so clearly disproved, that the officer owned it must be a false report; and then took him away for another examination, to lord Montague's house, in Southwark, where Dr. Langdale, the bishop's chaplain, was waiting for him. A very long conversation ensued; which Langdale began, by charging him with forsaking the faith of his fathers; and so forth. Woodman answered wisely and scripturally, and the doctor after blaming him for quoting the Bible too much, tried by the assurance of much good will to induce him to speak his mind freely. The martyr, in a strain of admirable prudence, mingled with his natural frankness, told him that he knew not how to trust his fair words, when he could not trust his own father and brother, and others who had been his familiar friends: that Christ had bade him be wise as the serpent, and as innocent as the dove, and also to take heed of men, for they would betray. He added, that the doctor's dislike to his quoting scripture made him suspect him: therefore he must not be angry if he found him circumspect in his answers; for, said he, "It shall not be said, by God's help, that I run wilfully into mine enemies' hands; and yet, I praise God, my life is not dear unto myself; but it is dear with God: wherefore I will do to the uttermost that I can to keep it." Langdale then made a misstatement of what had taken place before Woodman's last apprehension, which he very calmly and soberly answered, fully showing in what he had been wrongfully charged. He was next taxed with baptizing his child, and in the same breath, with leaving it unbaptized. Woodman indignantly proved the utter falsehood of both these contradictory tales: and referring to some part of Langdale's speech, where he had mentioned that if the child had died before baptism it must have been eternally lost, he asked him, "How think you? Be all condemned that receive not the outward sign of baptism?" "Yea," said the doctor, "that they be." Woodman asked, "How prove you that?" Langdale replied, by repeating our Lord's words which command baptism, assuring eternal life to such as are baptized and believe, and condemnation to them that believe not. "Then," observed Woodman, "by your saying baptism bringeth faith; and all that be baptized in the water shall be saved shall they? How say you?" "Yea, that they shall," replied the doctor;

" if they die before they come to discretion, they should be saved every one of them; and all that be not baptized, shall be damned, every one of them." This roused the other, who exclaimed, " How dare you speak such blasphemy against God and his word, as you do? How dare you for your life take upon you to preach, and teach the people, and understand not what you say? For I protest before God you understand not the scriptures, but as far as natural reason can comprehend: for if you did, you would be ashamed to speak as you do." Langdale told him to take heed, for he had a toy in his head that would make him despair; and asked why he reproved him as he did. Woodman answered, " Because you blaspheme God:" and then challenged him to prove his doctrine by scripture, which made the other turn pale and tremble. Woodman then proceeded to show that the perdition threatened was not to them that are not baptized, but to such as believe not; adducing the words of St. John, " He that believeth not is condemned already, because he believeth not." He went on, " I dare not say for all the goods under heaven, that all they that receive no material baptism by the water shall be condemned, as you have said: yet I would you should not gather of these words that I deny baptism, as you were about to lay to my charge, ere ever I had half told out my tale. But I would not have you, nor any man, so rash in judgment, to condemn the thing that they are not able to disprove by the word; and to make it seem to the simple that the outward washing of the water were the cause of faith." " Why, is it not so?" said Langdale: " will you deny it? how say you, will you deny it? I say the child hath no faith before it is baptized; and therefore the baptizing bringeth the faith. How say you to it? Make me a plain answer to this question." " Now," said Woodman, " I perceive you go about nothing else but to take vantage of my words. But, by God's help, I will answer you so that you shall well see your sayings untrue. And yet I will not speak mine own words, but the words of the Holy Ghost, out of the mouth of the prophets and apostles; and then ask them whether they will deny it." He then asked where Jacob was baptized before he had faith; alleging the passage that speaks of his election before his birth: but Langdale parried this, as it was before the institution of baptism. He demanded an answer to his former question, observing, that Woodman denied original sin, and free will;

for, said he, "if children can be saved without baptism, it must needs follow that children have no original sin; the which is put away in the baptizing. But I think you know not what original sin is, or free will either." Woodman told him, he thanked God, he thought he could tell him better than he could: then asked him, "What free will hath man to do good of himself?" Langdale answered, "I say that all men have as much free will as Adam had before the fall." "I pray you how prove you that?" "Thus I prove it," quoth the doctor, "that as sin entered into the world, and by the nature of one that sinned all men became sinners, the which was by Adam: so by the obedience of one man, righteousness came upon all men that had sinned, and set them as free as they were before their fall: the which was by Jesus Christ. See Rom. v."

Woodman exclaimed, "Oh, what an overthrow have you given yourself here in original sin, and yet cannot see it! For, in proving that we have free will, you have quite denied original sin. For here you have declared that we be set as free by the death of Christ, as Adam was before his fall; and I am sure that Adam had no original sin before his fall. If we be as free now, as he was then, I marvel wherefore Paul complained thrice to God to take away the sting of it, God making him answer, and saying, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' These words, with divers other, prove original sin in us; but not that it shall hurt God's elect people, for his grace is sufficient for all his. But you say in one place that it is not without baptism; and in another place you put it away quite by the death of Christ; and in very deed you have spoken truer in the matter than you are aware of. For all that believe in Christ are baptized in the blood of Christ, that he shed on the cross; and in the water that he sweat for pain, and putting away of our sins at his death. And yet I say with David, In sin was I born, and in sin hath my mother conceived me: but in no such sin as shall be imputed, because I am born of God by faith, as St. John saith, 1 John iii. Therefore I am blessed, as saith the prophet, Psalm xxxii. 'because the Lord imputeth not my sin,' and not because I have no sin; but because God hath not imputed my sins. Not of our own deserving, but of his free mercy, he hath saved us. Where is now your free will that you speak of? If we have free will, then our salvation cometh of our own selves and not of God: the which is great blasphemy

against God and his word." He quoted St. James, St. John, and St. Paul, and went on to apply those scriptures. "Seeing then, that every good and perfect gift cometh from above, and lighteneth upon whom it pleaseth God, and that he worketh in us both the will and the deed, methink all the rest of our own will is little worth, or naught at all, unless it be wickedness."

He then craved leave to answer to the matter of Jacob's faith, which Langdale had put aside, as having nothing to do with baptism: the doctor consented, probably as Woodman suspected, hoping to lay hold on some of his words; and he proceeded, "First, if you be remembered, you said that if my child had died without baptism, if I had been the cause that it had not been baptized, the child should have been damned, and I too. How say you?" "Yea, that you should," answered the doctor. Woodman returned, "That is most untrue, for the prophet saith, The father shall not bear the child's offences; nor the child the father's offences; but the soul that sinneth shall die. What could the child have done withal, if it had died without baptism? the child could not do withal. How say you unto this? And I am sure that what I brought in, in the old law to prove that faith is before baptism, is not disagreeable unto the word. For circumcision was a figure of baptism; and that I may bring to prove baptism by, as well as St. Peter did: for he brought in Noah's flood, which was a long time before Jacob and Esau, to prove baptism; saying, 'While the ark was a preparing, wherein few, that is eight souls, were saved by water; like as baptism also now saveth us; not in putting away the filth of the flesh, but there is a good conscience consenting to God." Here Peter proveth that water had not saved Noah and the other seven, no more than it saved all the rest, if it had not been for their faith; which faith now saveth us; not in putting away the filthy soil of the flesh by the washing of the water, but by a good conscience consenting unto God. But you say, if they be baptized with the water, if they die before they come to years of discretion, they be all saved: the which St. Peter is clean against, unless you grant that children have faith before they be baptized. Now, I ask you what consent of conscience the children have, being infants? For you say they believe not before they be baptized; *ergo*, then they consent not to be baptized, because they believe not. And by this it followeth that none shall be saved, although they

be baptized. I would fain see how you can answer this." Langdale replied, "You are the most perverse man that ever I knew: you wot not what you say. The children are baptized in their godfathers' and godmothers' faith, and that is the good conscience that St. Peter speaketh of: and the christening is the keeping of the law that St. Paul speaketh of, saying, Neither is circumcision anything worth, nor uncircumcision, but the keeping of the law is altogether. Like as circumcision was the keeping of the old law, so is baptism the keeping of the new law." To this Woodman replied, "Ah, methought if you would talk with me, you should be fain to bring in the old law, to maintain your sayings by; for all that you refused it when I brought it in. But yet it serveth not for your purpose so much as you think for. For here you have confessed that neither circumcision availeth, nor uncircumcision; the which you yourself have coupled with baptism, proving that none of them prevaileth, but keeping of the law is all together: the which law is kept, you say, by the outward signs; which is nothing so: for Abraham believed God, and that was counted to him for righteousness, and this was before he was circumcised." After a little more on this point, he asked, "Where you said the children be baptized in their godfathers' and godmothers' faith, they being all unbelievers, in what faith is the child baptized, then? In none at all by your own saying." This greatly moved the doctor, who exclaimed, "What! then you would count that there are very few believers, if there be not one of three that believeth. You enter into judgment against the people. Belike you think there be none that believe well, unless they be of your mind. Indeed, then, Christ's flock were a very little flock." Woodman replied, "Indeed, these be Christ's words, in Luke xii., the which we may see to be very true. Yea, you said, if there were not one amongst three, that were very few. But there is not one amongst three hundred for any thing that I can see; for if there were, there would not be so many that would seek their neighbours' goods and lives as there be." Langdale cunningly asked him how many he thought there were of that little flock: but he got not the information he wanted, for Woodman told him it would be making himself equal with God to answer it; he then quoted many passages, to show that the great mass of mankind are in error, and Christ's believing people a small number, ending by an

offer to prove it further, and also that the doctor and his party were not in that small number. Langdale then began to stamp and rage, railing at him for a long while. When he had finished, Woodman asked wherefore he was so angry at his answering the questions proposed? Langdale said he had not answered him to original sin; that he denied original sin. Before the other could reply, a gentleman came in, Mr. Gage, who had been kind to Woodman. He acted as a peace-maker, and persuaded the angry doctor to resume the examination, suggesting that he should question him on the sacrament of the altar; and here the former discussion with Chichester and the priest was, in substance, repeated. It ended, of course, by remanding the prisoner to the Marshalsea.

Woodman did not, in the foregoing argument, intend to oppose infant baptism; he had already acknowledged it as scriptural and proper: but he sought to combat that popish error wherein Hawkes had so ably resisted Bonner, and which asserts that the mere outward rite is so indispensable to the salvation of the soul, that an infant dying before it can be sprinkled must be eternally lost. Woodman, it is evident, had some singular views of the Holy Scriptures, as, for instance, his supposing the symbol, "lively stones," to refer to flint stones, out of which fire might be struck to enlighten the darkness of others. A beautiful idea, though a strange one. Salvation by faith alone, and through grace alone, was the point which the Lord's people guarded with excessive care, in contradiction to the merit-mongering and will-worshipping of the persecuting church. This gives them occasionally the appearance of too lightly regarding those outward ordinances which their enemies exalted into saviours; but in reality they did not so.

Woodman's next examination took place at St. George's church, in Southwark, before the bishops of Winchester and Rochester, with others. Winchester commenced by giving a long history of his former imprisonment and release, his alleged offences since, and his capture. In this he made just as many mistakes as he made statements; and at the end Woodman showed him the utter falsehood of all he had said. The whole time was occupied in repeating stories of Woodman's reported sayings and actions, contrary to the laws, not one of which charges could they maintain; and he was sent back to prison, when there seemed a greater probability of their being compelled to

release him. But what can the lamb's innocence avail, when the hungry wolf has it under his paw?

Three weeks afterwards, he was brought to St. Mary's, in Southwark, where sat the bishop of Winchester, Harpsfield, Langdale, and other commissioners, in the presence of above three hundred people. Winchester began by rebuking him for defending himself so stoutly on the last occasion, when Woodman had maintained that he was not sent to prison for any heresy, but for the breach of a statute in speaking to a priest in the pulpit. The bishop now tried to disprove this; but Woodman told him he had bought a statute-book since he was imprisoned, and had made out the whole case, confirming what he had before asserted, and proving the bishop's charge to be false. Finding this would not answer, Winchester then produced the account, in the prisoner's own writing, of his former examinations before the commissioners, and proceeded to question him of his belief in their sacrament of the altar. Woodman, seeing that the bishop only wanted to make him utter, in his diocese, something that he might catch hold of, to assume the character of his ordinary, replied, "I will answer you to no such thing, for I am not of your diocese; therefore I will not answer to you." Winchester said, "Thou art within my diocese, and thou hast offended within my diocese; and therefore I will have to do with thee." "Have to do with me if you will," returned the martyr; "but I will have nothing to do with you, I tell you plainly: for though I be now in your diocese, I have not offended in your diocese, if I have, show me wherein." He was told of his own hand-writing, there present, which stated his heretical opinions. He owned it as his, but said that, being merely a relation of the talk between him and the commissioners, it was no offence, nor had they any thing to do with it. The bishop then ordered him to be sworn, that he might question him as to where he wrote it, and whether he still held the same doctrines; but Woodman refused to be sworn by him, not being his ordinary; and also protested he wrote no word of the paper in that diocese. Langdale then asserted that it was written in the King's Bench. Woodman declared he did not write it there. A fat priest next demanded where he wrote it. He answered, that he owed him not so much service as to tell him: they must find it out how they could, for they only sought his life. Winchester then went on to quote from his paper the replies

that he had formerly given to the commissioners, and several times sought to entrap him into some expression of his opinion there; but Woodman was too wary to be caught. When the bishop, after reading his remarks on the giving forth of false doctrine in pulpits and churches, asked him where it took place, he replied, "In the synagogue of Satan, where God is dishonoured with false doctrine." "I pray you, where is one of them?" asked Winchester. "Nay," he replied, "that judge yourself; I came not hither to be a judge." Having, in like manner, baffled all the attempts to make him commit himself, he answered the bishop very severely to some of his railing speeches, quoting the book of Revelation, and also the apocryphal one called the book of Wisdom. When he named this, Winchester cried out, "Wisdom? what speakest thou of Wisdom? thou never hadst it, for thou art as very a fool as ever I heard speak." Woodman answered, "Do you not know that the foolish things of the world must confound the wise things? Wherefore, it grieveth me not to be called a fool at your hands." "Nay, thou art none of those fools," returned the bishop: "thou art an obstinate fool, and a heretic. Lay hand on the book, and answer to such things as I will lay against thee." Woodman refused, repeating that he was not of that diocese. Winchester exclaimed, "This man is without law; he careth not for the king nor queen, I dare say, for he will not obey their laws. Let me see the king's commission. I will see whether he will obey that or not." The martyr remarked, "I would you loved the king and queen's majesty no worse than I do, if it pleased God: you would not do as you do, then." "Hold him a book," repeated the angry bishop, "he is a rank heretic. Thou shalt answer to such things as I will demand of thee."

Woodman then said, "I take heaven and earth to witness that I am no heretic; neither can I tell wherefore I am brought to prison, no more than any man here can tell." He looked round upon the people, and then continued, addressing the bishop, "If you have any just cause against me worthy of death, lay it against me, and let me have it; for I refuse not to die, I praise God, for the truth's sake, if I had ten lives. If you have no cause, let me go home, I pray you, to my wife and children, to see them kept; and other poor folk that I would set to work, by the help of God. I have set to work a hundred persons ere this, all the year together, and was unjustly taken from them; but

God forgive them that did it, if it be his will!" The inhuman bishop now said, "Do you see how he looketh about for help? But I would see any man show thee a cheerful countenance, and especially you that be of my diocese. If any of you bid God strengthen him, or take him by the hand, or embrace him, or show him a cheerful countenance, you shall be excommunicated, and shall not be received again till you have done open penance; and therefore beware of it." The martyr replied, "I look for no help of man, for God is on my side, I praise him therefore: and therefore I need not to care who be against me; neither do I care." The judges called out, "Away with him, and bring us another." So he was carried back to prison.

The sixth and last examination of this bold champion took place, also at St. Mary Overy's, two days after the preceding one; where were present the bishops of Winchester and Chichester, Harpsfield, Langdale, Roper, and the same priest who had formerly assisted them. Winchester told him he had affirmed certain heresies the last time he was before them; and asked if he held them still, or would revoke them. He answered that he held no heresies, as the Lord knew. "No!" said the bishop, "Did you not affirm that Judas received bread? which is a heresy, unless you tell what more than bread." Woodman replied, "Is it heresy to say that Judas received no more than bread? I said he received more than bare bread, for he received the same sacrament that was prepared to show forth the Lord's death; and because he presumed to eat without faith, he ate the devil withal, as the words of Christ declare; after he ate the sop, the devil entered into him, as you cannot deny." "Hold him a book," said the bishop, "I will have you answer directly whether Judas did eat the body of Christ, or no." But Woodman refused to be sworn, maintaining that the bishop of Winchester had no jurisdiction over him in the cause: and to this he stood inflexibly. He also pleaded that the bishop of London had discharged him of all the matters laid against him; and that it was unlawful as well as unjust, to imprison and try him over again on the same charges. Winchester, said, if he was again suspected of being a heretic, they had a right to call him before them and examine him of his faith, upon suspicion. "Indeed," said Woodman, "St. Peter willeth me to render account of my hope that I have in God; and I am con-

tented so to do, if it please my bishop to hear me." "Yes, I pray you let us hear it," said the bishop of Chichester.

"I do believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible; and in one Lord Jesus Christ, my Saviour, very God and very man. I believe in God the Holy Ghost, the Comforter of all God's elect people, and that he is equal with the Father and the Son. I believe the true catholic church, and all the sacraments that belong thereto. Thus have I rendered account of my hope that I have of my salvation." Winchester asked, "And how believe you in the blessed sacrament of the altar?" And at that word they all put off their caps to the abominable idol. Woodman replied, "I pray you be contented, for I will not answer to any more questions; for I perceive you go about to shed my blood." "No?" said the bishop, "hold him a book. If he refuse to swear, he is an anabaptist, and shall be excommunicated." Woodman firmly repeated, "I will not swear for you, excommunicate me if you will. For you be not meet to receive an oath; for you laid heresies to my charge in yonder pulpit, the which you are not able to prove; wherefore you be not meet to take an oath of any man. And as for me, I am not of your diocese, nor will have any thing to do with you." Winchester repeated that he would have to do with him; and that he was a strong heretic. Woodman remarked, that all truth was heresy with them: but offered to show them his belief concerning the sacrament, and then repeated what he had before declared, as to his coming in faith that Christ suffered for his sins, and that he should be saved by his blood-shedding; and so receiving whole Christ, mystically, by faith. They all cried out on the last words; and the fat priest calling him a fool, demanded what he meant by mystically. He replied, "I take mystically to be the faith that is in us; that the world seeth not, but God only."

Here Winchester remarked that he knew not what he said; and demanded once more a direct answer, as to the real presence in the sacrament. Woodman replied, "I have said as much as I will say; excommunicate me if you will. I am none of your diocese. The bishop of Chichester is mine ordinary. Let him do it if you will needs have my blood, that it may be required at his hands." Chichester said, "I am not consecrated yet; I told you when you were with me." On which Woodman, recollecting that a

bull from Rome must arrive before he could receive consecration, quaintly remarked, "No, indeed, your kine bring forth nothing but cow-calves, as it chanceth now." This put the pope's churchmen in a rage: they all railed at him together, telling him that he was out of his wits. "So Festus said to Paul, when he spake the words of soberness and truth, out of the Spirit of God, as I do. But as you have judged me, you shall be judged yourselves. You shall go to hell all the sort of you, if you condemn me; if you repent it not with speed." After some commotion, Winchester and Harpsfield said, "We go not about to condemn thee, but go about to save thy soul, if thou wilt be ruled, and do as we would have thee." "To save my soul?" repeated the martyr; "Nay, you cannot save my soul. My soul is saved already: I praise God therefore. There can no man save my soul, but Jesus Christ; and he it is that has saved my soul, before the foundation of the world was laid." On this the priest cried out, "What a heresy is that, my lords! He saith his soul was saved before the foundations of the world were laid. Thou canst not tell what thou sayest. Was thy soul saved before it was?" "Yes, I praise God, I can tell what I say, and I say the truth. Look at the first of the Ephesians, and there you shall find it, where Paul saith, 'Blessed be God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ, according as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love; having predestinated us unto the adoption of children.' These be the words of Paul, and I believe they be most true. And therefore it is my faith, in and by Jesus Christ, that saveth; and not you, or any man else." "What!" said the priest, "faith without works? St. James saith, 'Faith without works is dead;' and we have free will to do good works." Woodman replied, "I would not that any of you should think that I disallow good works. For a good faith cannot be without good works. Yet not of ourselves, for it is the gift of God, as saith St. Paul to the Philippians, 'It is God that worketh in us both to will and to do, of his good pleasure.'"

Winchester, not enduring to hear so much sound doctrine, now interposed, saying, "Make an end; answer to me. Here is your ordinary, the archdeacon of Canterbury, he is made your ordinary by my lord cardinal, and he hath

authority to examine you of your faith upon a book, to answer to such articles as he will lay to you. And I pray you refuse it not, for the danger is great if you do. Wherefore we desire you to show yourself a subject in this matter." Then the rest, having by this time discovered that nothing was to be done with their resolute victim by harshness, all joined, saying, "Lo, my lord desireth you gently to answer him, and so do we all. For if you refuse to take an oath, he may excommunicate you. For my lord cardinal may put whom he will in the bishop's office, until he is consecrated." But Woodman was not to be so led: he answered, "I know not so much. If you will give me time to learn the truth of it, and if I can prove it to be as you say, I will tell you my mind in any thing he shall ask of me, without any flattering." The priest said, "My lord and we all tell thee it is true; and therefore answer to him." "I will believe none of you all," replied Woodman, "for you be turncoats and changelings, and be wavering-minded, as saith St. James; you be neither hot nor cold, as saith St. John, therefore God will cast you out of his mouth. Wherefore I can believe none of you all, I tell you truth." "What!" said Winchester, "be we turncoats and changelings? What meanest thou by that?" "I mean," answered the plain-spoken prisoner, "that in king Edward's days you taught the doctrine that was set forth then, every one of you; and now you teach the contrary; therefore I call you turncoats and changelings, as I may well enough." These words made them quake, and Winchester said, "Nay, not all, as it chanced." "No! I pray you, where were you then?" asked Woodman. The bishop replied, "I was in the Tower, as the lieutenant will bear me record." "If you were in the Tower," said Woodman, "it was not therefore, I dare say; it was for some other matter." Then the others took heart, and said, "My lord, he cometh to examine you, we think: if he will not answer to the articles, you were best to excommunicate him." The bishop replied, "He is the naughtiest varlet heretic that ever I I knew: I will read the sentence against him." After some more angry speaking, and being told again by Woodman that if he condemned him he would be punished everlastingly; with the assurance that he himself was not afraid to die for God's sake, if he had a hundred lives, the bishop repeated, "For God's sake? nay, for the devil's sake. Thou sayest thou art not afraid to die; no more was Judas

that hanged himself, as thou wilt kill thyself wilfully, because thou wilt not be ruled." Woodman said, "Nay, I defy the devil, Judas, and all their members. And Judas' flesh was not afraid, but his spirit and conscience was afraid, and therefore he despaired and hung himself. But, I praise God, I feel no lothsomeness in my flesh to die, but a joyful conscience and a willing mind thereto. Wherefore my flesh is subdued to it, I praise God; and therefore I am not afraid of death."

The bishop of Chichester now said, "Woodman, for God's sake be ruled. You know what you said at my house. I could say more, if I would." "Say what you can," replied the undaunted martyr; "the most fault that you found in me was, because I praised the Living God; and because I said, I praise God, and The Lord: which you ought to be ashamed of, if you have any grace; for I told you where the words were written." Winchester spoke next: "Well, how say you? Will you confess that Judas received the body of Christ unworthily? tell me plainly." "My lord," he replied, "if you, or any of you all, can prove before all this audience, in all the Bible, that any man ever ate the body of Christ unworthily, then I will be with you in all things that you will demand of me; of the which matter I desire all these people to be witness." "Will you so?" said the priest, "then we shall agree well enough. St. Paul saith so." Woodman said, "I pray you where saith he so? Rehearse the words." The priest answered, "In the eleventh chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians, he saith, 'Whoso eateth of this bread, and drinketh of that cup, unworthily, eateth and drinketh his own damnation, because he maketh no difference of the Lord's body.'" Woodman then said, "Do these words prove that Judas ate the body of Christ unworthily? I pray you let me see them." They gave him the book, and he went on: "These be the words, even that you said: good people hearken well to them: 'Whoso eateth of this bread, and drinketh of this cup unworthily:' he saith not, Whoso eateth of this body unworthily, or drinketh of this blood unworthily; but he saith, 'Whosoever eateth of this bread, and drinketh of this cup unworthily (which is the sacrament) eateth and drinketh his own damnation,' because he maketh no difference between the sacrament which representeth the Lord's body, and other bread and drink. Here, good people, you may all see they are not able to prove their sayings

true. Wherefore, I cannot believe them in any thing that they do."

Winchester exclaimed, "Thou art a rank heretic indeed! Art thou an expounder? Now I will read sentence against thee." "Judge not, lest you be judged," said the martyr, again; "for as you have judged me, you be yourself." Winchester commenced reading, and he asked, "Why, will you read the sentence against me, and cannot tell wherefore?" "Thou art an heretic," answered the wicked prelate, "and therefore thou shalt be excommunicated." "I am no heretic, I take heaven and earth to witness, I defy all heretics; and if you condemn me, you will be damned, if you repent not. But God give you grace to repent it, if it be his will."

"And so," writes Woodman, in closing his story, "he read forth the sentence in Latin, but what he said God knoweth, and not I. God be judge between them and me. When he had done, I would have talked my mind to them, but they cried, Away, away with him! So I was carried to the Marshalsea again; where I am; and shall be, as long as it shall please God. And I praise God most heartily, that ever he hath elected, and predestinated me to come to so high dignity, as to bear rebuke for his name's sake; his name be praised therefore, for ever and ever. Amen."

Woodman was not burned alone; he made one out of ten who were consumed in the same pile. George Stevens had been some time also in prison for the truth; but the remaining eight were only apprehended two, or at most three days before they received sentence at the mouth of these ravening wolves. W. Maynard, and A. Hosman, his servant: J. Morris, with his aged mother, Margery Morris; Thomasine Wood, Mr. Maynard's maid-servant; Dennis Burgess; and two married women, named Ashdowne and Grove, were all at large, some say the very day before they were committed to the flames. No time was allowed for a writ to come down from London, to Lewes, where they suffered. Such legal proceedings were now scarcely thought of: the process of the murderers was like that of the Babylonian tyrant on the plains of Dura. Whosoever would not worship their senseless gods, was seized, bound, and cast into the fire.

CHAPTER XII.

VARIOUS MARTYRDOMS.

Two cases occurred about this time, where the condemned servants of God expired in prison, before they could come to the stake. One AMBROSE, at Maidstone, and R. LUSH, in the diocese of Bath and Wells. At Norwich, two victims were offered up in the month of July. SIMON MILLER dwelt at Lynn; he was a godly zealous man, and therefore exceedingly opposed to popery. Coming to Norwich, and seeing a great concourse of people in the act of leaving their church, where the mass-service was just ended, he stood among them, and asked aloud where he might go to have the communion of the Lord's supper. Many were amazed at his boldness; and one, a bigoted slave of the priests, said that if he must needs go to a communion, he would bring him where he should be sped of his purpose. He was then conducted to chancellor Dunning, and while he was under examination, they espied the edge of a bit of paper appearing above his shoe. It was seized, and found to contain an orthodox confession of faith. The chancellor then inquired whether he would stand to what was there written, and Miller, declaring his purpose so to do, was committed to the bishop's prison-house. Through favour of the keeper, however, or by some means not explained, he got away, returned to Lynn, and staid long enough to set his house in order, and to dispose of all his worldly concerns: then going back to Norwich, he again delivered himself up, and quietly awaited his martyrdom.

ELIZABETH COOPER was a pewterer's wife, dwelling in the parish of St. Andrews, Norwich. She had before been in trouble for the truth, and recanted to save her life. But life, under the burden of God's displeasure, she found to be more intolerable than any kind of temporal death; so, coming to her parish church, during the celebration of the popish service, she stood up, and publicly revoked her former recantation made in that place. She declared her sorrow for that wicked act, and exhorted the people not to take example by her denial of the truth. This of course was immediately followed by her apprehension; sorely against the will of the sheriff, who was compelled to take her into cus-

tody. She was condemned, and brought to the stake with Simon Miller; and on first feeling the scorching flame upon her poor weak flesh, she shrunk a little, uttering a cry. Miller heard it, and putting his hand behind him towards her, entreated her to be strong and of good cheer; "for, good sister," said he, "we shall have a joyful and a sweet supper." Strengthened by his words, she showed no more alarm or unquietness; but patiently and joyfully endured the raging fire, committing her soul into the hands of her heavenly Father, and so, with her steadfast companion, she passed into a blessed eternity.

Mention has been made of twenty-two prisoners, sent up from Colchester to London in bonds, who were set at liberty upon a mere nominal submission. Among these was one WILLIAM MUNT, with ALICE his wife, and their daughter, ROSE ALLEN, a young maiden. This godly family, returning to their home in Essex, continued as before, to worship God according to their consciences, never entering a place of idolatrous worship. Their absence from the church greatly vexed the parish priest, one Tye, who complained heavily of them to lord Darcy, and then, in another letter, to Bonner, representing them as most pestilent heretics. This brought a storm of persecution about God's poor people; so that they were forced to hide themselves. However, it did not avail: on a Sunday, at two o'clock in the morning, the house was entered by Edmund Tyrrel, a descendant, Fox says, of the Tyrrel who murdered king Edward V., and his brother, attended by the bailiff of the hundred, two constables, and a great number of followers, who beset the house, while Tyrrel, with a few of his companions, went to the chamber where Munt and his wife were lying, and ordered them to rise up and go with him to Colchester castle. The poor woman was sick, and being faint, she requested that her daughter might bring her a little drink before she got up. This was granted, and Rose, taking a stone pot in one hand and a candle in the other, went to draw the drink. As she returned, Tyrrel met her in another room, and desired her to give her father and mother good counsel, that they might be better "catholic" people. "Sir," answered the maiden, "they have a better Instructor than I: for the Holy Ghost doth teach them, I hope, who I trust will not suffer them to err." On this Tyrrel exclaimed, "Why, art thou still in that mind, thou naughty hussey? Marry, it is time to look after such her-

etics indeed." "Sir," replied Rose, "with what you call heresy, do I worship my Lord God, I tell you truth." Tyrrel observed, "Then I perceive you will burn, gossip, with the rest, for company's sake." "No, sir, not for company's sake, but for my Christ's sake, if so I be compelled; and I hope in his mercies if he call me to it, he will enable me to bear it."

Tyrrel, hearing this, turned to his friends, and said, "Sirs, this gossip will burn; do you not think it?" One of them replied, "Marry sir, prove her, and you shall see what she will do by and by." This appeal to the tender mercies of popery was not lost upon the inhuman scoffer. He took the candle from the young girl, and seizing her by the wrist, held the back of her hand over the flame, burning it across, until the sinews cracked asunder. This fact, almost incredible under all the circumstances, was attested by one who stood by and saw it; as also by two persons who dressed the wound, at a house where the innocent family rested the next night on their journey. During this dreadful infliction, the wretch Tyrrel kept exclaiming, "Wilt thou not cry?" addressing her by a vile epithet each time: she answered that she had no cause, she thanked God, but rather to rejoice. He had more cause, she said, to weep than she, if he considered well the end of the matter. When the sinews had burst with a sound that might be heard through the house, he thrust her from him, with a torrent of the foulest language that could be uttered: and she, when he paused, quietly said, "Sir, have you done what ye will do?" "Yea," answered this monster, "and if you think it be not well, then mend it." "Mend it!" repeated Rose; "may the Lord mend you, and give you repentance, if it be his will. And now if you think it good, begin at the feet, and burn the head also; for he that set you to work shall pay you your wages one day, I warrant you." She then carried the drink to her mother. During her imprisonment, Rose describing to a friend the manner of burning her hand, said, "While it was burning, I, having a pot in my other hand, might have laid him on the face with it, if I would, for no man held my hand, to let me therein. But, I thank God with all my heart, I did it not." Being asked by another how she could endure such torture, she said it was at first some grief to her; but afterwards, the longer she burned the less she felt it, or well near none at all.

After this horrible cruelty, the party searched the house further, and finding there a man named John Thurston, with Margaret, his wife, carried them also to Colchester, on suspicion. Thurston died there. In the castle was a prisoner named JOHN JOHNSON, who was joined with the Munts in their condemnation and death. On being brought to examination before Chedsey and others, Munt said that the sacrament of the altar was an abominable idol, and that if he observed any part of their popish proceedings he should displease God, and bring his curse upon him: and therefore, for fear of his vengeance, he durst not do it. He was examined on many points; but, by the grace of God, he stood firm to the truth, and heard his sentence read. Johnson, who was from Thorpe, in Essex, bore a similar testimony, and was also condemned. Alice Munt confirmed, in all respects, what her husband had declared, and was made partaker of his doom. Last came Rose, who, at the age of twenty years, had been already permitted to make trial of the Lord's faithfulness in supporting his poor people under the torment of fire. She answered very boldly, when examined on the seven sacraments of the Romish church, and their other ordinances, that they stunk in the face of God, and she durst not have to do with them for her life: neither was she any member of theirs, for they were, she told them, the members of Antichrist, and so should have, if they repented not, the reward of Antichrist. Being asked what she could say of the see of the bishop of Rome, whether she would obey his authority or no, she replied, that she was none of his: adding, "As for his see, it is for kites, owls, and ravens to swim in, such as you be; for, by the grace of God, I will not swim in that sea while I live, neither will I have any thing to do therewith." They condemned her, and sending her back to prison with the rest, she continued singing for joy, to the wonder of many who heard and saw her gladness of heart. In the castle they remained continually praising God, and looking for the day of their deliverance, which was not far distant; for Bonner hastened to send down the writ, with his trusty agent Cosins to see it put into cruel execution, and the 2d of August was fixed for the murder.

They were not, however, to be the only victims: six other faithful followers of the Lamb were to undergo the like fiery trial on the same day. These were confined in Mote-hall, another prison in Colchester, and had all been

condemned together. WILLIAM BONGEAR, a glazier, native of that town, said that the sacrament of the altar was bread, is bread, and so remaineth bread; and for their consecration it is not the holier, but rather the reverse. He stood to this, and his sentence was read. THOMAS BENOLD, a tallow-chandler, also of Colchester, held the same, and received the like condemnation. W. PURCAS, a youth of twenty years, of Bocking, in Essex, said that when he received the sacrament he received bread in a holy use, that preacheth the remembrance that Christ died for him. From this he could not be moved, nor from his other scriptural doctrine: so they condemned him. AGNES SILVERSIDE, widow, of Colchester, said that she loved no consecration (meaning the pretended transubstantiation of the elements), for she thought the bread and wine rather the worse than the better for it. This poor woman answered them to all they said with equal boldness and judgment, so as to rejoice the hearts of all who loved the truth. She bore patiently many mocks and taunts, and received her sentence. HELEN EWRING, a miller's wife, of the same town, was one of the twenty-two prisoners already mentioned; and after her deliverance had returned home, where she enjoyed not long her liberty, for, meeting with a bailiff of the place, whom she knew to be a special enemy to Christ's gospel, he came up, saluted her, and welcomed her back from London. She remarked to him that it was but a Judas' kiss he had given her, for in the end he would, she knew, betray her. And so it came to pass: he apprehended her a few days afterwards, and lodged her in prison. When put on her examination, although very hard of hearing, she was distinct enough in her declarations, denying with her whole heart all the laws set forth by the pope. She, too, was condemned. Last came a young servant maiden, named ELIZABETH FOLKS, who, having been examined separately on only one article, whether she believed there was a Catholic church of Christ or no, and answering yea, was delivered to her uncle, who was told to take her home. But a report being spread that she had recanted, she could by no means rest: she wept in great anguish of mind and terror of conscience, until she hastened back to the house of Cosins, and made such a statement of her faith that they brought her up again with the foregoing five, and examined her as to whether she believed the presence of Christ's body to be in the sacrament substantially and really, or no?

She answered that she believed it was a substantial lie, and a real lie. At this the priests were greatly chafed, and again asked her whether, after consecration, there remained not the body of Christ in the sacrament? She replied, that before consecration, and after, it is but bread; and that which man blesseth without God's word, is cursed and abominable by the word. Then they asked her of confession to a priest, of going to hear mass, of the authority of the bishop of Rome, and other matters; to all which she answered, that she would neither use nor frequent any of them all, by the grace of God, but from the bottom of her heart utterly detested and abhorred all such trumpery. When sentence was read against her Chedsey wept much; but she, at the conclusion, kneeled down, and lifting up her hands and eyes to heaven, with fervent prayer, audibly praised God that ever she was born to see that most blessed and happy day, that the Lord would count her worthy to suffer for the testimony of Christ. "And, Lord," she said, "if it be thy will, forgive them that they have done this against me, for they know not what they do." Then, rising up, she exhorted all those on the bench to repentance, especially marking out Maynard, the bailiff, who had betrayed Helen Ewring, and many others; a man whose feelings were so seared, that when sitting in judgment with the rest on his victims, he usually slept the while. She also warned all halting gospellers to beware of blood, for it would cry for vengeance; and, in conclusion, laying her hand on the bar at which she stood, the courageous girl told them all, that if they did not repent their wicked doings therein, undoubtedly that very bar would witness against them, in the day of judgment, that they had on that day shed innocent blood.

When the appointed time came, it was resolved to have two of these hideous exhibitions, instead of one; to burn six in the morning, and four in the afternoon; so before seven o'clock on the morning of August the second, the Lord's poor little flock, imprisoned in Mote-hall, were brought to a plot of ground just outside the town-wall, where all was prepared for their suffering. Here the martyrs kneeled down, making their humble prayers to God, being greatly interrupted by the tyrannous cruelty of those about them: one, in particular who had apostatized from the true faith, showed himself very forward in molesting them; they therefore concluded shortly, and undressed for

the fire. Elizabeth Folks wished to give her petticoat to her poor mother, who came and kissed her as she stood at the stake, exhorting her to be strong in the Lord; but the inhuman tools of Satan who surrounded them would not suffer it. The girl therefore threw the garment from her, saying, "Farewell all the world—farewell faith—farewell hope;" and, taking the stake in her hand and kissing it, "welcome love." While she was being fastened to the stake, the man who nailed the chain, missed striking the staple, and the hammer gave her a heavy stroke on the shoulder-bone: on feeling it, she suddenly looked round, then lifting her eyes to the Lord, prayed smilingly awhile, and again gave herself to exhorting the people.

When all these six were nailed, and the fire kindled about them, they with one accord began clapping their hands for joy, which so affected the people, that they cried out aloud, with a general voice, "The Lord strengthen them; the Lord comfort them; the Lord pour his mercies upon them;" with such like exclamations, that the outcry was wonderful to hear. Meanwhile the blessed martyrs yielded their bodies and their souls into the loving hands of Him who is the Saviour of both, and before whom they now rejoice, with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

The other fire was prepared in the Castle-yard that same afternoon, and there good old Munt, with his sick wife, and constant daughter, and Johnson, who left behind him three motherless little babes, were made fast to their stakes. They called upon God, exhorted the spectators to flee from idolatry, and met the flames with such triumphant joy, that the people were no less moved than in the morning, and responded to their prayers and praises with such shouts as they had uttered before. Thus entered ten souls into glory on that day, to receive the kingdom prepared for them before the foundation of the world.

At Bristol, they put to death a weaver named Thomas Benion, who asserted that in the sacrament, as they used it, was nothing but bread; and also, that, of the seven which they held, only two were really sacraments—baptism, and the Lord's supper. The chancellor, Dalby, condemned him, and he suffered most patiently, with his last breath rehearsing, in the flames, the articles of his Christian faith.

George Eagles was a man of small learning, and by occupation a tailor; but God, who often chooses the weak

and base things of the world by whom to magnify his great power, gifted this poor artisan with such heavenly wisdom and eloquence, that he became a teacher of many. It was in the bright and happy days of blessed young Edward that Eagles first exercised this gift; and when all became dark and dangerous he ceased not, but wandered abroad through the land, seeking out the dispersed sheep of the Lord's pasture, in order to comfort and strengthen them in the faith. So constantly was he seen thus employed, now lodging in a town, now lying in fields and woods, that he obtained the nickname of Trudgeover. His diet was spare and simple in the extreme, water being his only drink; and not only while compelled by persecution so to do, but at times when he might have fared better, he chose to inure himself to hardship by such privations. For some years the enemy had been actively trying to lay hold on Eagles, and those who resorted to his society; but, by God's providence, they were long able to elude their adversaries, hiding themselves in thickets, barns, holes, and wheresoever they could creep for shelter. At last an edict was issued by the unhappy queen, and proclaimed through Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and Kent, offering twenty pounds, a good sum in those days, to any one who would apprehend George Eagles. This set many upon devising plans to entrap him, and at length they succeeded. He was seen at a fair, or mart, kept at Colchester, and would then have been seized had he not escaped, first to a grove, thence to a field of standing corn, where he lay down, concealed, until his pursuers, giving up all hope of discovering him, were obliged to depart. One of them, however, more subtle or more covetous than the rest, staid behind and mounted a high tree, to look about for his victim. Eagles, supposing all to be now safe, rose to his knees, and lifting up his hands, prayed to God. The lurking enemy either saw or heard him; and, descending from the tree, suddenly laid hold on him, and brought him into Colchester a prisoner. He was, however, disappointed of the expected reward, getting only a trifling sum, and hardly obtaining that.

Eagles, followed by the lamentations of all devout people, and amid great sorrow of the church of Christ, was committed, first to the castle of Colchester, and, after four days, sent to Chelmsford, where he passed the night in prayer, not sleeping, and taking only bread and water; and next day was removed to London, to be brought before the

bishop, or the council, who sent him back to Chelmsford, to take his trial for treason. The act on which they indicted him was the same whereby the duke of Somerset had been made way with: it provided, that if men, above the number of six, should secretly assemble together, they should be attached as traitors against the state. It pleased the sanguinary persecutors to vary their favourite amusement of butchery, and to put this victim to a dreadful death, without the aid of fire: cloaking, too, their religious zeal for once under an affectation of loyal devotion to the civil laws. Eagles made a full and bold confession of his faith, proving himself to be what they accounted a pestilent heretic, but by no means could he induce them to transfer the charge to that ground. The indictment accused him of having, on such a day, made a prayer that God would turn queen Mary's heart, or else take her away. He denied having prayed that God should take her away; but confessed the prayer that God would turn her heart. However, he was condemned for a traitor, and the sentence pronounced that he should be hanged, drawn, and quartered.

When the time came, he was laid on a hurdle, as good lord Cobham had been, and drawn to the place of execution, fettered, with a psalm-book in his hand, from which he devoutly read, with a loud voice, all the way along. Two thieves were condemned to suffer with him; and to them he addressed much earnest exhortation, which one of them received with a mocking scorn, saying, "Why should we doubt to obtain heaven, forasmuch as this holy man shall go before us, as captain and leader unto us in the way. We shall flee thither straight, as soon as he hath once made us the entry." Eagles, and also his companion, strongly reproved him; for the other criminal had given great heed to what was said, and earnestly bewailed his own wickedness, crying to Christ for mercy. But the hardened creature could by no means be silenced; he continued to scoff till they came to the gallows, and Eagles was led on to another place. When the two felons ascended the ladder, the repentant one went first; and having exhorted the people against transgressing God's laws, he committed his soul into the hands of the Saviour, whom Eagles seems to have been sent to direct him to in this extremity, and died quietly. The mocker's turn then came; and when he was called on to put up a dying prayer, he was found to be

suddenly rendered unable to utter two connected words: though the under-sheriff even repeated the Lord's prayer for him, bidding him follow him in it, he could not; his tongue was paralyzed; and with a few muttered sounds, quite unintelligible, he ended his course.

This produced a strong effect on the people; they saw the just judgment of God on one who had scorned and mocked the preacher of his truth; while the change wrought in the other criminal appeared a striking testimony of that preacher's blessedness. We cannot enter into the details of George Eagles' cruel murder: aggravated by all that the wantonness of the tormentors could inflict. He died calmly, uncomplainingly, and in the full assurance of faith.

The bailiff who had drawn him to execution, and had most barbarously butchered him with his own hands, was soon after stricken with a frightful leprosy; and at the time Fox wrote the story, was a beggar, with all belonging to him.

At Norwich, about the same time, suffered a godly man named Richard Crashfield, of Wymondham. Dunning, the savage chancellor examined him in his usual strain of overbearing insolence, beginning with, "How say you, sirrah, to the ceremonies of the church?" After drawing from him a confession of orthodox faith, he remanded him till the following day, then rehearsed the words that Crashfield had spoken, asking if they were not his? to which he assented. Then said Dunning, "How say you, can you not find in your heart, when you come to the church, to kneel down before the rood, and make your prayer?" Crashfield answered, "No;" and repeated the second commandment. "Have you not read or heard," said the chancellor, "that God commanded an image to be made?" Crashfield asked, "What image?" He replied, "The brazen serpent." "Yes," said the martyr, "I have heard it read how that God did command it to be made, and likewise to be broken down." Dr. Bridges then asked, "Wherefore did God command the seraphims and cherubims to be made?" He said he could not tell, and would fain learn. The chancellor said, "Can you find in your heart to fall down before the picture of Christ, which is the rood?" He answered, "No, I fear the curse of God: for it is written that God curseth the hands that make them, yea, and the hands that make the tools wherewith they are

carved." This made Dr. Bridges very angry, who said, "List now, what a piece of scripture he hath here gotten to serve his purpose; for he will not allow but where he listeth." The chancellor next asked him what he said to confession to the priest: when was he last confessed? He replied, "I confess myself daily unto the eternal God, whom I most grievously offend." "Do you not then take confession to the priest to be good?" inquired Dunning. "No, but rather wicked." He was next asked about the music of their church, which he also disapproved, as not being the right use of spiritual songs and hymns, commanded in the scripture.

A day or two after this, Bridges was sent to the prison to examine him, who began by saying that the lord bishop, in his love, had sent him, because the morrow being Crashfield's appointed day, he did not wish them to have much ado with him. Crashfield replied that it was not to him he was much disposed to show his mind: but Bridges desired him to say what he thought of the sacrament of the altar; assuring him that unless he believed as the church had taught, he was condemned both body and soul. Crashfield answered, "Judge not, lest you be judged; condemn not, lest you be condemned." "Lo," cried Bridges, "we shall have a traitor as well as a heretic; for he will disallow the king's judgment." "No," said Crashfield, "I do not disallow the king's judgment; but yours I do disallow. For I pray you tell me, how came you by this judgment?" Dunning answered, "By the church: for the church hath power to save and condemn: for if you be condemned by the church, be ye sure that you are damned both body and soul." "If you have this power," returned the martyr, "I am sore deceived; for I believe that Christ shall be our judge. But now I perceive you will do so much for him, that you will not put him to the pain." After some disputation concerning those who murmured at our Lord's saying, in the sixth of John, when the doctor, as usual, was opposed to the true reading, he asked Crashfield, "What shall I tell my lord of you?" To which he replied, "If you have nothing to tell him, your errand shall be sooner done."

On the Tuesday after this, Crashfield was brought before Dunning and others, for a final examination. They went over the question of the sacrament, in which he differed nothing from the martyrs who had gone before him; only he

made a striking remark on the subject of the priest's assumed power of offering up Christ's body in sacrifice, in the mass: he said, "Christ saith, 'I give my life for the redemption of the world. No man taketh my life from me, saith he, but I give it of my own power; and so I have power to take it again.' Therefore Christ, the Son of God, did offer his body once for all. And if you will presume to offer his body daily, then your power is above Christ's power." This put the judges into a chafe; and they lost no time in condemning him; after which he was soon brought to the stake, ending his testimony with his life in glorious martyrdom.

At Rochester, at the same time, they laid hold on a man named FRYER, and a woman who was a sister of George Eagles, and burnt them together, for resisting the wicked doctrine of Antichristian Rome.

Then followed the martyrdom of a most interesting person. This was Mrs. JOYCE LEWES, of Mancetter, the birthplace of the Glovers, whose especial friend she was. Mrs. Lewes had been delicately brought up, delighting in gay apparel, and all the vanities of the higher rank of society, to which she belonged. She was twice married; her first husband being a gentleman named Appleby; the second Thomas Lewes. She went to mass, and did as others, in the beginning of Mary's reign; but on hearing the particulars of the burning of that holy man Lawrence Saunders, at Coventry, she began to give some heed to the great matter of religion, earnestly inquiring of those who she knew feared God, the cause of Saunders' death. She found it was for refusing to attend mass; and this made her anxious and unquiet. The house was close by John Glover's, and to him she very often resorted, requesting him to show her what was wrong in the mass, and in the other things that were urged as being necessary to salvation.

Glover, perceiving both the disturbed state of her mind, and her earnest desire to know the truth, diligently instructed her in the ways of the Lord; not only showing, from his word, that the mass and all other popish inventions were odious in God's sight, but also reproving in her the love of the world and its sinful follies. Under his godly instruction, the Lord working thereby a thorough conviction of her lost estate by nature, and her manifold transgressions, she grew in grace, renouncing all that before had been so ensnaring to her, and showing the most earnest desire to

devote herself in all things to God; whose love was largely shed abroad in her heart. As a necessary consequence of spiritual knowledge and true faith, she began to hate the mass, as an evil and abominable thing. Her husband, however, was a furious bigot; and when his violence constrained her to attend the church, she could not endure the sprinkling of what they call holy water, considering it to be injurious to the blood of Christ. So she turned her back upon the sprinkler; and for this was accused to the bishop, as one who despised the sacraments. A citation was immediately sent, commanding her to appear forthwith before the bishop; but her husband, to whom it was delivered, became enraged, and told the summoner that if he did not directly take it back, he would oblige him to eat it. The officer refusing to withdraw it, the intemperate man presently held a dagger to his heart, and in that way compelled him to swallow the paper, and afterwards to drink to what he had eaten: then sent him away. Lewes and his wife were, of course, peremptorily commanded to appear before the bishop; when the gentleman found means, by a full submission and apology, to obtain pardon, on condition that his wife should also submit herself: but she stoutly told the bishop that by refusing the holy water, she had neither offended God nor any part of his laws. This grievously displeased him; but in consideration of her being a gentlewoman, he would not, as he said, take her at the worst; so gave her a month's respite, binding her husband, under a penalty of a hundred pounds, to bring her again before him at the end of that time. They were then both allowed to depart.

Mrs. Lewes now gave herself to prayer, with increased diligence, calling upon the Lord without ceasing, and resorting still to John Glover, who carefully instructed her in God's word, exhorting her above all things to do nothing in a spirit of vain glory, or for the hope of getting herself a name: for that the danger was extreme, if she should engage in the cause otherwise than as Christ himself might lead her. She was, however, so taught of God in the matter, that the event could be no other than martyrdom.

When the month was nearly expired, and the time drew very near for her appearance before the bishop, Mr. Glover and others earnestly entreated her husband not to take her to certain destruction, but to seek some way of saving her; or, at the worst, to forfeit the penalty, rather than to cast

his own wife into the fire. To this he answered that he would not lose or forfeit any thing for her sake; and so, with the spirit of a murderer, he carried her to the cruel bishop, who examined her, and found her more firm and resolute than she was before. He threatened her with death; and for a beginning of her troubles, sent her to such a loathsome prison, that a maid-servant who was appointed to attend her there, fainted away through the intolerable stench of the place. In this dungeon was the lady long kept, who found it, with the presence of Christ, far sweeter than all the luxurious delicacies in which she once delighted had ever been.

Many times was Mrs. Lewes examined by the persecutors; but as she grew in grace and in the knowledge of her Saviour, she increased in boldness and constancy; so that, after a long while, she was brought up for judgment. The bishop attempted once more to move her, reasoning, and asking her why she could not come to the mass, to receive the sacraments and sacramentals of the Holy Ghost. She replied, "Because I find not these things in God's word, which you so urge and magnify as things most needful for men's salvation. If these things were in the same word of God commanded, I would with all my heart receive, esteem, and believe them." The bishop then said, "If thou wilt believe no more than is in the scripture concerning matters of salvation, thou art in a damnable case." At this shocking declaration she appeared very much amazed; and, moved by the Spirit of God to rebuke such blasphemy against the revelation of his holy will, told the bishop that his words were ungodly and wicked.

Sentence was then passed on her, and she was delivered to the sheriff to be put to death: but he, affirming that no one should compel him to commit such a deed, and being also recently chosen to the office, she continued during a whole year in prison, until his shrievalty expired. For this his own life was endangered; and he suffered great trouble and persecution while the evil party continued in power. Her long imprisonment was overruled to the good of many; for such was the feeling excited by her deportment there, that all who were not utterly hardened against every good impression, bitterly lamented her sufferings; and must of necessity have abhorred the cruelty that inflicted them, and the accursed root of error whence it sprung. At length the appointment of another sheriff brought deliverance near

to this persecuted child of God. The writ *de comburendo*, as they called it, was fetched down from London, and she, hearing it, summoned some of her friends to meet in her prison, that they might together consult how she should so behave herself on the occasion as to render her death most glorious to the name of God; most comfortable to his people, and discouraging to his enemies. "As for death," said she, "I do not greatly regard it: when I behold the amiable countenance of Christ my dear Saviour, the ugly face of death does not greatly trouble me." She seemed to draw great consolation from a very full and rich assurance of God's love, in electing her to eternal life.

On the evening preceding the day appointed for her slaughter, two priests repaired to the house of the undersheriff, where she then lay, and sent him to inform her that they were come to hear her confession; as they would be sorry that she should die without making it. She sent them word, in answer, that she had made her confession to Christ her Saviour; at whose hands she was sure to have forgiveness of her sins. And as concerned the cause for which she was to die, she had no reason, she said, to confess that, but rather to give unto God most humble praise, that he did make her worthy to suffer death for his word; and as for any absolution that they were able to give to her, by the pope's authority, she defied it from the bottom of her heart. This message the sheriff repeated to the priests, who observed: "Well, to-morrow her stoutness will be proved and tried; for although, perhaps, she hath now some friends that whisper her in the ear, to-morrow we will see who dare be so hardy as to come near her." And away they went, in no small anger at having their confession and absolution thus set at nought. During that evening the martyr was wonderfully cheerful and animated; yet with a mixture of such holy seriousness as showed the majesty of the Spirit of God working in her to glorify Him. All fear was expelled: death had no terrors for her; and the time was happily spent in praying, reading, and conversing with the friends who purposely came to comfort and strengthen her out of the word of God.

But about three o'clock in the morning, Satan, who never sleeps, and who is particularly busy with the Lord's people on the approach of death, began to assail her, by shooting the same fiery dart wherewith he had grievously harassed Robert Glover under the same circumstances. He put her

upon questioning how she could tell that she was chosen to eternal life, and that Christ died for her. "I grant that he died," was the thought suggested; "but that he died for thee, how canst thou tell?" It is, perhaps, a natural consequence of so much exercise in those matters which are too high for us, and limiting within bounds of man's fixing, the efficacy of the Redeemer's sacrifice, that those who do it should at times be perplexed as to their personal acceptance before God, even when lying low at the foot of that cross where none ever perished; and John Glover, her principal teacher, had been well nigh drowned in despair by venturing beyond his depth in those matters. Be that as it may, Mrs. Lewes felt the same terrors; but some of her friends gave her wise counsel, referring her not to the inscrutable decrees of the Most High, but to her own experience of his love to her soul, in calling her to the knowledge of himself in his blessed word; and also to the evident working of the Holy Spirit in her heart, producing a love to God, a desire to please him, and a wish to be justified by him, through the righteousness of his Son. By these arguments and persuasions, with many promises drawn from the Scriptures, the enemy was driven back, and comfort restored to her soul.

At eight o'clock the sheriff entered her room, and thus bluntly addressed her:—"Mrs. Lewes, I am come to bring you tidings of the queen's pleasure, the which is, that you shall live no longer but one hour in this world; therefore prepare yourself thereto; it standeth you in hand." The suddenness of the announcement, so rudely, grossly, and unfeelingly made, by an officer of his authority, somewhat disconcerted the martyr, who seemed for a moment dismayed; but one of her friends standing by, immediately said, "Mrs. Lewes, you have great cause to praise God, who will vouchsafe so speedily to take you out of this world, and make you worthy to be a witness of his truth, and to bear record unto Christ that he is the only Saviour." These seasonable words at once revived her; and she said, "Master sheriff, your message is welcome to me, and I thank my God that he will make me worthy to adventure my life in his quarrel." The sheriff then departed; and returning within an hour with weapons and attendants, went to the chamber to fetch his willing victim. One of her friends requested permission to go with her to the stake, there to comfort her; and for granting this indulgence the sheriff

was afterwards greatly accused and troubled: for there was no crime more unpardonable in the sight of Christ's enemies than that of showing common humanity to his suffering servants.

The lady was led through the town, guarded by many billmen, in the sight of a great multitude of people, by two faithful friends, M. Michael Reniger, and that blessed succourer of God's poor hunted sheep, Augustine Bernher. She came to the place of execution; but the fresh air proving too overpowering after her very long confinement in a close prison, she became faint, and one of her friends sent to the sheriff's house for some drink. Before taking the cup into her hand this bold and fervent confessor prayed thrice and loudly, that God would most instantly abolish the idolatrous mass, and deliver the realm from papistry; at which nearly all the people present cried out, amen; yea, the very sheriff who stood by, ready to cast her into the fire for not allowing the mass, uttered a distinct amen to her prayer for its instant destruction. She then received the cup at her friend's hand, and said, "I drink to all them that unfeignedly love the gospel of Jesus Christ, and wish for the abolishment of papistry." When she had drunk, her friend did the same; and very many especially the women of the place, pressed round to take the cup, and pledge her in the sentiment that she had uttered. For this they were severely plagued by the cruel papists; but no enemy could hinder the prayer of his persecuted saints from entering into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth. He prompted the petition, for it was his merciful purpose soon to answer it: for which be His holy name blessed and praised evermore!

The martyr was chained to the stake, and showed at the time such cheerfulness as none could account for: it proceeded from the peace which passeth all understanding. She had also, even after her long and wasting imprisonment, so bright a colour in her cheek, and showed such perfect patience, that all who had any feeling left, lamented with tears the merciless tyranny of those blood-thirsty men. When the fire reached her, she neither struggled nor moved, but just lifted up her hands to heaven, and was dead almost immediately; for the under sheriff had, at the request of her friends, provided such materials for the fire as ensured her speedy dispatch. It was always in the power of the murderers to shorten, if they chose it, the suf-

ferings of their victims: how far they were pleased to do this, let the lingering torments of which we have been compelled to give recital declare. It will be a fearful day when God returns to the great mother of harlots and abominations of the earth the cup that she filled for his saints, and fills it to her double, as he has declared that he will do!

The miserable instruments of Satan's malice hired others to be the ministers of their own, by railing at and reviling this innocent and godly lady, both on her way to execution, and when she came to the stake. Among these was an old priest who took out tablets, to note down the names of such as drank with Mrs. Lewes; and when he could not discover the names of any of her friends, he wrote out a description of their apparel which afterwards helped him to ascertain who they were. By this means, processes were drawn out, and sent after them to Coventry, and other places; but the wrath of man could go no step beyond the limits assigned by the Most High, and through his mercy they all escaped.

Soon after this butchery, four martyrs were burned at Islington. The first of these was RALPH ALLERTON, no regular minister, but a preacher of the gospel, who coming into his own parish of Bentley, and seeing the people perfectly idle, gazing about or gossiping together, exhorted them to fall to prayer, and to meditate on God's holy word. They willingly consented: and he, to help them therein, led the prayer, and read a chapter in the New Testament, and so departed. In this exercise he continued from time to time, until being told that he could not lawfully do so, not being regularly ordained, he left off doing it, and kept close in his own house. However, he was there visited by some informers, or sworn men, who attacked him for reading publicly; but finding that he had not done so since he was cautioned, and also that he had earnestly exhorted the people to obedience, they let him go. Notwithstanding, he so well knew the danger, that he left his house, and concealed himself in woods, and other obscure places, until the searchers discovered and apprehended him. Lord Darcy sent him, after an examination, to the council; and they, to save themselves trouble, made him over to Bonner, who, by threats and other means so wrought upon his mind, that he was induced to revoke and recant publicly, at Paul's cross, the truths which he had held and taught. This brought freedom to

his body, but laid his soul and conscience in such a bondage of terror and despair, that, had not the immeasurable mercy of God, who never suffers his elect children utterly to fall, interposed to restore him, he must soon have sunk under it, and have perished everlastingly. The Lord did so cast his gracious eye upon this lost sheep, as upon Peter of old; and after exercising him with fatherly chastisement, once more raised him again; adding to the gift of hearty repentance that of constancy and boldness to profess, even unto death, the holy name and glorious gospel which he had falsely denied. Tye, the priest who cruelly persecuted the Munts, was the means of again laying hold on their neighbour, Allerton, and once more sent him to Bonner.

The story of his first examination, at Fulham, written with his own hand, in blood, for lack of ink, displays Bonner, in his profane coarseness, and the prisoner in his calm wisdom, so strikingly, that we will give it in the words of the latter; omitting only some epithets applied to him by the bishop, too disgustingly gross and low to be repeated here. Bonner began, "Ah, sirrah, how chanceth it that you are come hither again on this fashion? I dare say thou art accused wrongfully." Allerton replied, "Yea, my lord, so I am. For if I were guilty of such things as I am accused of, then I would be very sorry." B. "By St. Mary, that is not well done. But let me hear, art thou an honest man? for if I can prove no heresy by thee, then shall thine accusers do thee no harm at all. Go to, let me hear thee; for I did not believe the tale to be true." A. "My lord, who did accuse me? I pray you let me know, and what is mine accusation, that I may answer thereunto." B. "Ah, wilt thou so? Before God, if thou hast not dissembled, then thou needest not be afraid, nor ashamed to answer for thy self. But tell me in faith, hast thou not dissembled?" A. "If I cannot have my accusers to accuse me before you, my conscience doth constrain me to accuse myself before you: for I confess that I have grievously offended God in my dissimulation, at my last being before your lordship: for the which I am right sorry, as God knoweth." B. "Wherein, I pray thee, didst thou dissemble, when thou wast before me?" A. "Forsooth, my lord, if your lordship remember, I did set my hand upon a certain writing, the contents whereof, as I remember, were, that I did believe in all things as the catholic church teacheth, &c. In the which I did

not disclose my mind, but shamefully dissembled, because I made no difference between the true church and the untrue church." B. "Nay, but I pray thee let me hear more of this gear; for I fear me thou wilt smell of a heretic, anon. Which is the true church, as thou sayest? Dost thou not call the heretic church the true church, or the catholic church of Christ? Now which of these two is the true church, sayest thou? Go to, for in faith I will know of thee ere I leave thee." A. "As concerning the church of heretics, I utterly abhor the same, as detestable and abominable before God, with all their enormities and heresies: and the church catholic is it that I only embrace, whose doctrine is sincere, pure and true." B. "By St. Augustine, but that is well said of thee: for, by God Almighty, if thou hadst allowed the church of heretics, I would have burned thee with fire for thy labour." Here a priest, named Morton, said, "My lord, you know not what church it is that he calleth catholic: I warrant you, he meaneth naughtily enough." B. "Think you so? Now, by our blessed lady, if it be so he might have deceived me. How say you, sirrah; which is the catholic church?" A. "Even that which hath received the wholesome sound, spoken of by Isaiah, David, Malachi, and Paul, with many other more. The which sound, as it is written, hath gone throughout all the earth in every place, and unto the ends of the world." B. "Yea, thou sayest true, before God. For this is the sound that hath gone throughout all Christendom, and he that believeth not the sound of the holy church, as St. Cyprian saith, doth err. For he saith, that whosoever is out of the church is like unto them that were out of Noah's ship, when the flood came upon the whole world; so that the ark of Noah is likened unto the church: and therefore thou hast well said in thy confession. For the true church is not alone in Germany, nor was here in England in the time of the late schisms, as the heretics do affirm. For if the church should be there alone, then were Christ a liar; for he promised that the Holy Ghost should come to us to lead us unto all truth, yea, and remain with us unto the end of the world. So now if we will take Christ for a true sayer, then must we needs affirm that the way which is taught in France, Spain, Italy, Flanders, Denmark, Scotland, and all Christendom over, must needs be the true catholic church." A. "My lord, if you remember, I spake of all the world, as it is written, and not of all Christendom only,

as methinks your lordship taketh it: the which kind of speaking you do not find in all the Bible. For sure I am, that the gospel hath been both preached and persecuted in all lands. First in Jewry, by the scribes and pharisees; and since that time by Nero, Dioclesian, and such like; and now here in these days, by—your lordship knoweth whom. For truth it is that the church which you call catholic, is none otherwise catholic than was figured in Cain, observed of Jeroboam, Ahab, Jezebel, Nebuchadnezzar, Antiochus, Herod, and innumerable more of the like: and as both Daniel and Esdras make mention of these last days by a plain prophecy, and now fulfilled, as appeareth, and affirmed by our Saviour Christ, and his apostles, saying, There shall come grievous wolves to devour the flock." B. "Now, by the blessed sacrament of the altar, Mr. Morton, he is the rankest heretic that ever came before me! How say you, have you heard the like?" *Morton.* "I thought what he was at the first, my lord." B. "Now, by All-hallowes, thou shalt be burned with fire for thy lying; thou—— (Here he reviled him foully.) Dost thou find a prophecy in Daniel of us? Nay, you knave, it is you that he speaketh of, and of your false pretended holiness. Go to, let me hear what is the saying of Esdras; and take heed ye make not a lie, I advise you." A. "The saying of Esdras is this: 'The heat of a great multitude is kindled over you, and they shall take away certain of you, and feed the idols with you; and he that consenteth unto them shall be had in derision, laughed to scorn, and trodden under foot: yea, they shall be like madmen, for they shall spare no man; they shall spoil and waste such as fear the Lord.'" B. "And have you taken this thing to make your market good? Ah, sirrah, wilt thou say so? By my faith, a pretty instruction, and a necessary thing to be taught among the people! By my troth, I think there be more of this opinion. I pray thee tell me, is there any that understandeth this scripture on this fashion? Before God, I think there be none in all England but thou." A. "Yes, my lord, there are in England three religions." B. "Sayest thou so? which be those three?" A. "The first is that which you hold; the second is clean contrary to the same; and the third is a neuter, being indifferent; that is to say, observing all things that are commanded outwardly, as though he were of your part, his heart being set wholly against the same." B. "And of these three, which

art thou? for now thou must needs be of one of them." A. "Yea, my lord, I am of one of them; and that which I am of is even that which is contrary to that which you teach to be believed, under pain of death." B. "Ah, sir, you were here with me at Fulham, and had good cheer; you had money in your purse when you went away; and by my faith I had a favour unto thee; but now I see thou wilt be a naughty knave. Why, wilt thou take upon thee to read the scripture, and canst understand never a word? For thou hast brought a text of scripture, the which maketh clear against thee. For Esdras speaketh of the multitude of you heretics, declaring your hate against the catholic church, making the simple or idle people believe that all is idolatry that we do, and so entice them away till you have overcome them." A. "Nay, not so, my Lord. For he maketh it more plain, and saith on this wise, 'They shall take away their goods, and put them out of their houses, and then shall be known who are my chosen, saith the Lord: for they shall be tried, even as silver or gold, in the fire.' And we see it so come to pass, even as he hath said. For who is not now driven from house and home; yea, and his goods taken up for other men that never toiled for them, if he do not observe as you command and set forth? Or else, if he be taken, then must he either deny the truth, as I did, in dissembling, or else he shall be sure to be tried, as Edras saith, even as gold and silver is tried, in the fire. Wherefore all the world may know that you are the bloody church figured in Cain the tyrant, neither yet are ye able to avoid it."

On hearing this, Morton said, "I promise you, my lord, I like him better now than ever I did when he was here before you the other time. For then he did but dissemble, as I perceived well enough; but now methinks he speaketh plainly." Bonner replied, "Marry, sir, as you say, indeed he is plain; for he is a plain heretic, and shall be burned. Have the knave away; let him be carried to Little-ease in London, till I come." So Allerton was taken to that dreary prison, so aptly named by the scoffing persecutors who put up the Lord's flock in it. The next day he again appeared before Bonner, who had with him the dean of St. Paul's, and the chancellor of London. Some writings were produced, to which Allerton had set his hand, and which he readily acknowledged to be his. They contained the confession of his faith, and he firmly maintained it. Tye, the

wicked priest, brought a long list of false and frivolous charges against him, which he easily disposed of, showing the malice and cruelty that had prompted them. Bonner answered his vindication of himself, by saying, "Ah, sirrah, before God thou shalt be burnt with fire. Thou knowest Richard Roth, dost thou not? Is he of the same mind as thou art of, or no? Canst thou tell?" Allerton wisely replied to this cunning inquiry, in the words of the parents of him who had been born blind: "He is of age to answer, let him speak for himself; for I hear say that he is in your house." Bonner, after some more railing, said, "Sirrah, did you not set your hand to a writing, the tenor whereof was, that if thou shouldst at any time say or do heretically, then it should be lawful for me to take thee with a relapse, and to proceed in sentence against thee?" "Yea, that is so," answered Allerton. "But here it is to be asked whether it be sufficient that my hand or name in writing be able to give authority to you, or to any other, to kill me? For if I, by writing, can do so much, then must my authority be greater than yours. Nevertheless, I have neither said nor done heretically; but like a true Christian man I have behaved myself."

A fortnight after this, he was again brought before Bonner, lord North, Story, and others: they held a long talk respecting him in Latin; and then Bonner put to him this question: "How say you, sirrah, tell me briefly, at one word, wilt thou be contented to go to Fulham with me, and there to kneel thee down at mass, showing thyself outwardly as though thou didst it with a good will? Go to, speak." Allerton replied, "I will not say so;" and then Bonner cried out, "Away with him, away with him!" and he was taken back to prison for another week. At the end of it, he was again called to appear before this bishop, and three noblemen of the queen's council. After some boasting of his own great lenity and generosity, Bonner began to question him respecting their idol sacrament, on which he answered scripturally and truly. In the course of the discussion, Bonner brought out one of his gross illustrations, in proof of the rationality of his church's absurd doctrine of the transubstantiated wafer. He said, "I will show thee a parable. If I should set a piece of beef before thee, and say, Eat; it is beef: and then take part of it away, and send it to my cook, and he shall change the fashion thereof, and make it look like bread; what, wouldst thou say

that it were no beef, because it hath not the fashion of beef?" Instead of reproving his coarse simile, as others had done, Allerton answered the fool according to his folly, quietly saying, "Let me understand a little further, my lord: shall the cook add nothing thereto, nor take any thing therefrom?" Bonner said, "What is that to the matter, whether he do or no, so long as the shape is changed into another likeness?" The martyr having thus made him expose the wretchedness of his sophistry, took no further notice of it than to say that truth would have the victory; quoting some texts, which induced a learned doctor to observe, "By my lord's leave, here methinks thou speakest like a fool. Wilt thou be a judge of the scripture? Nay, thou must stand to learn and not to teach; for the whole congregation hath determined the matter long ago." Here a priest hastily interposed: "No, by your leave, we have a church and not a congregation. You mistake that word, master doctor." Allerton, turning to his fellow-prisoners, said, "My brethren, do ye not hear how these men help one another? Let us do also." But the persecutors took care they should not have opportunity so to do: for they seldom allowed them to appear together.

Nearly three weeks afterwards, when Allerton was again brought before Bonner, he had with him the Bishops of Rochester and Chichester, with others. Rochester asked him, "Were you a companion of George Eagles, otherwise called Trudgeover? my lord of London telleth me that you were his fellow-companion." "I knew him very well, my lord," said Allerton. "By my faith," returned the bishop, "I had him once, and then he was as drunk as an ape; for he stank so of drink, that I could not abide him and so sent him away." To this enormous falsehood Allerton replied, "My lord, I dare say you took your mark amiss. It was either yourself, or some of your own company; for he did neither drink wine, ale or beer, in a quarter of a year before that time; and therefore it was not he, forsooth."

No more of Allerton's examinations have been preserved: but it appears from the bishop's register that they brought many articles against him, some founded on his doctrines, some on letters of most godly import, written in blood, to his friends and fellow-martyrs, which they intercepted; and the rest on charges so utterly absurd and trivial, such as his having shaped a piece of an old board into

the likeness of a weapon, to amuse himself in his dungeon, that if it were not for the atrocious spirit which prompted them they would only excite derision. At the close of these harassing and contemptible proceedings, Bonner asked him the bootless question, whether he would believe in all points touching the sacrament of the altar, as is contained in the general council, holden and kept under Innocent III: at the same time reading their decree touching that sacrament. To this Allerton answered, "I believe nothing contained in the same council, neither have I any thing to do therewith; and it were also very necessary that no man else should have to do therewith." "Then," said Bonner, "thou art of the opinion that the heretics lately burnt at Colchester were of?" "Yes," said he, "I am of their opinion; and I believe that they be saints in heaven." Seeing no hope of prevailing against his faith, Bonner then read sentence against him; and he was delivered to the temporal officers, who kept him two months before the fire was prepared for dispatching him and his three fellow-martyrs.

These were James Austoo, with Margery Austoo, his wife, and Richard Roth. Austoo was a simple man; his wife had more knowledge and fervency; but God had abundantly gifted them both with saving faith and holy courage. When Bonner asked Austoo whether he did not believe as they would have him, that the true body and blood of Christ was in their sacrament, he answered, "No, not in the sacrament of the altar; but in the supper of the Lord, to the faithful receiver, is the very body and blood of Christ by faith." His wife was next asked how she liked the religion then used in the church of England; she replied, that she believed the same not to be according to God's word, but false and corrupted; and that they which went thereunto did it more for fear of the law than otherwise. He asked her again, if she would go to the church and hear mass, and pray for the prosperous estate of the king, who was then abroad, in his affairs? She answered, that she defied the mass with all her heart; and that she would not come into any church wherein were idols. Articles to the number of eighteen, many of them as frivolous and vexatious as could be, were then objected to them; which they both answered, as well as any who came before them had done. On the tenth of September, they were finally brought to Fulham, with Allerton; and being in Bonner's chapel, he said, "Austoo, dost thou know where thou

now art, and in what place, and before whom, and what thou hast to do?" "Yea," replied the poor man, "I know where I am: for I am in an idol's temple." On this, they were condemned by Bonner, who, as Fox says, delivering them unto the sheriff there present, did rid his hands, as he thought, of them; but the Lord in the end will judge that, to whom I refer his cause. Some cruel attempts were made to terrify the woman, by startling her in the dead of night with frightful sights and sounds: but the Lord's grace is all-sufficient for his people. Out of weakness they were made strong: and though their frail bodies were given to the tormentors, no weapon formed against their souls could prosper.

With Roth the bishop took great pains, to win him from Christ, but with no better success: he never wavered. So at last, by way of an article, Bonner laid against him that he was a comforter and emboldener of heretics; at the same time producing a beautiful letter, which Roth had written in his own blood, to the Munts, and the other condemned servants of God at Colchester. This letter he readily owned. Bonner then asked his opinion of Ralph Allerton, to which he answered, that he thought him to be one of the elect children of God; and that if at any time hereafter he happened to be put to death for his faith and religion, he thought he would die a true martyr. He also charged the bishop with being afraid to make his doings against Christ's people public; for he sent for them to Fulham under cover of night, to examine and condemn. Several who stood by, entreated him to recant, and to ask mercy of Bonner: "No," said he, "I will not ask mercy of him that cannot give it." He was then condemned, and delivered to the temporal officers; and on the 17th day of September, 1558, he, with Allerton and the Austoos, joyfully ended their mortal lives in one fire at Islington, for the testimony of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of the everlasting gospel of his grace.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FILLING UP OF THE MEASURE OF INIQUITIES IN MARY'S REIGN.

On the same day, two women were martyred at Colchester. One, Margaret Thurston, was the widow of a faithful servant of God, who had died in Colchester castle: the other, Agnes Bongeor, was among the prisoners in Mote hall. Both were condemned to suffer with the other ten; but Agnes being wrongly named in the writ, the sheriff kept her back. It seems that Margaret had wavered, and shrunk when the hour of trial came; and so was left behind; but her hesitation was only the momentary weakness of the flesh, and she at last witnessed a good confession.

When Agnes Bongeor saw herself separated from the party led forth to die, her anguish of spirit was extreme: she wept most bitterly, imagining herself denied of the Lord the privilege of suffering for His holy name: it was a spectacle of pity and wonder to all who came near her, to behold her deep affliction. On the morning of the burning, she had put on a long new garment, for the stake; and having a little infant at her bosom, which she had most tenderly nursed and nourished during her imprisonment, she delivered it up to a nurse, and so, breaking the last and tenderest of her earthly ties, expected to enter on that day into the presence of Him for whom all was forsaken. While she thus lamented and bewailed herself under the unwelcome respite, a pious friend came to her, and asked whether Abraham's obedience was accepted before God; for that he did sacrifice his son Isaac in being willing to offer him? She replied, "I know that Abraham's will before God was allowed for the deed, in that he would have done it, if the angel of the Lord had not stayed him: but I am unhappy, the Lord thinketh me not worthy of this dignity, and therefore Abraham's case and mine are not alike." "Why," said her friend, "would you not willingly have gone with your company, if God should so have suffered it?" She replied, "Yes, with all my heart; and because I did not, it is now my chief and greatest grief." Then said her friend, "My dear sister, I pray thee consider Abraham and thyself well; and thou shalt see thou dost nothing differ from him in will at all." "Alas!" she answered,

"there is a far greater matter in Abraham than in me, for Abraham was tried with the offering of his own child, but so am not I; and therefore our cases are not alike." "Good sister," returned the other, "weigh the matter but indifferently. Abraham, I grant, would have offered his son: and have not you done the like in your little sucking babe? But consider further than this, my good sister; when Abraham was commanded but to offer his son, you are heavy and grieved because you offer not yourself; which goeth somewhat more near you than Abraham's obedience did: and therefore before God, assuredly, is no less accepted and allowed in his holy presence: which, further, the preparing of your shroud doth also argue full well." This talk afforded some encouragement to the Lord's dear mourning child: she moderated her grief, and giving herself wholly to reading and prayer, found therein great comfort.

But her crown was sure: in little more than three weeks the writ came down for the slaughter of these two poor lambs of Christ; and then Margaret Thurston, greatly lamenting her former backsliding, and endued with strength from on high to bear a constant testimony to the truth, with Agnes Bongeor, rejoicing in the attainment of her earnest desire, went to the fire together. There they kneeled down, making their humble prayers to the Lord: which done, they arose, welcomed the chain that bound them to the stake, and, encompassed in flames, with singular joy and triumph gave up their souls into the hands of their loving Saviour. Who can doubt that they had an immediate and joyful meeting with the blessed spirits who had lately trod before them the fiery path to heaven!

JOHN NOYES was a shoemaker, dwelling at Laxfield, in Suffolk. He was reported for not coming to mass, and his house being surrounded by the crafty management of the cruel persecutors, he was taken when leaving it to visit his neighbours. One of the captors said to him, "Your Master hath deceived you." Noyes answered, "No; but take you heed your master deceive not you." The justices, before whom they carried him, sent him to the dungeon in Eye, whence he was brought to Norwich, and examined by the bishop as to his approval of the ceremonies used in the church, his admission of the pope's supremacy, and his belief in transubstantiation. His replies were not what they wanted, therefore he was forthwith condemned to the flames. In the Guildhall of Norwich, where Noyes was

imprisoned, his brother-in-law visited him, and asked whether, when the bishop pronounced sentence, he did not fear death, considering what a terrible one it was? Noyes told him that, he thanked God, he feared death no more at that time than he, or any other person then at liberty, did. He was then sent back to Eye, and to Laxfield. When he was brought to the stake no fire could be procured: it had been extinguished by the people in all their houses; but Lovel, the high constable, espying a little smoke issuing from one chimney, gave orders to break open the door, and there they found sufficient to afford a spark for their diabolical purpose. Noyes kneeled down at the stake, and repeated the fiftieth psalm, with other prayers; then, being chained, he said, "Fear not them that can kill the body; but fear Him that can kill both body and soul, and cast it into everlasting fire." When he saw his sister weeping and bewailing him, he told her not to weep for him, but to weep for her sins. Then a wretch named Cadman, the hastler—that is, the person who was to hasten the fire, for they had even found a name for that butchering office—who was a great champion in the pope's affairs, brought a fagot and set it up against the martyr, who lifted it, kissed it, and said, "Blessed be the time that ever I was born to come to this!" He then delivered his psalter to the under sheriff, requesting him to be good to his wife and children, and to give the former that book from him: the officer promised, but never performed it. Noyes then addressed the people: "They say they can make God of a piece of bread; believe them not." "Good people," he again said, "bear witness that I do believe to be saved by the merits and passion of Jesus Christ, and not by mine own deeds." The fire was then kindled, and he cried, "Lord, have mercy upon me! Christ, have mercy upon me! Son of David, have mercy upon me!" And so died this simple but fervent Christian.

A poor servant-man standing by, and looking on, exclaimed, "Good Lord, how the sinews of his arms shrink up!" These words were so reported to the sheriff that he took him into custody, bound the poor fellow's father and master under a penalty to have him forthcoming, and then bringing him to trial, set him in the stocks, and whipped him round the market-place before they let him go.

When Simon Miller and Elizabeth Cooper were burned at Norwich, as has already been related, there stood by them, in Lollards' pit, a poor woman named CICELY ORMES,

wife of a worsted-weaver, dwelling in St. Lawrence's parish, in that city. She was heard to say, that she would pledge them in the same cup that they drank of; and for this she was taken before the chancellor, who asked her what she said to the sacrament of Christ's body. She said she believed it was the sacrament of the body of Christ. "Yea," repeated the chancellor; "but what is that which the priest holdeth over his head?" She replied, "It is bread; and if you make it any better, it is worse." At this the chancellor, in a great heat, and with many threatening words, sent her off to prison. When next he summoned her before him he had with him Bridges, and others. He then offered her liberty to believe as she would, provided she attended church, and kept her tongue quiet. Cicely told him she would not consent to his wicked proposal, for if she did, God would surely plague her. The chancellor said he had shown more favour to her than he had ever done to any, being loth to condemn her, as she was but an ignorant, unlearned, and foolish woman. She immediately told him, that if he did, he should not be so desirous of destroying her sinful flesh, as she, by God's grace, would be content to give it in so good a quarrel. On this he rose up, read the sentence, and delivered her to the secular officers, who kept her prisoner in the Guildhall till the day of her death.

Cicely Ormes was one of those poor ones, rich in faith, who are often chosen to be the heirs of God's kingdom. Her father was a tailor, at East Dereham. She had once recanted, and for a whole year conformed to the reigning abomination; but her mind was so troubled by it, that at the time of her apprehension she had about her a letter, which she had just written to the chancellor, declaring that she would no longer dissemble, that she repented her recantation from the bottom of her heart, and would never again be guilty of the like while she lived. On the fifth of July she was apprehended; and on the twenty-third of September, between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, she was brought out to execution by the sheriffs, people to the number of two hundred being assembled to witness the murder. Having kneeled at the stake, in prayer to God, she said, on rising, "Good people, I believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, three persons, and one God. This do I not, nor will I recant: but I recant utterly, from the bottom of my heart, the doings of the pope of Rome, and all his popish priests and shavelings. I utterly

refuse, and never will have to do with them again, by God's grace. And, good people, I would you should not think of me that I believe to be saved in that I offer myself here unto the death for the Lord's cause; but I believe to be saved by the death and passion of Christ; and this my death is and shall be a witness of my faith unto all you here present. Good people, as many of you as believe as I believe, pray for me." She then went up to the stake, and laid her hand upon it, saying, "Welcome the cross of Christ." This stake being the same at which Miller and Cooper had been burned, was still black with the smoke of their fire, and soiled her hand; which, when she saw, she quietly wiped it with her shroud. Then again touching the stake with her hand, she drew nearer, and kissed it, repeating, "Welcome the sweet cross of Christ!" When she was bound to it, and the flames rose, she broke out into praise, saying, "My soul doth magnify the Lord; and my spirit rejoiceth in God my Saviour." She then joined her hands together, held them before her breast, cast her eyes upwards, and slowly and gradually raising her joined hands higher and higher, as the shrinking sinews compelled her to do, she so stood till the sinews burst, the arms fell, and she died, as motionless, as calm, and quiet, as if she had been all the while in a gentle slumber.

Thus, O Lord, hast thou chosen the weakest things of the world to confound those things that be mighty: and in thy saints thou art glorified!

We must now record the names of some individuals who had, at various times, suffered in the diocese of Chichester; but concerning whom no other account remains. Christopherson, the bishop, who had, in Woodman's case, shown something of a kindlier feeling than his brethren, became as fierce a persecutor as any. They were these:—

John Foreman,	Thos. Avington,
John Warner,	Dennis Burgis,
Christian Graver,	Thos. Ravensdale,
Nich. Holden,	John Miles,
John Oswald,	John Hart,
James Morrice,	Thomas Harland,
John Ashdon,	Thomas Deagate,
Ann Try,	Margery Morrice,

And Athoth, a priest; all of whom were martyred.

At Bury, in the month of November, suffered a servant

of the queen's own household, within the very confines of which, it seems that, as in the court of Nero, God had some to witness to the truth of Christianity. THOMAS SPURDANCE was first brought to Dunning, the active chancellor of Norwich, who asked if he had been with the priest, and confessed his sins to him. Spurdance said, "No: I have confessed my sins to God; and God saith, in what hour soever a sinner doth repent, and be sorry for his sins, and ask him forgiveness, willing no more so to do, he will no more reckon his sin unto him; and that is sufficient for me." "Then," said the chancellor, "thou decriest the sacrament of penance." He answered that he denied not penance, but confessing of sins to a priest; but Dunning said it was the same thing. When asked why he had not received the sacrament at Easter, he said, "I dare not meddle with it as you use it." "Why, do we not use it truly?" said the chancellor. "No: for the holy supper of the Lord serveth for the Christian congregation; and you are none of Christ's members: and therefore I dare not meddle with you, lest I be like unto you." "Why are we none of Christ's members?" asked Dunning. "Because you teach laws contrary to God's laws." "What laws are those?" said the chancellor. "These three articles that you swear the people unto here," replied Spurdance, "be false and untrue; and you do evil to swear the people unto them." Here the chancellor cautioned the people to give no heed to him; for that he was a heretic, and would teach them disobedience. Then he asked him of his belief in transubstantiation. Spurdance said he did not believe it to be the same body in substance, for that Christ's body had flesh, blood, and bones: and that the true sacrifice was a bloody one, but theirs was dry. He then, in turn, asked the chancellor if he called the mass a sacrifice? A doctor, who sat by, said it was a sacrifice both for the quick and the dead. "No," answered Spurdance, "it is no sacrifice; for St. Paul saith that Christ made one sacrifice once for all: and I do believe in none other sacrifice, but only in that one sacrifice that our Lord Jesus Christ made once for all." The doctor then said, "That sacrifice which Christ made was a wet sacrifice; but the mass is a dry sacrifice." Spurdance remarked, "Then that same dry sacrifice is a sacrifice of your own making; and it is your sacrifice; it is none of mine." The chancellor declared him a heretic, for denying the sacrament of the altar: Spurdance pro-

ceeded to tell him how he believed in the matter. "I believe if I come rightly and worthily, as God hath commanded me, to the holy supper of the Lord, I receive him by faith, by believing in him. But the bread being received is not God; nor the bread that is yonder in the pix is not God. God dwelleth not in temples made with hands, neither will be worshipped with the work of men's hands. And therefore you do very evil to cause the people to kneel down and worship the bread; for God did never bid you hold it above your head, neither had the apostles such use." Dunning again declared him a very heretic, and bade it to be so written. Spurdance said, "The servant is not greater than his master: your predecessors killed my Master, Christ, the prophets and apostles, and holy virtuous men; and now you also kill the servants of Christ; so that all the righteous blood that hath been shed, even from righteous Abel to this day, shall be required at your hands."

The next examination of Spurdance was at the bishop's house, who said to him, "Sirrah, dost thou not believe in the catholic faith of holy church?" He answered that he believed in Christ's catholic church. "Yes," said the bishop, "in Christ's church, of which the pope is the head. Dost thou not believe that the pope is supreme head of the catholic church?" He replied, "No, I believe not that he should be above the apostles, if he take them to be his predecessors. For when there came a thought among the apostles, who should be the greatest when their Master was gone, Christ answered them unto their thoughts: 'The kings of the earth bear dominion above others, but ye shall not so do, for he that will be greatest among you shall become servant unto you all.' How is it then, that he will climb so high above his fellows? And also we were sworn, in my master king Henry's time, that we should, to the uttermost of our power, never consent unto him again. And therefore as he hath nothing to do here in England, so neither in his own country more than a bishop in his diocese." The bishop without noticing the weighty argument adduced from scripture against papal arrogance, said that the kingdom had all been in error, in rejecting the supremacy; and in civil terms invited Spurdance to acknowledge it again; who replied, "No, I warrant you, by the grace of God, not as long as I live: for you cannot prove by the scriptures that the pope is head of the church, and

may do therein what he listeth." To this his lordship answered in a speech, which he himself no doubt thought very fine: it was this, "As the bell-wether which weareth the bell, is head of the flock of sheep, even so is the pope the head of the church of Christ: and as the bees in the hive have a master-bee when they have gone out to bring them home again to the hive, even so the pope, when we be gone astray, and have wandered from the fold, from the hive, then is ordained our head, by succession of Peter, to bring us home again to the true church: even as thou now, my good fellow, hast wandered long out of the way, like a scattered sheep, or bee, hear that bell-wether, that master-bee, and come home with us to thy mother the church again." Spurdance replied, "My lord, all this is but natural reason, and no scripture; but since ye cannot prove the pope to be authorized by scripture, ye answer me not as I thought you would."

The bishop then used a stronger argument, telling him that as he would not be answered, he should be compelled by law, whether he would or no. To which he returned, "My lord, so did your forefathers entreat Christ and his apostles. They had a law, and by their law they put him to death; and so likewise you have a law which is tyranny, and by that would ye enforce me to believe as you do: but the Lord, I trust, will assist me against all your beggarly ceremonies; and make your foolishness known to all the world one day." Then said the bishop, "When were you at church, and went in procession, and did the ceremonies of the church?" "Never since I was born," was the reply. "No!" said the bishop; "how old are you?" "I think about forty." "Why, how did you use yourself at church twenty years ago?" "Even as you do now," replied Spurdance. "And even now," replied the bishop, "you said you did not use the ceremonies since you were born!" "No more I did," said Spurdance, "since I was born anew: as Christ said to Nicodemus, 'Except ye be born anew, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven.'" A doctor, sitting by, here remarked to the bishop that he was an anabaptist; for such were their opinions: the martyr answered that he was not so: for that they denied infant baptism, which he did not. The bishop then asked why he did not go to the church, and do the ceremonies: he said, "Because they be contrary to God's word and laws, as you yourself have taught: but

now you say it is good, again; and I think if there were a return to-morrow, you would say that false again, which you hold now. Therefore I may well say, there is no truth in you." The bishop called him a stubborn fellow, a heretic, and a traitor. He repelled the charge of treason; saying, "There is no man alive, I thank God, that can accuse me justly that ever I was disobedient to any civil law. But you must consider, my lord, that I have a soul and a body, and my soul is none of the queen's, but my body and my goods are the queen's. And I must give God my soul, and all that belongeth unto it; that is, I must do the laws and commandments of God; and whosoever commandeth laws contrary to God's laws, I may not do them for losing of my soul; but must rather obey God than man." The bishop said he could prove their laws to be agreeable to God's laws. Spurdance replied, "If you can prove by the word of God that you should have any graven images made to set in your churches for laymen's books, or to worship God by them, or that you should have any ceremonies in your church as you have, prove them by the word of God, and I will do them." The bishop answered, "It is good and decent to furnish the church; as when you shall go to dinner, you have a cloth upon the table to furnish the table, before the meat shall come upon it, so are these ceremonies a comely, decent order, to be in the church before Christian people."

"These," said Spurdance, "are inventions and imaginations out of your own brain, without any word of God to prove them. For God saith, Look, what you think good in your own eyes, if I command the contrary, it is abominable in my sight. And these ceremonies are against God's laws: for St. Paul saith they be weak and beggarly; and reproveth the Galatians for doing them." The bishop attributed these opinions to his being a heretic, and disobedient; and invited him to confess having been in error, and to come home to them. He replied, "No, I have been in no error; for the spiritual laws were never trulier set forth than in my master king Edward's time; and I trust in God I shall never forsake them while I live." A gentleman then sought to persuade him to save his life, as the bishop would have him: advising him at least to take a day for consideration, as the bishop would give it him: but he wisely and steadfastly answered, "If I save my life, I shall lose it; and if I lose my life for Christ's sake, I shall find

it in life everlasting. And if I take a day, when the day cometh, I must say then even as I do now, except I will lie; and therefore that needeth not."

The usual sentence was passed on this faithful witness; and he ended his mortal course in the flames, a willing sacrifice to the Lord, whom he served.

Smithfield was the scene of the next butchery. Three men named JOHN HALLINGDALE, WILLIAM SPARROW, and RICHARD GIBSON, suffered there together. Hallingdale was charged with having changed his religion in king Edward's days, and continuing in the reformed faith ever since; with absenting himself from the parish church: and the last article stated that when his wife gave birth to a boy, he caused the child to be christened in English, after the same manner and form, in all points, as was used in the time of king Edward the sixth; and caused it to be called Joshua; and would not have the said child christened in Latin, after the prevailing form and manner; nor intended to have it confirmed by the bishop. To all these articles Hallingdale most readily assented; he plainly denied their doctrine of the sacrament, and told Bonner that Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, Hooper, and generally all that had of late been burned for heretics, were no heretics at all, because they preached fully the gospel; upon whose preaching he grounded his faith and conscience, as he said, according to the saying of St. John, in the eighteenth chapter of his Revelation, where he saith that the blood of the prophets and of the saints, and of all that were slain upon earth, was found in the Babylonical church; by the which, he said, is understood the church where the pope is the head. When, after being remanded for a day, he was again assailed with persuasions and perversions of scripture, he maintained his faith with the same boldness, saying that he would persevere in it to the death. He was therefore condemned.

Sparrow was accused of having fallen again into heresy, after recanting his errors; and of selling certain heretical and blasphemous ballads to the people; which ballads were, in truth, hymns and godly poems taken from the Holy Scriptures. He confessed it readily; and said of his former submission, "I am sorry that ever I made it; and it was the worst deed that ever I did." He also said to his examiner, Bonner, "Hold up your abomination as long as you can. That which you call truth, I do believe to be

heresy." He also said that he had openly declared his hatred of the Romish doctrines, as set forth in his accusation; and would do so again, if he were at liberty. Being finally asked by the bishop whether he would renounce his opinions, he said he would not, adding, "That which you call heresy is good and godly; and if every hair of my head were a man, I would burn them all, rather than go from the truth." He once more repeated that the mass was naught and abominable; and then Bonner sentenced him to the stake.

Gibson had been imprisoned two years for debt, as surety for some other; and was accused on suspicion, for that he had never during that space gone to confession, nor received at the popish altar. The articles against this gentleman declared that he had behaved himself in words and deeds, in divers conditions and points, contrary to the order, religion, and faith of Christ's catholic church, and so forth: and that he had irreverently spoken against the pope, against the see of Rome, against the seven sacraments, with other like matters: that he had defended, allowed, commended, and liked Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, and all other heretics here in England: that he had comforted, aided, and encouraged heretics to persist in their errors: that he had approved king Edward's prayer-book, desiring its general use: that he had declared he would not, if he were at liberty, attend mass, matins, or even-song, go in procession, bear a taper, receive ashes or pax, holy water, or holy bread, nor observe any of the ceremonies of the church: that he had denied the obligation of confessing to a priest, or of receiving the sacrament of the altar: and finally that he denied the propriety of praying for the dead, or the necessity of fasting and will-worship; and declared the adoration of the host to be unlawful.

After this, he was kept six months in the Compter; at the end of which time Bonner sent a low fellow to fetch him, who could scarcely reach to Mr. Gibson's shoulder, yet insisted on violently haling and dragging him through the most public streets. The gentleman, who was of a very tall and powerful frame, mildly requested this catchpole either to choose a more private way, or let him walk, so as not to attract the eyes of all passengers, promising to go quietly with him wheresoever he would. Bonner's deputy, however, continued to drag at his arm, adding insulting language to his rude bearing; on which Mr. Gib-

son, looking down on him, told him that if he did not loose his hold he would wring his head off. The fellow immediately shrunk away, and the prisoner calmly walked on into the bishop's presence. After a great deal of unjust and illegal shuffling, Bonner not being the rightful ordinary of Gibson, and after vainly trying to tamper with him, and to shake his fidelity, during several examinations, Bonner went on to condemn him. The martyr said, "Blessed am I, that am cursed at your hands. We have nothing for it now, but 'Thus will I;' for, as the bishop saith, so must it be. And no heresy it is to turn the truth of God's word into lies and that do you."

On the eighteenth of November these three bold and faithful soldiers of Christ were brought to the stake in Smithfield, where they gave their flesh to be consumed in the flames, and their souls into the hands of their redeeming God.

A month afterwards were burned at the same place JOHN ROUGH, minister of the gospel; and MARGARET MEARING. The former was a native of Scotland, and being unjustly deprived of his inheritance, at a very early age he entered the order of the black friars at Sterling; where he remained until the earl of Arran prevailed with the archbishop of St. Andrew's to dispense with his vows, and allow him to join his household as a domestic chaplain. During the year of his abode with lord Arran he became enlightened, and after preaching for four years at Ayr, with a pension from Henry VIII., he came into England in Edward's days, under the patronage of the lord protector, Somerset, who employed him to preach the gospel at Carlisle, Berwick, and Newcastle. Here he married a Scottish lady, and was shortly afterwards presented by the archbishop of York to a benefice near Hull, where he continued till the end of king Edward's happy reign.

When Mary ascended the throne he saw the danger that must ensue, and at the beginning of the persecution, fled with his wife, to the continent, and there supported himself by his industry, knitting caps, hose, and such articles, until, in the month of October, 1537, he ventured over to England to buy yarn, and other necessary things for his business; and hearing of the congregation of God's children, which secretly assembled there, he joined himself to them, and was soon elected their minister, which sacred office he continued diligently to exercise, teaching and con-

firming them in the truth of the gospel. At length he, and Cuthbert Sympson, were betrayed by the treacherous craft of a base hypocrite, named Sergeant, a tailor, and were apprehended at Islington by the vice-chamberlain of the queen's household. The congregation had appointed to meet there for prayer and celebration of the holy communion, at a house called the Saracen's Head; but, in order to screen their brethren, they took advantage of a play, or device, being performed there, as though they had gone to witness it. Rough was immediately sent to Bonner, with a letter from the queen's council; and he, sending for him to his palace, presently objected articles to him. First, that he had spoken against the seven sacraments, especially condemning the sacrament of the altar, denying it to contain the real substance of Christ's body: and also had declared confession to be unnecessary, and the priest's absolution to be of no avail. To this he answered, that he allowed two sacraments, baptism, and the Lord's supper: the other five he denied to be sacraments, therefore he had spoken against them. He acknowledged having said and taught that the Lord's body is not present, substantially, in the sacrament of the altar, but that the substances of bread and wine do remain without any transubstantiation at all. As to confessing sins to a priest, he thought it necessary, if the sin to be confessed were committed against the priest: but if the offence were done to another, it is not needful to confess it to the priest, but to the party offended. Secondly he was charged with having misliked and reproved the religion and ecclesiastical service then used in the realm, allowing those used in the later years of king Edward the Sixth: that he had by word, writing, and deed, set forward and taught that the English service and doctrine therein contained were agreeable in all points to God's word, condemning utterly the Latin service then in use. This he fully admitted. Thirdly, that he had commended and approved the doctrines of Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, concerning the sacrament of the altar. He said to this, that he had approved their doctrine, as agreeable to God's word; and that they were godly, learned men, and such as had perfect understanding of the subject. Fourthly, that he had, in sundry places, during the queen's reign, ministered and received the communion, as it was used in the days of king Edward: and that he knew of some who yet kept books of the same communion, and used them in

private houses, and whose opinion was against the sacrament of the altar. He replied to this, that he liked that communion well, but had not ministered or received it in England in the queen's reign; neither knew any that had books of it: but on the other side of the sea he knew many who had them, and that he had there received the communion in sundry places. Fifthly, that in various places in England he had spoken against the pope of Rome, and his apostolic see, plainly contemning and despising the authority of the same; not allowing the faith and doctrine thereof, but directly speaking against it, and inducing others to do the same. He granted this to be quite true. Sixthly, that he knew all, or a great part, of those Englishmen who had fled out of the realm for religion: that he had agreed with them, succoured, maintained, and helped them, and conveyed their seditious books and letters into the realm. He confessed being well acquainted with about a hundred English men and women who had fled to the continent for their religion, using there the order set forth in king Edward's days: the rest of the allegation he denied. Seventhly, that he had said he had been at Rome, for about a month or more, and had seen little good or none there, but very much evil. Among the which he saw one abomination, that is to say a man, or the pope, carried on the shoulders of four men, as though he had been God, and no man; also, a cardinal to have a woman of improper character riding openly behind him: and, moreover, a pope's bull, that gave express licence for the public practice of licentiousness. This he granted in every point to be true. Eighthly, that since his last coming into England he had perniciously allured and comforted divers of the subjects of this realm, both young and old, men and women, to have and use the book of communion set forth by king Edward, and had himself set forth and read it, causing others to do the like, and to leave off from going to hear the Latin service at their parish churches. He admitted having both prayed and read the service of king Edward's book, and desired others to do the same. He did not cause any to leave the Latin service, but told them it was better to pray in a tongue that they understood than in an unknown tongue. The last charge related to his being at Islington, as before stated.

Having thus answered the articles, he was recommitted till the next day; when, being still found steadfast, they re-

solved on the morrow to have him up in the consistory, and condemn him. Accordingly, Bonner, the bishop of St. David's, Fecknam, and others, assembled for this devout purpose: and Bonner read over his articles; charging him also that he, having received the orders of the church, had married unlawfully; and that he had refused to consent to the Latin service then used. He told them in reply, that their holy orders were nothing at all: that he, being a priest, might marry; and that his children, which he had by his wife, were lawful. As to the service then used, he assured them he utterly detested it; and that if he should live as long as Methusaleh, he would never come to the church, to hear the abominable mass, and other service, being as it was then. On this the bishop proceeded to degrade him from the ecclesiastical rank; then passed sentence, and delivered him to the secular power to be burned.

This excellent minister had, in the days of king Edward, saved the life of Dr. Watson, who was near being put to death for a seditious sermon that he made in the north. Watson became bishop of Lincoln, and being present at Rough's examination before Bonner, at once bore testimony to his having been a most pernicious heretic, who had done more hurt in the north than a hundred others of his opinion. Rough remarked, "Why, sir, is this the reward I have for saving your life, when you preached erroneous doctrine in the days of king Edward?" When he made his observation respecting the pope's doings at Rome, Bonner started up from his seat, pretended to rend his robes, and exclaiming, "Hast thou been at Rome, and seen our holy father the pope, and dost thou blaspheme him after that sort!" he sprang upon the prisoner, and plucked out a good piece of his beard; and so hastened his death that he had him burnt before half past six o'clock in the morning.

It was observable, that when Austoo, and his fellow-martyrs were burned, Mr. Rough being among the spectators was met on his way home, by a friend, who asked him where he had been. He answered, "I have been where I would not for one of mine eyes but have been." "Where?" "Forsooth," said he, "to learn the way." Then he told him he had been at the burning of Austoo: and in the same place it was shortly his turn to pass through the same fiery trial.

Margaret Mearing was brought forth to her examination

with Mr. Rough: she had been one of his congregation; and so far was he from expecting to find in her a stake-fellow, that he entertained, as did many others, strong suspicions of her sincerity. She was always too busy; and frequently brought in strangers among them, and appearances were so much against her that Rough had proceeded so far as to excommunicate her from their little Christian company, only on the Friday before he was taken. This exceedingly grieved and offended the poor woman; and in the first warmth of her displeasure she said to a friend that she would remove them all: but shortly after, the news of their pastor's capture dispelled all her anger. She found that none of his friends were permitted to see him in the bishop's prison; so, taking a clean shirt in a basket, she presented herself as his sister, got admission as such, and afforded him no small comfort. When she heard that Sergeant was suspected of having betrayed him, she went to his house, and inquired if Judas dwelt not there. She was answered that there dwelt no such person there. "No?" said she, "dwelleth not Judas here that betrayed Christ? his name is Sergeant." Finding that she could not speak with him, she went away. A few days afterwards, while standing at the end of Marklane, she saw Cluny, Bonner's summoner, enter her house; and immediately following him, she readily delivered herself into his hands. When brought before the bishop, she answered to the usual articles, with great honesty and simplicity, denouncing the mass as the cup of abominations mentioned by St. John; and their church as that of Antichrist. All her replies were equally distinct, and when, after the usual short interval, she was again called on to say whether she would stand to those answers; she replied, "I will stand to them unto the death; for the very angels of heaven do laugh you to scorn, to see your abominations that you use in the church." She was then condemned, taken to Newgate, and, on the next day but one, partook the crown of martyrdom with the pastor who had little hoped to find in her such constancy of faith.

CUTHBERT SYMSON has been named, as being taken with Rough, at Islington: he was a deacon in the same congregation, for zeal, diligence, and affectionate carefulness among the poor persecuted flock, most remarkable. He appears to have been a very pattern of godliness, patience, and sincerity: nor was it a small measure of grace that enabled him to endure, as he did, the dreadful barbarities inflicted

on him, which he has thus briefly recorded with his own hand. He had been sent by the council to the Tower, on the thirteenth of December. "On the Thursday after," he writes, "I was called into the warehouse, before the constable of the Tower, and the recorder of London, Mr. Cholmley: they commanded me to tell whom I did will to come to the English service. I answered, I would declare nothing. Whereupon, I was set in a rack of iron, the space of three hours, as I judged. Then they asked me if I would tell them: I answered as before. Then was I loosed, and carried to my lodging again. On the *Sunday* after, I was brought into the same place again, before the lieutenant and the recorder of London, and they examined me. As before I had said, I answered. Then the lieutenant did swear a great oath, I should tell. Then did they bind my two fore-fingers together, and put a small arrow betwixt them, and drew it through so fast that the blood followed, and the arrow brake. Then they racked me twice. Then was I carried to my lodging again; and ten days after, the lieutenant asked me if I would not confess that which before they had asked me. I said, I had said as much as I would. Then five weeks after he sent me unto the high priest (meaning Bonner) where I was greatly assaulted, and at whose hand I received the pope's curse, for bearing witness of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. And thus I commend you unto God, and to the word of his grace, with all them that unfeignedly call upon the name of Jesus; desiring God of his endless mercy, through the merits of his dear Son Jesus Christ, to bring us all to his everlasting kingdom. Amen. I praise God for his great mercy showed upon us. Sing hosanna unto the Highest with me, Cuthbert Symson. God forgive me my sins! I ask all the world forgiveness, and I do forgive all the world; and thus I leave this world, in hope of a joyful resurrection."

It pleased God to force from the wretch Bonner himself a testimony in favour of this meek and holy man; even besides the strong testimony that the pope's curse, and his church's ban, must always afford to those who are so happy as to fall under it. When Symson was brought before the consistory, to receive sentence, the bishop turned to the people, and bade them observe the comeliness of his fine person; then added, "And furthermore, concerning his patience, I say unto you, that if he were not a heretic he is a man of the greatest patience that ever yet came before

me; for I tell you he hath been thrice racked upon one day in the Tower. Also in my house he hath felt some sorrow; yet I never saw his patience broken." The "some sorrow" which this savage bishop admitted the gentle martyr had felt in his house, consisted in most cruel torturing, which Symson alludes to as having been "greatly assaulted." It is not possible to dwell upon the conduct of such a grievous wolf, while rending Christ's innocent sheep: but as Cuthbert Symson's afflictions abounded above those of many his dear brethren, so likewise did his consolations much more abound. The Lord vouchsafed him very singular tokens of his divine presence, and filled his soul with rejoicing. Of this he has left some note in his writings.

Three months elapsed between the first racking of this martyr and his public appearance before his wicked judges. It is very probable, that he was not in a state to be produced in the sight of the people; for even popish England, in Mary's days, had not attained to that eminence in piety which could render the mangled flesh and dislocated joints of Christ's servants a gratifying spectacle to the populace. When, at last, Symson was brought forth, and Bonner had spoken as we have declared, of his patience, articles were ministered, of the usual purport; and he fully assented to all, excepting the last, which having a tendency to implicate others, he refused to reply to.

Together with Rough and Symson had two others of the Lord's congregation been apprehended; Hugh Fox, and John Devenish. They were examined with Symson, and holding the same faith steadfastly unto the end, they were with him sentenced, and all consumed in one fire, near the end of March, 1558.

At Haverfordwest, in Wales, the merciless tormentors laid hold on a poor man, named William Nichol, who was so simple as to be esteemed half foolish. He was charged with having spoken some words against the cruel kingdom of Antichrist. The particulars are not known; but as the Romish church judged him worthy to suffer a most dreadful death, there is good ground to hope that the Lord Jesus Christ had made him worthy of eternal life.

The next sacrifice fell to the lot of bishop Hopton, of Norwich, to offer. William Seaman, a husbandman, of Mendlesham, in Suffolk; Thomas Hudson, a glover, of Aylsham, in Norfolk; and Thomas Carman, who had pledged Crashfield at his burning, were the three victims provided.

Seaman had long been sought after, by the command of sir John Tyrrel, but escaped, although that persecuting knight himself searched the house for him one night. At length, however, he was taken, by means of a traitor, whom he considered his friend. That portion of their Master's cup very often fell to the lot of the disciples in those days: and it was observed, that Baulding, the treacherous betrayer, although in the vigour of life and health at the time, never after seemed to thrive, but pined and withered away. When Seaman came to sir John Tyrrel, who asked him why he would not go to mass, and receive the sacrament, and worship it, he replied, that it was no sacrament, but an idol; therefore he would not receive it. He was forthwith sent to bishop Hopton, who lost no time in condemning him. Seaman was only twenty-six years old: he left a wife with three little infants; and she, for maintaining the same truth, was driven from her native place a beggar.

Thomas Hudson was also a young man, an honest, industrious artisan, who, in the happy times of Edward, profited greatly in true religion. About two years before the king's death he learned to read, and by that means secured to himself the use of God's pure lamp, when all the land became wrapt in darkness. When the service of the church was changed by Mary, chaff being substituted for wheat, and in place of good preaching a blasphemous cry against truth and godliness, Hudson forsook the parish church, left his house and travelled to and fro in Suffolk. At length being anxious about his wife and three little children, he returned home, where they contrived to form a sort of chamber inside a pile of logs, in which he could sit all day concealed, his poor wife taking great care the while; and thus he remained for the space of six months, continually reading and praying.

The vicar of the town was one Berry, an evil man, one of Bonner's commissioners: he came to Hudson's wife, and asked for her husband; and on her affecting ignorance of his abode, he railed at, and threatened to burn her. When Hudson heard of this, his zeal and devotion seemed to increase daily: he read, and sang psalms, almost without ceasing; and many of the people resorted to him for instruction and encouragement. After a little time, he left his concealment and walked about the town, openly crying out against the mass, and all their trumpery: then, returning home, he placed himself on his knees, with his book

beside him, and so remained for three days, refusing meat, and incessantly engaged in prayer or praise. His next door neighbour, perceiving this, went for the constables, who, coming into his house at break of day, easily laid hold on him.

Hudson, on seeing them enter, said, "Now mine hour is come: welcome, friends, welcome. You be they that shall lead me to life in Christ; I thank God therefore." And so he continued from that time to pray that, if it were the Lord's will, he might suffer for the gospel of Christ. When Berry saw him, he asked him where he kept his church for four years before. Hudson replied, that wheresoever he was, there was his church. Berry inquired whether he did not believe in the sacrament of the altar, and what he took it to be? "It is worm's meat," answered he: "my belief is in Christ crucified." Dost thou not believe the mass to put away sins?" said the vicar. "No; God forbid. It is a patched monster, and a disguised puppet; longer a piecing than ever was Solomon's temple." At this Berry stamped, raged, stormed, and at last said, "Well, thou villian, thou; I will write to the bishop, my good lord; and trust unto it, thou shalt be handled according to thy deserts." "Oh, sir," said Hudson, "there is no Lord but God, though there be many lords, and many gods." Berry then gave him a furious thrust with his hand; and a person who, standing by, and seeing his violence, ventured to say, "I pray you, sir, be good to the poor man," immediately fell under suspicion of heresy, Berry requiring him to be bound under a penalty of forty pounds for his good conduct both in word and deed; which, however, was not done. Then he asked Hudson if he would recant, who answered, "The Lord forbid! I had rather die many deaths than to do so." He was then bound like a thief, and sent off to the bishop, singing all the way to Norwich; and during a month's imprisonment there he was ever studying God's word, and praising his name.

This devoted man, along with Seaman and Carman, were taken to Lollards' pit, where the blessed martyr Bilney had yielded his life, and having humbly prayed to the Lord, they rose and went to the stake, where, after the chain was cast round them, they stood for a little space; and then, to the great wonder and alarm of many, who feared he was going to renounce the faith, Hudson slipped from under his chain, and came forward. While the

standers-by were forming different opinions about him, the two men at the stake earnestly cried out to comfort and strengthen him, under his evident affliction. It was not the fear of death, but a lack of feeling of that full assurance of Christ's love to his soul, which he had before enjoyed, that now dismayed him. He fell on his knees, humbly and vehemently crying to the Lord, who, according to his infinite mercies, sent him the comfort he needed. Then he arose with great joy, as one endued with new life, and said, "Now, I thank God, I am strong, and care not what man can do unto me." He returned to the stake; and all three, most joyfully, constantly, and manfully, endured the torment that set their spirits free.

That miserable persecutor, Berry, continued most fiercely to torment God's people at Aylsham. He caused two hundred at one time to do public penance, murdered a poor man of his parish with a blow from a flail, and felled a woman with his fist, who died the next day. A godly man, named Norgate, he so hunted and harassed that he died in consumption: and all the while Berry lived a life of such open, scandalous profligacy, squandering his great riches on vile characters, as to be a wonder to the people: he was also a dreadful swearer. Thus he went on, until the unwelcome news of queen Mary's death arrived, when, instead of paying any respect to her memory, this man, who doubtless intended to be whatever the next government might approve, made, on the following Sunday, a great feast at his house, having with him a companion of vile character, until the hour of even-song, when he went to the church, administered baptism, and going homeward, fell down in the church-yard. With one heavy groan he then passed into the eternal world.

The mother of Seaman, a very aged and godly woman, was so persecuted for the faith, that she was glad to lie in the fields, groves, and bushes; which, having lived always in respectability and comfort, no doubt hastened her death.

At Colchester three martyrs suffered, very soon after those at Norwich. They were William Hains, Richard Day, and Christian George. The woman last named had married the widower of Agnes George, who had been burned at Stratford-le-Bow with twelve others. She was not long in attaining the same glorious crown. After her martyrdom, her husband took a third wife, also a godly

woman; and was, with her apprehended and laid in prison: but it pleased God to save them, with many more, from the flames, by the removal of their great enemy. These three, who suffered at Colchester, left no account of their examinations. They died gladly with prayer and praise upon their lips; and their record, with their souls, is on high.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CUP BRIMMED, AND THE CHURCH DELIVERED.

The Lord was now about to answer the groaning of his captive people, and according to the greatness of his mercy, to preserve many who were appointed to die. Midsummer had arrived; and before the close of the year, already half past, the last prayer of the blessed young Edward was to be granted, and his realm delivered from papistry. Philpot's oft-repeated aspiration, "God shorten your cruel kingdom, for his mercies' sake!" was more frequently in the mouths of the martyrs. The Lord taught them so to pray, because he will always be inquired of by his people, for the mercies that he is about to bestow. Many a blazing pyre was yet to redden the sky of England: but in a few short months the wearied and scattered church was destined to see the savage murderess of God's people taken from her blood-stained throne into a fearful eternity. Mary's days were numbered; and as their time shortened the rage of the persecutors seemed to increase.

Early in the month of June, a proclamation, short but sharp, came out by royal authority, commanding that whosoever possessed heretical books, whereof, of course, the Bible was chief, should immediately burn them, without showing or reading them to any other person; or failing so to do, should, on discovery, be taken up, and without delay be executed as a rebel and traitor, according to martial law.

It was not long before an opportunity was given to manifest the fresh ardour of persecution, which these sanguinary edicts never failed to enkindle in the willing instruments of papal cruelty. Within a few days from the pro-

mulgation of the foregoing a party of forty innocent and godly persons having ventured to assemble in a back close or thicket, situate in the field by Islington, seated themselves on the ground, for mutual exhortation, prayer, and study of God's word. While they were thus employed, a stranger came up, who looking at them, stopped, saluted them, and observed they looked like men who meant no hurt. One of the company asked him whether he could tell whose close it was; and if they might be so bold as to sit there. He answered, "Yea, for ye seem unto me such persons as intend no harm." He then departed; and the poor flock continued their employment. In less than a quarter of an hour afterwards, the constable of Islington, named King, accompanied by six or seven armed men, approached. He left his attendants in a covert hard by, and proceeding alone, walked through the party, observing what they were doing, and what books they had. When he had thus passed along, he returned in the same way, calling on them to deliver their books. They knew him to be the constable, and therefore, with the obedience ever shown by the Lord's people to legal authority, they gave up the books; on which the concealed band came forth, ordering them to stand, and not to depart. They replied, they were ready to obey, and to go wheresoever they were commanded; and so were taken first to a brew-house near the spot, while some of the soldiers ran for a neighbouring justice. He was from home; and then they took their prisoners to Sir Roger Cholmley. The women escaped by the way: so, indeed, nearly the whole party might have done, had they chosen it: but twenty-two men remained in custody, and were by this Cholmley committed to Newgate. Two died in prison: seven escaped with their lives, without renouncing the faith: probably through the changes that soon followed: and thirteen were burnt, in two companies, one at Smithfield, and the other at Brentford.

The first were brought before Bonner on the fourteenth of June. Their names were as follows: Henry Pond, Reynold Eastland, Robert Southam, Matthew Ricarby, John Floyd, John Holliday, and Roger Holland. The story of Holland is particularly interesting: he had been apprenticed to a merchant tailor in London, to whom he caused no small trouble, being a most wild and licentious youth. His early training had been evil, and all the efforts of his master could not break his dissipated habits,

or win him from courses that had seemed to promise any end rather than that to which God called him. He was a bigoted Romanist; given to reveling, gambling, and the worst company: yet, finding him perfectly honest, his master still trusted him with his accounts. One day, having received for him a sum of thirty pounds, Holland, falling, as he usually did, into bad company, lost every groat at dice; and having no possible way to replace it, resolved to escape beyond sea. Having thus made up his mind, he went home very early in the morning, and called to him a servant of the house, named Elizabeth, a steady woman, a true follower of Christ, who had never failed to reprove both the idolatrous religion and the profligate life of young Holland. He said to her, "Elizabeth, I would I had followed thy gentle persuasions and friendly rebukes; which if I had done, I had never come to this shame and misery which I am now fallen into; for this night have I lost thirty pounds of my master's money, which to pay him, and to make up my accounts, I am not able. But this much I pray you desire my mistress, that she would entreat my master to take this note of hand, that I am thus much indebted to him; and if I be ever able, I will see him paid: desiring him that the matter may pass in silence, and that none of my kindred or friends may ever understand this my wicked part. For if it should come unto my father's ears, it would bring his gray hairs oversoon to the grave." He was then departing, but Elizabeth, touched with pity, and led by the Spirit of God, cried out, "Stay:" and having a sum of money in her possession, bequeathed by a kinsman, she ran and brought thirty pounds, saying, "Roger, here is thus much money; I will let thee have it, and I will keep thy bill. But since I do thus much for thee, to help thee, and to save thy honesty, thou shalt promise me to refuse all loose and wild company, all swearing, and unchaste talk; and if ever I know thee to play one twelve-pence at either dice or cards, then will I show this bill unto thy master. And furthermore, thou shalt promise me to resort every day to the lecture at All-hallows, and the sermon at Paul's every Sunday, and to cast away all thy books of papisty and vain ballads, and get the Testament, and book of service, and read the Scriptures with reverence and fear, calling unto God still for his grace to direct thee in his truth. And pray unto God fervently, desiring him to pardon thy former offences, and not to remember the sins of thy youth;

and ever be afraid to break his laws, or offend his majesty. Then shall God keep thee, and send thee thy heart's desire."

Who can avoid being touched by this lovely instance of Christian bounty in an humble servant-maid? There is one point in it where we desire to pause, and gather an important lesson. In our day it is not unfrequent, particularly in Ireland, to hear the remark made by Protestants, that they cannot accompany their charitable alms to the poor Romanists by the better gift of spiritual instruction, because they might lay themselves open to the charge of bribing them to renounce their religion. That such accusation will be brought by God's enemies is certain; but it is equally certain that the Christian, in doing his Master's work, must pass through good report and evil report too. Now, we have seen, in this instance, that Elizabeth used the desperate state from which young Holland could only be delivered by her bounty, as a means to bring him from popery; and even to make him attend the preaching of the gospel in her parish church; for this took place in Edward's reign. Whether or no God blessed the act to the object of her generous and faithful efforts, let the sequel of the story show. And may it sink deep into the hearts of those who fear to make God's temporal gifts a means for bringing the poor and needy to hear the joyful sound of his gospel!

Roger Holland promised, and fulfilled it; and within one half year, says Fox, God had wrought such a change in this man, that he was an earnest professor of the truth, and detested all papistry and evil company, so that he was an admiration to all them that had known him, and seen his former life and wickedness. Then he repaired into Lancashire, unto his father, and brought with him many good books, which he bestowed on his friends; so that his parents and others began to taste the sweets of the gospel, and to detest the mass, with all idolatry and superstition. When they parted, his father gave him the sum of fifty pounds, wherewith to begin the world. Roger hastened to London, with this treasure, and coming to his first, best earthly friend, he said, "Elizabeth, here is thy money I borrowed of thee; and for the friendship, good will, and good counsel I have received at thy hands, to recompense thee I am not able, otherwise than to make thee my wife." They were married in the first year of queen Mary; and

Elizabeth bearing a child, Holland had it baptized in his own house by a godly minister; and then carried it into the country, to save it from the contaminating hands of the priests. For this he was reported to the enemies, who, in his absence, searched the house, and seized his goods; while his wife suffered most cruel usage at the hands of Bonner. Holland, on his return, concealed himself in the city, until, assembling with the congregation of the faithful, at Islington, near St. John's Wood, he was taken with the rest.

When brought before Bonner, Chedsey, the Harpsfields, and others, he was assailed with many fair words and crafty persuasions; the bishop himself thus commencing: "Holland, I for my part do wish well unto thee, and the more for thy friends' sake. And Dr. Standish telleth me you and he were both born in one parish, and he knoweth your father to be a very honest catholic gentleman: and Mr. Doctor told me that he talked with you a year ago; and found you very wilfully addict to your own conceit. Divers of the city also have showed me of you, that you have been a great procurer of men's servants to be of your religion, and to come to your congregations; but since you be now in the danger of the law, I would wish you to play a wise man's part: so shall you not want any favour I can do or procure for you, both for your own sake, and also for your friends', which be men of worship and credit, and wish you well; and by my troth, Roger, so do I." Then said Mr. Eaglestone, a Lancashire gentleman, and near kinsman to Holland, who was present, "I thank your good lordship: your honour meaneth good unto my cousin. I beseech God he have the grace to follow your counsel." "Sir, you crave of God you know not what," said Holland: "I beseech God to open your eyes to see the light of his word." "Roger, hold your peace," exclaimed the kinsman, "lest you fare the worse at my lord's hands." "No," said Holland, "I shall fare as it pleaseth God; for man can do no more than God doth permit him."

Then the bishop, the doctors, and Johnson the register, consulted for a while; after which Johnson spake: "Roger, how sayest thou? wilt thou submit thyself unto my lord, before thou be entered into the book of contempt?" Holland answered, "I never meant but to submit myself to the magistrate, as I learn of St. Paul's to the Romans, chap. xiii:" and so recited the text. "Then I see you are no anabap-

tist," remarked Chedsey. Holland replied, "I mean not yet to be a papist; for they and the anabaptists agree in this point, not to submit themselves to any other prince or magistrate than those that must first be sworn to maintain them and their doings." Chedsey bade him remember what he had said, and what the bishop had promised: and also to take heed, for that his ripeness of wit had brought him into these errors. After some further whispering together, Bonner said, "Roger, I perceive thou wilt be ruled by no good counsel, for any thing that I or your friends, or any other can say." Holland answered, "I may say to you, my lord, as Paul said to Felix, and to the Jews, as doth appear in the two-and-twentieth of the Acts, and in the fifteenth of the first epistle to the Corinthians. It is not unknown unto my master whom I was apprentice withal, that I was of this your blind religion that is now taught, and therein did obstinately and wilfully remain, until the latter end of king Edward, in a manner; having that liberty under your auricular confession, that I made no conscience of sin, but trusted in the priest's absolution; he, for money, also doing some penance for me; which after I had given, I cared not what further offences I did, no more than he passed, after he had my money, whether he tasted bread and water for me or no: so that uncleanness, swearing, and all other vices, I accounted no offence or danger, so long as I could for money have them absolved. So straitly did I observe your rules of religion, that I would have ashes upon Ash Wednesday, though I had used never so much wickedness at night: and albeit I could not in conscience eat flesh upon Friday, yet in swearing, drinking, or dicing, all the night long, I made no conscience at all. And thus was I brought up; and herein have I continued till now of late, that God hath opened the light of his word, and called me, by his grace, to repentance of my former idolatry and wicked life: for in Lancashire their blindness and licentiousness is overmuch more than may with chaste ears be heard. Yet these, my friends, which are not clear, in these notable crimes, think the priest with his mass can save them, though they blaspheme God, and are unfaithful to their marriage-vow as long as they live. Yea, I know some priests very devout, my lord——," and then he declared how deeply those priests were themselves guilty of the sins for which they dispensed their pretended absolutions to the laity.

He proceeded: "Master doctor, now to your antiquity, unity, and universality (three points alledged by Chedsey in proof of their religion). I am unlearned. I have no sophistry to shift my reasons withal; but the truth I trust I have, which needeth no painted colours to set her forth. The antiquity of our church is not from pope Nicholas, or pope Joan, but our church is from the beginning, even from the time that God said unto Adam, that the seed of the woman should break the serpent's head: and so to faithful Noah, to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, to whom it was promised that their seed should multiply as the stars in the sky: and so to Moses, David, and all the holy fathers that were from the beginning, unto the birth of our Saviour Christ. All they that believed these promises were of the church, though the number were oftentimes but few and small, as in Elias' days, when he thought there was none but he that had not bowed their knees to Baal, when God had reserved seven thousand that never had bowed their knees to that idol: as I trust there be seven hundred thousand more than I know of, that have not bowed their knees to the idol your mass, and your god Mauzzim: the upholding whereof is your bloody cruelty, whiles you daily persecute Elias and the servants of God, forcing them—as Daniel was, in his chamber—closely to serve the Lord their God: even as we, by this your cruelty, are forced in the fields to pray unto God that his holy word may be once again truly preached among us, and that he would mitigate and shorten these idolatrous and bloody days, wherein all cruelty reigneth. Moreover, of our church have been the apostles and evangelists, the martyrs, and confessors of Christ, that have at all times and in all ages been persecuted for the testimony of the word of God. But for the upholding of your church and religion, what antiquity can you show? Yea, the mass, that idol and chief pillar of your religion, is not yet four hundred years old; and some of your masses are younger, as your mass of St. Thomas à Becket, the traitor, wherein you pray that you may be saved by the blood of St. Thomas. And as for your Latin service, what are we of the laity the better for it? I think he that should hear your priests mumble up their service, although he did well understand Latin, yet should he understand few words thereof: the priests do so champ and chew them, and post so fast, that neither they understand what they say, nor they that hear them: and in the mean

time, the people, when they should pray with the priest, are set to their beads, to pray our lady's psalter. So crafty is Satan to devise these his dreams, which you defend with fagot and fire, to quench the light of the word of God, which, as David saith, should be a lantern to our feet. And again: 'Wherein shall a young man direct his ways, but by the word of God?' And yet you will hide it from us in a tongue unknown. St. Paul had rather in the church to have five words spoken with understanding, than ten thousand in an unknown tongue; and yet will you have your Latin service, and praying in a strange tongue, whereof the people are utterly ignorant, to be of such antiquity. The Greek church, and a good part of Christendom besides, never received your service in an unknown tongue, but in their own natural language, which all the people understand: neither yet your transubstantiation, your receiving all alone, your purgatory, your images, &c. As for the unity which is in your church, what is it else but treason, murder, poisoning one another, idolatry, superstition, wickedness? What unity was in your church when there were three popes at once? Where was your head of unity when you had a woman pope?" Here he was interrupted by Bonner exclaiming, "Roger, these thy words are very blasphemy; and by means of thy friends thou hast been suffered to speak, and art over malapert to teach any here. Therefore, keeper, have him away."

So Holland was taken back to prison, after telling them a greater variety of unwelcome truths than they were usually in the habit of hearing. When he and the other prisoners were brought to their second examination, Chedsey said, "Roger, I trust you have now better considered of the church than you did before." He replied, "I consider thus much: that out of the church there is no salvation, as divers ancient doctors say." "That is well said," quoth Bonner. "Mr. Eaglestone, I trust your kinsman will be a good Catholic man. But, Roger, you mean, I trust, the church of Rome?" Holland answered, "I mean that church which hath Christ for its head; which also hath his word, and his sacraments according to his word and institutions." Chedsey interrupted him, by asking, "Is that a Testament you have in your hand?" "Yea, master doctor, it is the New Testament. You will find no fault with the translation, I think. It is of your own translation; it is according to the great Bible." Bonner asked, "How do

you know it is the Testament of Christ, but only by the church? For the church of Rome hath and doth preserve it; and out of the same hath made decrees, ordinances, and true expositions." "No," said Holland, "the church of Rome hath and doth suppress the reading of the Testament. And what a true exposition, I pray you, did the pope make thereof, when he set his foot on the emperor's neck, and said, 'Thou shalt walk upon the lion and the asp: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou tread under thy feet.' Psalm xci." Then said the bishop, "Such unlearned, wild-heads as thou and other would be expositors of the scriptures! Wilt thou, then, the ancient learned—as there be some here as well as I—should be taught of you?" Holland answered, "Youth delighteth in vanity. My wildness hath been something more by your doctrine than ever I learned out of this book of God. But, my lord, I suppose some of the old doctors say, "If a poor layman bring his reason and argument out of the word of God, he is to be credited afore the learned, though they be never so great doctors. For the gift of knowledge was taken from the learned doctors, and given to poor fishermen. Notwithstanding I am ready to be instructed by the church."

"That is very well said, Roger," replied Bonner: "but you must understand that the church of Rome is the catholic church. Roger, for thy friends' sake, I promise thee I wish thee well, and I mean to do thee good. Keeper, see he want nothing. Roger, if thou lack any money to comfort thee, I will see thou shall not want." This was spoken to him apart from his fellow-sufferers to win him over if possible: and so with many fair words, he was sent back to his prison.

The last examination of this sensible and intrepid man, was on the occasion of their being brought up for judgment. All the rest were excommunicated, and ready to receive sentence of death, while many threatening words were used to strike terror into them. But a strong party of Holland's kinsmen, including the lord Strange, Sir Thomas Jarret, Mr. Eaglestone, and others of rank and property, both in Cheshire, and Lancashire, with many friends, were earnest suitors to spare his life. Bonner, who showed a desire to do so, by winning him over to their way, made this oration: 'Roger, I have divers time called thee before, home to my house, and have conferred with thee: and being not learned in the Latin tongue, it doth appear to me

thou art of a good memory, and of a very sensible talk, but something over-hasty, which is a natural disease to some men. And surely they are not the worst-natured men; for I myself shall now and then be hasty; but mine anger is soon past. So, Roger, surely I have a good opinion of you, that you will not, with these loose fellows, cast yourself, headlong from the church of your parents, and your friends that are here; very good catholics as it is reported unto me. And as I mean thee good, so, Roger, play the wise man's part, and come home with the lost son, and say, I have run into the church of schismatics and heretics, from the catholic church of Rome; and you shall, I warrant you, not only find favour at God's hands, but the church, that hath authority, shall absolve you, and put new garments upon you, and kill the fatling to make thee good cheer withal; that is, in so doing, as meat doth refresh and cherish the mind, so shalt thou find as much quietness of conscience in coming home to the church, as did the hungry son that had been fed afore with the hogs; as you have done with these heretics that sever themselves from the church. I give them a homely name, but they be worse than hogs:" and therewith he put his hand to his cap: " for they know the church and will not follow it. If I should say thus much to a Turk, he would, I think, believe me. But, Roger, if I did not bear thee and thy friends good-will, I would not have said so much as I have done; but I would have let mine ordinary alone with you." At these words, the friends of Holland gave many thanks to the bishop for his good-will, and the pains he had taken on his behalf and theirs. He then went on: " Well Roger, how say you? Do you not believe that after the priest hath spoken the words of consecration, there remaineth the body of Christ really, and corporally, under the forms of bread and wine? I mean the self-same body that was born of the virgin Mary, that was crucified upon the cross, and rose again the third day."

Holland replied, " Your lordship saith, the same body which was born of the virgin Mary, which was crucified upon the cross, which rose again the third day: but you leave out, which ascended into heaven; and the scripture saith he shall there remain until he come to judge the quick and the dead. Then he is not contained under the forms of bread and wine, by the words *Hoc est corpus meum.*" " Roger," said the bishop, " I perceive my pains and good-

will will not prevail; and if I should argue with thee, thou art so wilful, as all thy fellows be, standing in thine own singularity and foolish conceit, that thou wouldest still talk to no purpose this seven years, if thou mightest be suffered. Answer whether thou wilt confess the real and corporeal presence of Christ's body in the sacrament, or wilt not." "My lord," said the martyr, "although God, by his sufferance, hath here placed you, to set forth his truth and glory in us his faithful servants, notwithstanding, your meaning is far from the zeal of Christ; and for all your words, you have the same zeal that Annas and Caiaphas had, trusting to their authority, traditions, and ceremonies, more than to the word of God." Bonner remarked, "If I should suffer him, he would fall from reasoning to raving, as a frantic heretic." "Roger," said lord Strange, "I perceive my lord would have you tell him whether you will submit yourself to him or no." "Yea," added Bonner, "and confess this presence that I have spoken of."

On this, Roger Holland, turning towards lord Strange and his other friends, with a cheerful aspect, kneeled down, and said, "God, by the mouth of his servant St. Paul, hath said, 'Let every soul submit himself unto the higher powers: and he that resisteth, receiveth his own damnation:" and as you are a magistrate, appointed by the will of God, so do I submit myself unto you, and to all such as are appointed for magistrates." "That is well said," observed Bonner; "I see you are no anabaptist. How say you then to the presence of Christ's body and blood, in the sacrament of the altar?" Holland replied, "I say, and beseech you all to remark and bear witness with me, for so you shall do before the judgment seat of God, what I speak; for here is the conclusion. And ye, my dear friends, (turning to his kinsmen) I pray you show my father what I do say, that he may understand I am a Christian man. I say, and believe, and am therein fully persuaded by the scriptures, that in the sacrament of the supper of our Lord, ministered in the holy communion according to Christ's institution, I being penitent and sorry for my sins, and minding to amend and lead a new life, and so coming worthily unto God's board in perfect love and charity, do there receive by faith the body and blood of Christ. And though Christ, in his human nature, sit at the right hand of his Father, yet by faith, I say, his death, his passion, his merits, are mine; and by faith I dwell in him, and he in me. And as

for the mass, transubstantiation, and the worshipping of the sacrament, they are mere impiety, and horrible idolatry."

"I thought as much," exclaimed Bonner, not suffering him to speak any longer; "how he would prove a very blasphemous heretic as ever I heard. How unreverently doth he speak of the blessed mass!" And straightway he read the sentence of condemnation, adjudging him to be burned. Holland heard it in silence, patiently and quietly; and when about to be removed, he said, "My lord, I beseech you suffer me to speak two words." Bonner refused, ordering him away; but on the intercession of one of his friends, he said, "Speak; what hast thou to say?" The martyr, just ready to be offered, then uttered these memorable words: "Even now I told you your authority was from God, and by his sufferance: and now I tell you, God hath heard the prayer of his servants, which hath been poured out with tears for his afflicted saints, which daily you persecute, as now you do us. But this I dare be bold in God to speak, which by his Spirit I am moved to say, that God will shorten your hand of cruelty, that for a time you shall not molest his church. And this shall you in short time perceive, my dear brethren, to be most true; for after this day, in this place, shall there not be any by him put to the trial of fire and fagot." Certain it is, that his words were verified; for after Holland and his companions, no more suffered in Smithfield for the testimony of the gospel.

The boasting tyrant, however, believed it not: he replied, "Roger, thou art as mad in these thy heresies as ever was Joan Boucher. In anger and fume thou wouldest become a railing prophet. Though thou and all the sort of you would see me hanged, yet I shall live to burn, yea, I will burn all the sort of you that come in my hands, that will not worship the blessed sacrament of the altar, for all thy prattling." And then the bishop went out, in no small displeasure.

Holland next began to exhort his friends to repentance, and to think well of them that suffered for the testimony of the gospel. Bonner quickly came back, charging the keeper that no one should be permitted to speak to the prisoners without his license; and that any who did should be committed to prison. Meanwhile, Holland and Henry Pond continued to address the people, exhorting them to stand in the truth; and adding, that God would shorten those cruel and evil days for his elect's sake.

In their examination, the other six had borne a most open and unflinching witness to the truth. They not only answered affirmatively to all the articles that set forth their utter dissent from the popish worship and doctrine, but strengthened their protest as much as possible, by plain denunciations of the errors and idolatry, in testifying against which they were ready to yield up their lives. Only Reynold Eastland refused to be sworn, alleging that although to end a strife an oath is lawful, yet to begin a strife it is not so. To this singular opinion he adhered; but readily consented to suffer whatever should be adjudged to his brethren. When called on, at the last, to reconcile himself again to the "catholic" faith, and go from his opinions, he said he knew nothing why he should recant: and therefore would not conform himself. So sentence was pronounced on him. John Holiday being next called, said that he was no heretic, neither held any heresy or any opinion contrary to the catholic faith; but as he persisted in holding the scriptural not the Romish faith to be the catholic, he too was condemned. The others were disposed of in like manner: Roger Holland being reserved to the last.

On the twenty-seventh of June the fire was prepared for these brethren: and such was the dread entertained of their influence over the people, that a proclamation was made that day, forbidding any to be so bold as to speak or talk any word unto them, or to receive any thing of them, on pain of imprisonment without bail or mainprize, with other cruel threatenings. Notwithstanding, the people cried out, beseeching God to strengthen them; while the martyrs also prayed for them, and for the restoring of God's word. At last, Roger Holland, embracing the stake and the reeds, spoke these words aloud: "Lord, I most humbly thank thy majesty, that thou hast called me from the state of death unto the light of thy heavenly word; and now unto the fellowship of thy saints, that I may sing, and say, Holy, holy, holy Lord God of hosts! And, Lord, into thy hands I commit my spirit. Lord, bless these thy people, and save them from idolatry." So, looking up to heaven, praying to God and praising Him, he ended his life, with his dear and faithful brethren.

Oh that all who have this world's good, would be ready to bestow a portion on the poor victims of popish delusion, in the spirit and with the object of the maid Elizabeth, when she placed her thirty pounds in the hands of Roger Holland!

Six others of the company who were apprehended at Islington were cruelly burnt at Brentford, shortly after their brethren had been slain in Smithfield. These were Robert Willes, Stephen Cotton, Robert Dynes, Stephen Wright, John Slade, and William Pikes. The articles were ministered to them by Bonner's chancellor, Darbyshire, at various times, each having the same articles objected against him separately: but their answers were uniform, showing that one Spirit taught them all. They declared, that as the rites, customs, and ceremonies of the Romish religion were against the word of God, they would observe no part of them: they would not attend the church, so long as idolatry was there practised, and a strange language used: they declared that if they might receive the sacrament as they did in king Edward's time, they would with all their hearts do so. On the final examination, they were all brought up together, and asked if they would turn from their opinions to the holy mother church: they all answered that they would not go from the truth, nor renounce any part of it while they lived. They were sent back till the afternoon, when the chancellor sitting in the pomp and pride of his office, with two of the queen's household officers present, passed the murderous sentence upon these poor lambs, delivering them up to the appointed slaughterers. The same day he applied for a writ; and caused the martyrs to be conveyed to Brentford, and burned on the morrow. They went quietly and gladly to the place, made their prayers to the Lord Jesus, undressed themselves, and being bound to the stake, with flames rising about them, yielded their souls into the hands of their Saviour.

Before dismissing the story of these sufferers for God's truth, we must relate what befell two of the seven who escaped the flames, out of these twenty-two, of whom thirteen were burned. These were Thomas Henshaw, and John Willes. The former was a youth of nineteen or twenty years, apprenticed to a tradesman in Paul's church-yard. After eight weeks' solitary imprisonment in Newgate, Henshaw was sent for by Bonner to be examined by him, Harpsfield, and Cole. He was remanded for three weeks longer, then brought up again before Bonner, who had with him much talk but to no purpose. The next day, being Sunday, the bishop went to Fulham, in the afternoon; and having, in the morning, made another unsuc-

cessful attempt to shake the youth's constancy, he took him there, and extended to him the hospitality which he was wont to show God's people in that house, by setting him in the stocks for the night, with a pittance of bread and water. The next morning Bonner came to him, with many persuasions, which took no effect on his steadfast mind: so Harpsfield was sent for, to try his hand, who, after a long discussion lost his temper, called him peevish boy; asking him whether he thought he went about to destroy his soul, and so forth. Henshaw answered, that he was persuaded that they laboured to maintain their dark and devilish kingdom; and not from any love to truth. This put Harpsfield into a mighty rage: he told the bishop; who, swelling with passion so as scarcely to be able to speak, said, "Dost thou answer my archdeacon so, thou naughty boy? I shall handle thee well enough, be assured." He then sent for a couple of rods, and ordered the young man to kneel down against a long bench, in an arbour in his garden; which he readily doing, the bishop beat and scourged him, until his bloated and unwieldy body was so wearied with that right catholic exercise, that he was fain to give over, before he had quite wasted both his willow-rods.

After this specimen of the tenderness with which the holy mother church of Rome cherishes the lambs whom she undertakes to lead back to her fold, articles were prepared against Henshaw, and he was brought to examination in the chapel at Fulham. He kept a clear conscience, not assenting to any of their idolatrous doctrines, though he refused to answer to many of the artful questions propounded. Soon after he fell sick of fever and ague, and Bonner, who thought him at the point of death, was prevailed on to give him into the care of his master, who must have produced him again on his recovery: but by the Lord's mercy, he remained sick until after the accession of Elizabeth, and so escaped. He was alive when Fox wrote the story, and furnished him with the facts.

John Willes was brother to one of those burnt at Brentford. He was examined with Henshaw, and shared his lodging in the stocks, during eight or ten days, at Fulham; and often was he questioned by Bonner, who, on those occasions always held a stick in his hand, with which he would rap him on the head, and strike him under the chin, and on the ears, saying he looked down like a thief. One

day, after trying all ways to make him revoke, the bishop asked him when he had crept to the cross: he answered, not since he came to years of discretion, neither would he, though he should be torn by wild horses. Then Bonner ordered him to make a cross on his forehead, which he refused to do, and thereupon he was taken to the orchard, placed in the arbour, and obliged to strip his back, while Bonner scourged him with a willow rod, until it was worn to a stump; then he called for one of birch, and used it in like manner, as long as he could raise his arm. After this, Willes was examined with Henshaw at Fulham chapel, but little to the bishop's contentment: for he sent to the prison an old priest lately come from Rome, to conjure the evil spirit out of him; at whom and his incantations, Willes only laughed. Bonner took great pains with him, talking a vast deal of the most childish nonsense, by way of expounding scripture, but all in vain. One of his speeches was this: "They call me bloody Bonner: a vengeance on you all, I would fain be rid of you, but you have a delight in burning. If I might have my will, I would sew your mouths and put you in sacks to drown you."

At last Willes was delivered: not by any relentings on Bonner's part, but by the perseverance of his wife, who came to the house, and declared she would not stir from it until her husband was given up to her. She was in a condition to render her rather an inconvenient and awkward guest in the palace: so for fear of what might happen, Bonner was forced to release his prisoner from the stocks, and let him go, for a day, as he said; but it was managed to get him fully delivered, by signing a paper that contained nothing contrary to his faith. The happy change of affairs soon after placed Bonner's captives in glad security; while he, imprisoned in the Marshalsea, with liberty to go out, but never daring to pass its gates for fear of the people's vengeance, lived a long while in gluttony, drunkenness, and every sinful excess, and died a confirmed infidel.

The next martyr who comes under review is Richard Yeoman, a devout old minister, who had long been curate to good Dr. Rowland Taylor, at Hadleigh. That blessed martyr left his parish in Yeoman's charge: but the successor appointed to the cure, Newall, soon drove away the godly teacher, and set a right popish curate in his place, to maintain and enforce the doctrine of his evil patrons,

which they thought to be now fully established. Expelled from his home, the aged pastor wandered from place to place, exhorting all the brethren whom he met to stand faithfully to God's word, to give themselves earnestly unto prayer, patiently bearing the cross now laid on them for their trial, and boldly confessing the truth before their adversaries, and with undoubting hope waiting for the crown and reward of eternal felicity. When he perceived the enemy was lying in wait to seize him, he procured a little basket of laces, pins, and other such small merchandize, with which he went into Kent, travelling from one village to another, selling his humble wares, and by this poor shift getting a trifle towards the sustenance of himself, his helpless wife, and children. While thus he passed through Kent, a certain justice of that county took him, and kept him for a day and night in the stocks; but having no evidence against him, was obliged to let him go. Yeoman then returned to Hadleigh, coming privately and cautiously; and for more than a year his poor faithful wife concealed him in a chamber of the town house. Here the patient old man, now nearly seventy years of age, remained, spending his time in devout prayer and reading the scriptures; and in carding wool which his wife spun. She also went out to beg bread and meat for herself and the children: and by such poor means they contrived to exist. This was the lot of God's saints, while the prophets of Baal lived in jollity, and were pampered at Jezebel's table.

At length Newall discovered the retreat of his victim, and taking with him the bailiffs' deputies and servants, came in the night time, breaking open five doors to reach the place where Yeoman was in bed with his wife and children. The persecutor immediately uttered some gross and slanderous language against them, founded on the wicked rule of priestly celibacy, and behaved with savage insult to the poor gentlewoman; while her husband, in the spirit of his martyred friend Rowland Taylor, replied, "Nay, parson, no ill character, but a married man and his wife, according unto God's ordinance; and blessed be God for lawful matrimony. I thank God for this great grace, and I defy the pope and all his popery." He was then led to the cage, and placed in the stocks until day. Here he found another aged sufferer, named JOHN DALE, who had been there three or four days, because when Newall and his curate openly performed the Romish service in the

church, he publicly reproved their blindness, idolatry, and cruelty to God's martyrs. They were both brought together before Sir Henry Doyle, a justice of the peace, and Newall urged him to commit them to prison. Sir Henry strove hard to move the inhuman man to pity: representing their age, their poverty, that they were no preachers, nor men of great repute: wherefore he besought him to be content to punish them for a day or two, and then to let them go; at least Dale, who was no priest, and who had sat so long in the cage that it seemed punishment enough. At this the vicar went into a great rage, calling them pestilent heretics, unfit to live in a commonwealth of Christians; and finally demanded of Sir Henry that he should, according to his office, defend holy church, and help to suppress these sects of heretics which were false to God, and boldly set themselves, to the evil example of others, against the queen's gracious proceedings. Sir Henry seeing he could do no good, and knowing that it was at his own peril if he stood between the Lord's sheep and the wolves who were whetting their teeth to rend them, was forced to make out a commitment to Bury gaol, whither the constables carried them both. The justices were, in fact, though armed with the sword of civil power, as much in fear of every shaven crown as Pilate was of Annas and Caiaphas, and the pharisaical generation who cried out, "Crucify him, Crucify him. If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend." Such is the policy of that unfathomable mystery of iniquity, the Romish church: and so will it ever be where that church is ascendant. Magistrates, and laymen of every degree, must needs be slaves and vassals to the popish bishops; as was Sir Henry Doyle now proved to be, when, sorely against his conscience, he permitted the two innocent victims to be bound like thieves, placed on horseback with their legs tied under the horses' bodies, taken to prison, and there heavily ironed. All this could not prevent their rebuking the anti-christian apostasy; so that they were thrust into the lowest dungeon, where Dale soon died, and was cast forth, and put into a hole dug in the fields. He was a weaver, well learned in the holy scripture, and steadfast in maintaining the true doctrine set forth in king Edward's time. For it he joyfully suffered prison and fetters; and from an earthly dungeon departed to a mansion of eternal glory, where Christ is the light of his people for evermore.

When Dale was dead, Mr. Yeoman was removed to Norwich, and very cruelly handled in that prison. When brought to examination, he steadfastly declared himself to be of the faith and confession set forth by the holy king Edward the Sixth, of blessed memory; and from that he would nothing vary. Being required to submit himself to the holy father, the pope, he replied, "I defy him, and all his detestable abominations: I will in no wise have to do with him, nor any thing that appertaineth to him." The chief articles objected against him were his marriage, and the mass sacrifice: and as he continued immovable in the truth, he was condemned, degraded, and not only burnt, but most barbarously tormented in the fire. He ended his life of sorrow, want, and pain, to enjoy with Lazarus, in the bosom of Abraham, the sweet rest and quietness that God hath prepared for his saints.

Another martyr of Hadleigh was JOHN ALCOCK. He was a shearman, a young man, and in the employ of a person named Rolfe. He had been accustomed to the English service in Hadleigh church: and when Newall came there with his procession, Alcock stood by, neither moving his cap, nor doing any sort of reverence to the idol which they carried. Newall seeing this, in a fit of devout rage ran after him as he left the church, seized him, and called for the constable. Then came up Rolfe, and asked the priest what his servant had done to make him so angry. Newall replied, "He is a heretic and a traitor, and despiseth the queen's proceedings. Wherefore I command you, in the queen's name, have him in the stocks, and see he be forthcoming." "Well," answered Rolfe, "he shall be forthcoming. Proceed you in your business, and be quiet." "But," the priest repeated, "have him in the stocks." "I am constable," said Rolfe, "and may bail him, and will bail him: he shall not come in the stocks; but he shall be forthcoming." So the priest returned to his holy procession, and celebrated his mass.

Rolfe said to his young man, "I am sorry for thee, for truly the parson will seek thy destruction, if thou take not good heed what thou answerest him." "Sir," answered Alcock, "I am sorry that it is my hap to be a trouble to you. As for myself I am not sorry; but I do commit myself into God's hands, and I trust he will give me a mouth and wisdom to answer according to right." "Well," repeated Rolfe, "yet beware of him; for he is malicious, and

a blood-sucker, and beareth an old hatred against me; and he will handle you the more cruelly, because of displeasure against me." The young man replied, "I fear him not. He shall do no more to me than God will give him leave; and happy shall I be, if God will call me to die for his truth's sake."

After this discourse, they went to the priest, who at once asked him, "Fellow, what sayest thou to the sacrament of the altar?" "I say," answered he, "as ye use the matter, ye make a shameful idol of it: and ye are false, idolatrous priests, all the sort of you." "I told you he was a stout heretic," remarked Newall. He committed him for the night, to prison, and next day, riding up to London, took the young man with him, who, after long confinement in Newgate, with repeated examinations and many troubles, remaining steadfast, was cast into the lowest dungeon, where he died. His body was buried in a dunghill.

THOMAS BENBRIDGE was a gentleman of good estate, in the diocese of Winchester, where he had means to live as easy and luxurious a life as any: but the Lord gave him grace to prefer the reproach of Christ before all the joys of this world, and to seek an entrance through the strait gate of persecution into the heavenly kingdom. He stood manfully against the papists for the defence of the gospel, conforming himself to it in all things. He was, of course, apprehended, as an enemy to the Romish religion, and sustained many conflicts with White, the bishop of Winchester, and his colleagues. He objected against their baptism, as not being ministered in the English tongue; denied transubstantiation; condemned confession to the priest; declared he believed not the bishops to be successors of the apostles, for that they be not called as they were, nor have that grace; asserted that not the pope but the devil was supreme head of their church; rejected purgatory; and said that Martin Luther died a good Christian man, whose doctrine and life he approved.

He was condemned, and when brought to the place of execution cheerfully prepared himself for the fire, dividing his clothes, which were befitting a wealthy gentleman, among those who claimed them, and was made fast to the stake. While he stood quietly there, his hands joined together, Dr. Seaton came and exhorted him to recant; but he answered, "Away, Babylonian, away." A bystander proposed to cut out his tongue, and another railed most vio-

lently at him: but finding no prospect of prevailing, they devised to torture him with such slow burning, that it procured them a short triumph over his constancy; for, having kept on his hose, which were of leather, when the fire, that burned him elsewhere without causing him to shrink, got hold on them, the agony produced by that heated leather was so intolerable, that he cried out, "I recant," and thrust the fire from him; while a few of his friends who stood by, at their own peril stepping into the fire, helped him out of it. For this they were sent to prison. The sheriff also, on his own responsibility, had him taken from the stake, and re-conducted to prison: and he was likewise sent to the Fleet for his humanity. Before Benbridge was removed, Seaton wrote articles of recantation, and offered them for his signature; but he objected so strongly that the doctor commanded him to be again put into the fire. He then, very unwillingly, and with great grief, subscribed the paper, which was laid on a man's back; and so had his gown given to him again, and went to his prison, whence he wrote a letter to Seaton, revoking what he had said at the stake, and what he had subscribed. From this resolution none could move him: and after suffering a week's pain from the burns he had received, he was once more taken to the fire, where he endured all the slow torments that their barbarity could inflict, and died a martyr.

Next, the persecutors burned four of God's servants at St. Edmund's Bury, by sentence of Hopton, bishop of Norwich. They were JOHN COOKE, a sawyer; ROBERT MILES, a shearman; ALEXANDER LANE, a wheelwright; and a young man named JAMES ASHLEY. They all answered very boldly, clearly, and decidedly, to the bishop and his helpers; and being condemned, suffered together gladly in the fire, in the month of August, just before the Lord stretched forth his hand to smite queen Mary with the sickness that proved to be unto death.

There was one Noone, a justice in Suffolk, who did good service to the antichristian church, by hunting out and destroying God's people. He heard of two, ALEXANDER GOUCH, of Woodbridge, and ALICE DRIVER, the wife of a man dwelling at Grosborough, near which he resided; and learning that they were then both in the neighbourhood, he commenced a careful search for them. The poor people went into a heap of hay to hide themselves; but by piercing it with pitchforks, the adversaries discovered and took them

to Molton gaol; and thence to the assizes at Bury, where they stood most boldly to the confession of Christ crucified, rejecting the pope and all his pernicious doings. Alice Driver was particularly earnest: and for likening queen Mary in her persecutions to Jezebel, who slew the prophets of the Lord, the presiding judge ordered her ears to be cut off, which was done; she cheerfully submitting to it. After this they were taken back to Molton; and last to Ipswich for examination before Spenser, then chancellor of Norwich. Like Woodman, Alice Driver certainly used great plainness of speech, putting her thoughts into language as unceremonious as it was true. She entered the presence of her judges with a smiling countenance; on which the chancellor exclaimed, "Why, woman, dost thou laugh us to scorn?" She answered, "Whether I do or no, I might well enough, to see what fools ye be." He then demanded why she was brought before him, and for what she had been laid in prison; she said he knew better than she; but he declared he did not; on which she observed, "Then have ye done me much wrong, thus to imprison me, and know no cause why:" adding a declaration of her innocence. Spenser then asked her, "Woman, woman, what sayest thou to the blessed sacrament of the altar? Dost thou not believe that it is very flesh and blood, after the words be spoken of consecration?" To this she gave no reply: so a great priest standing by, asked her why she answered not the chancellor? She turned short upon him, telling him she came not to talk with him, but with his master. The chancellor then ordered her to speak, and she said, "Sir, pardon me though I make no answer, for I cannot tell what you mean thereby: for in all my life I never heard or read of any such sacrament in all the scripture." "Why, what scriptures have you read, I pray you?" said Spenser. "I have, I thank God, read God's book," she replied. "Why, what manner of book is that you call God's book?" "It is the Old and New Testament: what call you it?" "That is God's book indeed, I cannot deny," said the chancellor. Alice went on: the same book I have read throughout, but you never could find any such sacrament there: and for that cause I cannot make you answer to that thing I know not. Notwithstanding, for all that, I will grant you a sacrament, called the Lord's supper: and therefore seeing I have granted you a sacrament, I pray you show me what a sacrament is." Spenser replied, "It is a sign:"

and one Dr. Gascoigne standing by, confirmed it, saying that it was the sign of a holy thing. "You have said the truth, sir," said Alice, "it is a sign indeed, I must needs grant it: and therefore, seeing it is a sign, it cannot be the thing signified also. Thus far we do agree; for I have granted your own saying." Gascoigne then made a long speech, setting forth his offensive doctrine; and in conclusion asked her if she did not believe the omnipotency of God, and that he was almighty, and able to perform that he spake. She answered that she believed he was able to perform all that he spake and promised. He then urged the usual argument, that Christ saying, "This is my body," was able to make the bread what he declared it to be: but she denied that he had ever said he would do so. She asked, "Was it not bread that he gave unto them?" "No, it was his body." "Then was it his body they did eat overnight" said she. "Yea, it was his body," answered the doctor. "What body was it then that was crucified the next day?" demanded Alice. "It was Christ's body," replied the doctor. "How could that be," said she, "when the disciples had eaten him overnight? except he had two bodies, as by your argument he had: one they did eat overnight, and the other was crucified the next day! Such a doctor, such a doctrine! Be you not ashamed to teach the people that Christ had two bodies?" She then quoted St. Luke and St. Paul; adding, "I marvel you blush not, before all this people to lie so manifestly as ye do." The doctor had not another word to say: and the chancellor lifting his head from his cushion, commanded the gaoler to take her away. "Now," said Alice, "that ye be not able to resist the truth, ye command me to prison again! Well; the Lord in the end shall judge our cause, and to him I leave it. I wis, I wis, this gear will go for no payment then."

On the following day she was taken before them again, when the chancellor asked her what she said to the blessed sacrament of the altar. She replied, "I will say nothing to it; for you will neither believe me nor yourselves. For yesterday, I asked you what a sacrament was, and you said it was a sign, and I agreed thereto, and said it was the truth, confirming it by the scriptures; so that I went not from your own words. And now ye come and ask me again of such a sacrament as I told you I never read of in the scriptures." To this the chancellor replied, "Thou liest, naughty woman; we did not say that it was a sign."

"Why, masters," she exclaimed, "be ye not the men that you were yesterday? Will ye eat your own words? Are you not ashamed to lie before all this multitude here present, who heard you speak the same?" Then Dr. Gascoigne stood up, and said she was deceived, for there were three churches, the malignant church, the church militant, and the church triumphant: but when he tried to make something out of this text, he was bewildered and could not get on. Alice asked him to show her a place in the scriptures, where these churches were mentioned; which he undertook to do, but of course failed. He pretended to search about him for a New Testament, but not producing any, Alice asked him, "Have ye none here, sir?" He said, "No;" and she proceeded, "I thought so much indeed, that ye were little acquainted withal. Surely ye be a good doctor: you say you sit here to give judgment according to the law; and how can you give judgment, and have not the book of the law with you?" Gascoigne, who seemed greatly out of countenance, asked her if she had one; she answered, No. "Then," said he, "I am as good a doctor as you." She replied, "Well, sir, I had one, but you took it from me, as you would take me from Christ if you could, and since would not suffer me to have any book at all, so burning is your charity. But you may well know, I thank God, that I have exercised the same; else could I not have answered you, to God's glory be it spoken, as I have." The doctors looked one to another, but no one attempted to say a word. The martyr waited a while, then resumed: "Have you no more to say? God be honoured, you be not able to resist the Spirit of God in me, a poor woman. I was an honest poor man's daughter, never brought up in the university as you have been; but I have driven the plough before my father many a time, I thank God. Yet, notwithstanding, in the defence of God's truth, and in the cause of my Master, Christ, by his grace I will set my foot against the foot of any of you all, in the maintenance and defence of the same: and if I had a thousand lives, they should go for payment thereof." So the wretched chancellor, unable to answer this fearless champion of God's verity, rose, read in Latin the sentence condemning her to the flames, and committed her to the secular power. Alice then returned to her prison, praising and glorifying the name of God, as joyful as the bird of day.

Alexander Gouch was chiefly examined on the sacra-

ments and ceremonies of their church; and for rejecting these, with the pope's supremacy, he was condemned also. On the fourth of November, the month of England's happy deliverance from queen Mary, these two were brought to the stake at Ipswich, and their martyrdom was marked by the foulest act of impious tyranny that had been perpetrated: for the sheriff, one Sir Henry Dowell, would not allow them to pray. They had come six miles that morning, singing all the way, to their death; and when they kneeled down on a broom fagot, to commend themselves to God, this monster commanded the bailiff to stop them, and to nail them instantly to the stake. Still they prayed: and the sheriff sent one of his men to them, with an order to leave off. Gouch stood up, and said, "I pray you, master sheriff, let us pray a while, for we have but a little time to live here." But he cried, "Come off; have them to the fire." They both said, "Why, master sheriff, and master bailiff, will you not suffer us to pray?" "Away!" repeated Sir Henry; "to the stake with them." Gouch said, "Take heed, master sheriff; if you forbid prayer, the vengeance of God hangeth over your heads." They were immediately fastened to the stake; and when the chain was passed round Alice Driver's neck, "Oh," said she, "here is a goodly neckerchief; blessed be God for it!"

All being ready, several persons came and took them by the hand, as they stood at the stake; whom the sheriff no sooner saw, than he called out, "Lay hands on them—lay hands on them!" On hearing this, so great a number of people ran to the stake, that he thought it more prudent not to molest them, so none were taken. The Lord's arm was already uplifted to smite the destroyer of his people; and surely such a scene as this did not retard the blow. It was observed, that a fellow named Bate, a barber in Ipswich, was particularly bitter and violent against those martyrs; and, having on him a frieze gown at the time, he presently sold it, saying it stank of heretics. Very shortly after, he died miserably; and the people failed not to trace a just judgment in the event.

At Bury, a few days after this, were burned for God's word, Philip Humfrey, John David, and Henry David; the two last being brothers. At the time of their condemnation, the queen was given over; yet did the bloodthirsty persecutor, Higham, sue out a writ, and make all haste to dispatch them, while yet the power to murder God's saints remained in the hands of their enemies.

Another victim, the exact date of whose suffering is not precisely known, gave striking evidence of the power of divine grace, working in one of the weakest of God's creatures. Her name was PREST; she dwelt near Launceston, and was the wife of a man in humble life. Her husband and children were greatly addicted to popery, who often rebuked and grieved her, because her mind was greatly alienated from the evil way in which they delighted. They drove her to mass, to confession, and to return thanks for the re-establishment of antichrist's kingdom in the land; and when, after long trouble for conscience' sake, she made her earnest prayer to God for help and direction, she was led to resolve on forsaking all, and committing herself to the world, rather than thus to dishonour the Lord by joining in their idolatrous doings. Accordingly she departed, taking nothing with her, and by labour and spinning earned enough to support herself, still openly declaring her mind, wherever she could. After a time, however, some officious persons brought her home to her husband, where the neighbours soon accused of her heresy, and had her taken before the bishop of Exeter, who said, "Thou foolish woman, I hear say that thou hast spoken certain words against the most blessed sacrament of the altar, the body of Christ. Fie for shame: thou art an unlearned person, and a woman, and wilt thou meddle with such high matters, which all the doctors in the world cannot define? Wilt thou talk of so high mysteries? Keep thy work, and meddle with that thou hast to do. It is no woman's matter, at cards and tow to be spoken of. And if it be as I am informed, thou art worthy to be burned." She replied, that she was a poor woman, earning a penny truly, and giving part of what she got to the poor: and on his asking whether she had not a husband, she said, she had a husband and children, and had them not. So long as she was at liberty, she refused neither husband nor children; "but now standing here as I do," said she, "in the cause of Christ and his truth, where I must either forsake Christ or my husband, I am contented to stick only to Christ, my heavenly Spouse, and renounce the other." Here she quoted the words of our Lord, "He that leaveth not father or mother," &c.: but the bishop interrupted her, saying that Christ spake it of the holy martyrs, which died because they would not do sacrifice to the false gods. "Surely, sir," she answered, "and I will rather die than I will do any worship to that foul idol which with your mass you make a god." The bishop, in a rage,

asked if she would so call the sacrament of the altar; she replied, "Yea, truly, there never was such an idol as your sacrament is made of your priests, and commanded to be worshipped of all men, with many fond fantasies, when Christ did command it to be eaten and drunken in remembrance of his most blessed passion for our redemption." After some scolding from the bishop, she asked his leave to give a reason for refusing to worship the sacrament; and he replied, "Marry, say on; I am sure it will be goodly gear." "Truly, such gear as I will lose this poor life of mine for," said she. "Then you will be a martyr, good wife?" "Indeed, if the denying to worship that bready god be my martyrdom, I will suffer it with all my heart."

The bishop desired her to say her mind, and after requesting him to bear with her, as a poor woman, she thus spoke. "I will demand of you, whether you can deny your creed, which doth say that Christ perpetually doth sit at the right hand of his Father, both body and soul, until he come again, or whether he be there in heaven, our Advocate, and do make prayer for us unto God, his Father? If it be so, he is not here on the earth in a piece of bread. If he be not here, and if he do not dwell in temples made with hands, but in heaven, what, shall we seek him here? If he did offer his body, once for all, why make you a new offering? If with once offering he made all perfect, why do you, with a false offering, make all unperfect? If he be to be worshipped in spirit and in truth, why do you worship a piece of bread? If he be eaten and drunken in faith and truth, if his flesh be not profitable to be among us, why do you say you make his body and flesh, and say it is profitable for body and soul? Alas, I am a poor woman; but rather than I would do as you do, I would live no longer, I have said, sir." The only answer the bishop could give, was, "I promise you, you are a jolly protestant. I pray you in what schools have you been brought up?" She replied, "I have upon the Sundays visited the sermons, and there have I learned such things as are so fixed in my breast, that death itself shall not separate them." "O foolish woman!" said the bishop, "who will waste his breath upon thee, or such as thou art? But how chanceth it that thou went away from thy husband? If thou wert an honest woman, thou wouldst not have left thy husband and children, and run about the country as a fugitive." "Sir," she replied, "I laboured for my living; and as my Master, Christ,

counselleth me, when I was persecuted in one city, I fled into another." "Who persecuted thee?" "My husband and my children. For when I would have them to leave idolatry, and to worship God in heaven, he would not hear me, but he with his children rebuked me, and troubled me. I fled not for unchastity, nor for theft, but because I would be no partaker of that foul idol, the mass. And wheresoever I was, as oft as I could, upon Sundays and holidays, I made excuses not to go to the popish church." "Belike then," said the bishop, "thou art a good housewife, to flee from your husband, and also from the church." "My housewifry is but small," said the simple, faithful creature, "but God give me grace to go to the true church!" "The true church?" repeated the bishop: "what dost thou mean?" "Not your popish church, full of idols and abominations; but where two or three are gathered together in the name of God, to that church will I go, as long as I live." "Belike then you have a church of your own," observed the bishop: "well let this mad woman be put down to prison, until we send for her husband." "No," she replied, "I have but one Husband, which is here already in this city, and in prison with me; from whom I will never depart."

Blackstone, the chancellor, with others, laboured to persuade the bishop that the poor creature was crazed: which was no strange thing, seeing how the wisdom of God appears foolishness to the carnal mind. They agreed among themselves to let her have some liberty; and directed the keeper of the bishop's prison to give her employment in his house, as a servant; which she cheerfully performed, having leave to go out into the city when she would, and finding many who delighted to talk with her. However, her bold speaking against the mass-worship annoyed the governing party greatly: they sent for her husband to take her home, but she refused to go with him, lest it should blemish the cause wherein she stood. Then a good party of priests took it in hand to persuade her from her wicked opinions, but with as little success. She told them their sacrament was nothing but very bread and wine; and that they might be ashamed to say that a piece of bread should be turned by a man into the natural body of Christ; which bread doth corrupt, and mice oftentimes do eat it, and it doth mould, and is burned. "And," said she, "God's own body will not be so handled, nor kept in prison, or boxes, or such like. Let it be your god, it shall not be mine; for my Saviour sitteth on the right hand of God, and doth pray

for me. And to make that sacramental or significative bread, instituted for a remembrance, the very body of Christ, and to worship it, is very foolishness and devilish deceit." They remarked, The devil had deceived her. "No," said she, "I trust the living God hath opened mine eyes, and caused me to understand the right use of the blessed sacrament, which the true church doth use, but the false church doth abuse." Then stepped forth an old friar, and asked her what she said of the holy pope? She answered, "I say that he is antichrist, and the devil:" whereat they all laughed. "Nay," continued she, "you have more need to weep than to laugh, and to be sorry that ever you were born to be chaplains of that harlot of Babylon: I defy him and all his falsehood. And get you away from me: you do but trouble my conscience. You would have me follow your doings; I will first lose my life. I pray you depart."

"Why, thou foolish woman," said they, "we come to thee for thy profit and soul's health." She asked what profit could arise by them who taught nothing but lies for truth: or how could they save souls, who preached nothing but lies dangerous to destroy souls. "You teach them," she said, "to worship idols, stocks and stones, the works of men's hands; and to worship a false god of your own making out of a piece of bread; and teach that the pope is God's vicar, and hath power to forgive sins; and that there is a purgatory, whereas God's Son hath by his death, purged all. You say you make God and sacrifice him, when Christ's body was a sacrifice once for all. Do you not teach the people to number their sins in your ears, and say they be damned if they confess not all: when God's word saith, 'Who can number his sins?' Do you not promise them trentals, and dirges, and masses for souls, and sell your prayers for money, and make them buy pardons, and trust to such foolish inventions of your own imaginations? Do you not altogether against God? Do ye not teach us to pray upon beads, and to pray unto saints, and say they can pray for us? Do you not make holy bread, and holy water to frighten devils? Do you not a thousand more abominations? And yet you say you come for my profit, and to save my soul. No, no; One hath saved me. Farewell you with your salvation." And no better encouragement could they get from her.

One day, using her liberty, this extraordinary woman, who never put the smallest restraint on her tongue when

popery came in her way, walked into St. Peter's church, in Exeter, and there found a Dutch sculptor busily engaged in fitting new noses upon some of the graven images that had been disfigured in king Edward's days. She accosted him with, "What a madman art thou, to make them new noses, which within a few days shall all lose their heads!" The Dutchman accused her for this; besides reviling her. But she had scripture for retorting upon his false church the disgraceful name that he applied to her. However, from this time, she was laid fast in prison, and allowed no more indulgence. Many came to see her during her imprisonment; and all received instruction. To one, who had been a faithful preacher in Edward's days, but recanted through fear, she addressed strong and affectionate exhortations to be more bold in Christ's cause. Among others, came a wealthy and accomplished gentlewoman, who was disposed towards the truth: to her, Prest recited the creed; and on coming to the words, "he ascended into heaven," she there paused, and bade the lady seek his body in heaven, not upon earth; telling her plainly that God dwelleth not in temples made with hands; and that the sacrament was for nothing else but to be a remembrance of his blessed passion: whereas, as they used it, it was but an idol, and far wide from any remembrance of Christ's body; "which," said she, "will not long continue: and so, take it, good mistress." The lady on returning to her husband said that in her life she never heard a woman, of such simplicity to behold, talk so godly, so perfectly, so sincerely, and so earnestly. Adding, "Insomuch, if God were not with her, she could not speak such things, to the which I am not able to answer her, who can read, and she cannot."

The like testimony was borne by all who resorted to her. While the adversaries assailed her character and afflicted her body, always asserting that she was out of her wits, the Lord mightily strengthened and aided her, giving proof to many of her great wisdom in spiritual things, and perfect knowledge of scripture, though in what pertained to the present life she was simple as a child. At last, tired of fruitless attempts to move her constancy, they brought against her the new charge of being an anabaptist, and had her again before the bishop upon it. She was sent from one prison to another; and some gentlemen of the place urged her to make a submission, and go home to her family, telling her she was an unlearned woman, and unable to answer in such high matters. She admitted this, saying,

"Yet with my death I am content to be a witness of Christ's death: and I pray you make no longer delay with me; my heart is fixed; I will never otherwise say, nor turn to their superstitious doings." Then the bishop observed, the devil did lead her. "No, my lord," said she, "it is the Spirit of God which leadeth me." There was one vile fellow, Blaxton, treasurer of the church, who used, when in company with a disgraceful female associate, to send for the martyr to his house, and make great sport of her earnest replies and admonitions, while he mocked at and reviled the truth. For a long time this continued: at last they all became anxious to get rid of her, so passed the judgment, and delivered her to the temporal officers. When she had heard the whole sentence read, which detailed the manner of her approaching death, the poor happy Christian lifted up her voice and praised God, saying, "I thank thee, my Lord, my God; this day have I found what I have long sought." Great mockings and outcries then assailed her, which she patiently bore; and again they pretended, that if she would recant, her life should still be spared. She answered, "No, that will I not: God forbid that I should lose the life eternal for this carnal and short life. I will never turn from my Heavenly Husband to my earthly husband: from the fellowship of angels to mortal children: and if my husband and children be faithful, then am I theirs. God is my father; God is my mother; God is my sister, my brother, my kinsman; God is my friend most faithful."

She was then delivered to the sheriff, and in the sight of innumerable people was led to execution, without the walls of Exeter. Again the priests assaulted her, but she desired them to have no more talk with her, and went on praying, "God be merciful to me a sinner: God be merciful to me a sinner!" Her cheerful countenance and lively manner showed her as one prepared to attend the marriage-supper of the Lamb: and to Him she went, having long had sharp trial of bitter mockings, and then of burning flames: but the Refiner sat by, to watch his precious metal, and secured it for himself.

Canterbury was chosen to be the scene of the last cruel murder perpetrated openly in these realms by judicial authority, on Christ's people, for His name's sake. Five Christians were burned at that place, within six days before England's happy deliverance of queen Mary. These were

John Corneford, of Wortham; John Hurst, of Ashford; Christopher Brown, of Maidstone; Alice Snoth; and an aged woman, named Katherine Tinley. They crowned the mighty pile of slaughtered saints that had been accumulating, from the martyrdom of blessed John Rogers, on the fourth of February, 1555, to this tenth of November, 1558.

It is said that Harpsfield, knowing the hopeless state of the Queen, made all possible haste from London to Canterbury, to dispatch these victims, lest by deferring their fate for a little while he should lose the opportunity of adding yet this butchery to the long and fearful list recorded against his soul. His character renders it but too probable: howsoever it may be, he has long since gone to his terrible account. The five martyrs above named were chiefly condemned for denying transubstantiation, maintaining that an evil man does not receive Christ in the communion, and denouncing as idolatrous the worship of images and saints. When the sentence of excommunication was read against them, John Corneford, filled with holy zeal against the blasphemous abominations that they had good cause to hope were now about to be expelled from this weary land, thus uttered a counter-excommunication. "In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of the Most Mighty God, and by the power of His Holy Spirit, and the authority of His holy, catholic, and apostolic church, we do here give into the hands of Satan, to be destroyed, the bodies of all these blasphemers and heretics that do maintain any error against his most holy word, or do condemn his most holy faith for heresy, to the maintenance of any false church, or feigned religion: so that by this thy just judgment, O most mighty God, against thine adversaries, thy true religion may be known, to thy great glory and our comfort, and to the edifying of all our nation. Good Lord, so be it. Amen."

This extraordinary effusion of faith and hope was taken down and registered: and the death of Mary within less than a week afterwards, could not but produce a powerful effect on some who heard it uttered. The old woman, Tinley, had a pious son, who was the means of bringing her to the knowledge of that truth for which she at last gave her body to the flames. While yet in an ignorant and careless state, she met, in a book of prayers, with a quotation from the prophet Joel, "It shall come to pass in those days, saith the Lord, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh," &c. This she took to her son, asking him what it

meant; and from his exposition of the passage she obtained the first gleam of spiritual light, which God brought to perfect day. The five martyrs, having prayed, and prepared themselves for the stake, besought the Lord that their blood might be the last that should be so shed: and their prayer was granted.

Many interesting notices are contained in the valuable work of Fox, of those who, by God's providence, were saved from the fire; queen Mary's death intervening between the victims and the cruel designs of their persecutors. Our business has been to present the reader with a view of such as actually suffered; and here we must close the painful yet joyful task. Painful indeed has it been, to trace the bloody hand of persecution through its desolating work: to follow God's afflicted saints through every variety of suffering, and to record their trials of whom the world was not worthy. Painful it is to know, too assuredly, that the same enemy, unchanged, save only the shortening of his power compels him to assume a more peaceable demeanour, is again winding the fearful snare around our rescued church, too unwatchful in her prolonged security. Joyful the task has been, while the eye of faith, uplifted from the scenes so vividly portrayed by the venerable martyrologist, was enabled to behold the present blessedness of those "called, and chosen, and faithful" ones, now before the throne of the Lamb, clothed in white robes, with palms in their hands; or reposing under the altar, typical of their character as accepted sacrifices, awaiting the arrival of their brethren who are yet to be slain, even as they were. And joyful it indeed is, to possess this great privilege of sounding, in our humble measure, an alarum to the children of God in this perilous day: to set before them a faithful representation of what has been, that they may better understand what will yet be, if they arouse not themselves to greater watchfulness and more earnest prayer. The story is told, the warning is given: and may God, the Father of lights, by the operation of the Holy Spirit, deeply engrave it on the heart, memory, and conscience of every professing Protestant, for his dear Son's sake! Amen.

THE END.

A TABLE

OF THE VARIOUS MARTYRDOMS RECORDED IN THESE VOLUMES.

WITH THE PLACE AND DATE OF THEIR OCCURRENCE.

Those marked † are supposed to have been privately murdered.

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.
William Sautre, Priest,	Smithfield,	*Feb.* 1401
J. Badby, *Tailor,*	——	*Mar.* 1409
J. Claydon, *Currier,*	——	*Feb.* 1415
Lord Cobham,	St. Giles' Fields,	*Feb.* 1418
W. Taylor, Priest,	Smithfield,	*Mar.* 1422
R. Pecock,† Bishop,	Prison,	— 1457
J. Boughton, *Gentlewoman,*	Smithfield,	1494
W. Sweeting, J. Brewster, *Poor men,*	——	*Oct.* 1511
	——	— —
R. Hunne,†*Merchant tailor,*	Lollards' Tower,	*Dec.* 1514
J. Browne,	Ashford,	1517
Pat. Hamilton, Abbot,	St. Andrews,	*Mar.* 1527
T. Bilney, Priest,	Norwich,	1531
R. Bayfield, Priest,	Smithfield,	*Nov.* 1531
J. Tewksbury, *Leatherseller,*	——	*Dec.* 1531
J. Bennet, Priest,	Exeter,	*Jan.* 1532
J. Bainham, *Lawyer,*	Smithfield,	*April* 1532
J. Frith, *Scholar,*	——	*July* 1533
Andrew Hewet, *Tailor,*	——	— —
W. Tindal, Priest,	Filford,	1536
J. Lambert, Priest,	Smithfield,	1538
— Puttenden,	Suffolk,	*July* 1538
W. Leiton, Monk,	Norwich,	—
N. Peke,	Ipswich,	—
T. Forret, Priest,	Edinburgh,	1540
R. Barnes, D. D.	Smithfield,	*July* 1541
J. Garret, Priest,	——	— —
W. Hierome, Priest,	——	— —

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	
J. PORTER,†	Newgate,	*July*	1541
— SOMERS, *Merchant*,	Tower,		—
R. TESTWOOD, *Citizen*,	Windsor,		1544
H. FILMER, *Churchwarden*,	——		—
A. Pierson, Priest,	——		—
A. Damlip, Priest,	Calais,		1545
G. WISEHEART, *Gentleman*,	St. Andrew's,		
— KERBY, *Labourer*,	Ipswich,		1546
R. CLARKE, *Labourer*,	Bury,		—
ANNE ASKEW, *Gentlewoman*,	Smithfield,	*June*	1546
A. Belenian, Priest,	——	—	—
J. ADAMS, *Tailor*,	——	—	—
J. LASCELLES, *Gentleman*,	——	—	—
A. WALLACE,	Edinburgh,		1550
W. GARDINER, *Merchant*,	Lisbon,		1552
LADY JANE GREY,	Tower Hill,	*Jan.*	1554
J. Rogers, Priest,	Smithfield,	*Feb.*	1555
L. Saunders, Priest,	——	—	—
Dr. J. Hooper, Bishop,	Gloucester,	—	—
T. TOMKINS, *Weaver*,	Smithfield,	*Mar.*	—
Dr. R. Taylor, Priest,	Aldenham,	—	—
W. HUNTER, *Apprentice*,	Brentwood,	—	—
T. HIGBED, *Gentleman*,	Horndean,	—	—
T. CAUSTON, *Gentleman*,	Raleigh,	—	—
W. PYGOT, *Butcher*,	Braintree,	—	—
S. KNIGHT, *Barber*,	Malden,	—	—
J. Laurence, Priest,	Colchester,	—	—
Dr. R. Farrar, Bishop,	Carmarthen,	—	—
RAWLINS WHITE, *Fisherman*,	Cardiff,	—	—
G. MARSH, *Farmer*,	Chester,	*April*	—
W. Flower, Priest,	Westminster,	—	—
J. Cardmaker, Prebendary,	Smithfield,	*May*	1555
J. WARNE, *Upholsterer*,	——	—	—
J. SIMPSON, *Husbandman*,	Rochford,	—	—
J. ARDLEY, *Husbandman*,	Raleigh,	—	—
T. HAWKES, *Gentleman*,	Cox Hall,	*June*	—
T. WATTS, *Linendraper*,	Chelmsford,	—	—
J. OSMOND, *Fuller*,	Manningtree,	—	—
W. BAMFORD, *Weaver*,	Harwich,	—	—
N. CHAMBERLAIN, *Weaver*,	Colchester,	—	—
J. Bradford, Priest,	Smithfield,	*July*	—
J. LEAF, *Apprentice*,	——	—	—
J. Bland, Priest,	Canterbury,	—	—

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.
J. Frankish, Priest,	——	*July* 1555
N. Sheterden,	——	— —
H. Middleton,	——	— —
N. Hall, *Bricklayer,*	Rochester,	— —
C. Waid, *Weaver,*	Dartford,	— —
D. Carver, *Brewer,*	Lewes,	— —
J. Launder, *Husbandman,*	Steyning,	— —
T. Iveson, *Carpenter,*	Chichester,	— —
J. Abbes,	Bury,	*Aug.* —
J. Denley, *Gentleman,*	Uxbridge,	— —
J. Newman, *Pewterer,*	Saffron Walden,	— —
P. Packingham,	Uxbridge,	— —
R. Hook,	Chichester,	— —
W. Coker,	Canterbury,	— —
W. Hopper,	——	— —
H. Lawrence,	——	— —
R. Collier,	——	— —
R. Wright,	——	— —
W. Store,	——	— —
Eliz. Warne, *Widow,*	Stratford,	— —
G. Tankerfield, *Cook,*	St. Alban's,	— —
R. Smith, *Artist,*	Uxbridge,	— —
S. Harwood,	Stratford,	— —
T. Fust,	Ware,	— —
W. Hale,	Barnet,	— —
G. King,	Newgate,	— —
T. Leyes,	——	— —
J. Wade,	——	— —
W. Andrew,	——	— —
R. Samuel, Priest,	Ipswich,	— —
W. Allen, *Labourer,*	Walsingham,	*Sept.* —
R. Cox,	Yoxford,	— —
J. Cobb, *Butcher,*	Thetford,	— —
G. Catmer,	Canterbury,	— —
R. Streater,	——	— —
A. Burward,	——	— —
G. Breadbridge,	——	— —
J. Tutty,	——	— —
T. Hayward,	Lichfield,	— —
J. Gareway,	Lichfield,	— —
R. Glover, *Gentleman,*	Coventry,	— —
C. Bungay, *Capper,*	——	— —
W. Wolsey, *Constable,*	Ely,	— —

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	
R. Pygot, *Painter*,	Ely,	*Sept.*	1555
Dr. N. Ridley, Bishop,	Oxford,	*Oct.*	—
H. Latimer, Bishop,	——	—	—
J. Roper, G. Webbe, G. Parke, *Gentlemen*,	Canterbury,	*Nov.*	—
	——	—	—
	——	—	—
W. Wiseman,† *Cloth-work.*	Lollards' Tower,	*Dec.*	—
J. Gore,	Colchester Gaol,	—	—
J. Philpot, Archdeacon,	Smithfield,	—	—
T. Whittle, Priest,	——	*Jan.*	1556
B. Green, *Lawyer*,	——	—	—
J. Tudson, *Artificer*,	——	—	—
T. Went, *Artificer*,	——	—	—
T. Browne,	——	—	—
Isabel Foster,	——	—	—
Joan Warne,	——	—	—
J. Lomas,	Canterbury,	—	—
Agnes Smith, *Widow*,	——	—	—
Anne Albright,	——	—	—
Joan Catmer,	——	—	—
Joan Sole,	——	—	—
Dr. J. Cranmer, Archbp.,	Oxford,	*March*	—
Agnes Potten,	Ipswich,	—	—
Joan Trunchfield,	——	—	—
J. Maundrel, *Farmer*,	Salisbury,	—	—
J. Spicer, *Mason*,	——	—	—
W. Coberley, *Tailor*,	——	—	—
R. Drakes, Priest,	Smithfield,	*April*	—
W. Tyms, Curate,	——	—	—
R. Spurge, *Sheerman*,	——	—	—
T. Spurge, *Fuller*,	——	—	—
J. Cavel, *Weaver*,	——	—	—
G. Ambrose, *Fuller*,	——	—	—
J. Harpole,	Rochester,	—	—
Joan Beach, *Widow*,	——	—	—
J. Hullier, Priest,	Cambridge,	—	—
C. Lyster. *Husbandman*,	Colchester,	—	—
J. Mace, *Apothecary*,	——	—	—
J. Spencer, *Weaver*,	——	—	—
S. Joyne, *Sawyer*,	——	—	—
R. Nicholas, *Weaver*,	——	—	—
J. Hammond, *Tanner*,	——	—	—
H. Laverock, *a cripple*,	Stratford-le-bow,	*May*	—

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	
J. Apprice, *Poor and blind*,	Stratford-le-bow,	*May*	1556
Katherine Hut, *Widow*,	Smithfield,	—	—
Joan Horns,	——	—	—
Elizabeth Tackvel,	——	—	—
Margaret Ellis,	Newgate,	—	—
T. Drowry, *A blind boy*,	Gloucester,	—	—
T. Croker, *Bricklayer*,	——	—	—
T. Spicer, }	Beccles,	—	—
J. Denny, } *Labourers.*	——	—	—
E. Poole, }	——	—	—
W. Sleck,	King's Bench,	—	—
T. Harland, *Carpenter*,	Lewes,	*June*	—
J. Oswald, *Husbandman*,	——	—	—
T. Avington, *Turner*,	——	—	—
T. Read, *Labourer*,	——	—	—
W. Adherall, Priest,	King's Bench,	—	—
J. Clement, *Wheelwright*,	King's Bench,	—	—
H. Adlington, *Sawyer*,	Stratford,	—	—
R. Jackson, *Servant*,	——	—	—
L. Parman, *Smith*,	——	—	—
L. Cawch, *Broker*,	——	—	—
H. Wye, *Brewer*,	——	—	—
J. Derrifall, *Labourer*,	——	—	—
W. Hallywell, *Smith*,	——	—	—
J. Bowyer, *Weaver*,	——	—	—
G. Scarles, *Tailor*,	——	—	—
E. Hurst, *Labourer*,	——	—	—
J. Routh, *Labourer*,	——	—	—
Eliz. Pepper,	——	—	—
Agnes George,	——	—	—
R. Bernard, *Labourer*,	Bury,	—	—
A. Foster, *Husbandman*,	——	—	—
R. Lawson, *Weaver*,	——	—	—
J. Fortune, *Blacksmith*,	Norwich,	—	—
J. Careless, *Weaver*,	King's Bench,	*July*	—
J. Palmer, *Scholar*,	Newbury,	—	—
T. Askin,	——	—	—
J. Gwin,	——	—	—
T. Moor, *Servant*,	Leicester,	—	—
T. Dungate,	Grinstead,	—	—
J. Foreman,	——	—	—
— Tree, *Widow*,	——	—	—
Joan Waste, *Blind Girl*,	Derby,	*Aug.*	—

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.
E. Sharpe,	Bristol,	*Sept.* 1556
J. Hart,	——	— —
T. Ravensdale,	Mayfield,	— —
*** ***, *Shoemaker*,	——	— —
*** ***, *Currier*,	——	— —
*** ***, *Carpenter*,	Bristol,	— —
J. Horn,	Wotton,	— —
*** ***, *A woman*,	——	— —
*** ***, *Shoemaker*,	Northampton,	*Oct.* —
J. Clark, } *Starved*	Cant. Castle,	*Nov.* —
D. Chittenden, } *to death*	——	— —
W. Foster, } *Starved*	Cant. Castle,	*Nov.* 1556
J. Archer, } *to Death.*	——	— —
Alice Potkins, }	——	— —
S. Kempe,	Canterbury,	*Jan.* 1557
W. Waterer,	——	— —
W. Prouting,	——	— —
W. Lowick,	——	— —
T. Hudson,	——	— —
W. Hay,	——	— —
N. Final,	Ashford,	— —
M. Bradbridge,	——	— —
T. Stevens,	Wye,	— —
J. Philpot,	——	— —
T. Losebey,	Smithfield,	*April* —
H. Ramsay,	——	— —
T. Thurtell,	——	— —
Margt. Hyde,	——	— —
Agnes Stanley,	——	— —
W. Morant,	St. George's Fi.	*May* —
S. Gratwick,	——	— —
John King,	——	— —
Joan Bradbridge,	Maidstone,	*June* —
W. Appleby,	——	— —
Petronel Appleby, *his wife*,	——	— —
E. Allin, *Miller*,	——	— —
Cath. Allin, *His wife*,	——	— —
— Mannings,	——	— —
Elizabeth, *A blind girl*,	——	— —
R. Sharpe, *Weaver*,	Bristol,	— —
T. Hale, *Shoemaker*,	——	— —
J. Fishcook,	Canterbury,	— —
N. White,	——	— —

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	
N. Pardue,	Canterbury,	*June*	1557
Alice Benden,	——	—	—
— Wilson, *Married woman*,	——	—	—
Mary Bradbridge, *Widow*,	——	—	—
Barb. Final, *Widow*,	——	—	—
R. Woodman,	Lewes,	—	—
G. Stevens,	——	*June*	1557
W. Maynard,	——	—	—
A. Hosman, *Maynard's serv.*,	——	—	—
Thomasine Wood, *the same*,	——	—	—
J. Morris,	——	—	—
Marg. Morris, *His mother*,	——	—	—
D. Burgess,	——	—	—
— Ashdowne, *Married wo.*,	——	—	—
— Grave, *the same*,	——	—	—
— Ambrose,	Maidstone Gaol,	—	—
R. Lush,	Bath Prison,	—	—
S. Miller,	Norwich,	*July*	—
Eliz. Cooper, *Married wo.*	——	—	—
W. Munt, *Husbandman*,	Colchester	*Aug.*	—
Alice Munt, *His wife*,	——	—	—
Rose Allen, *Their daught.*	——	—	—
J. Johnson, *Labourer*,	——	—	—
W. Bongeor, *Glazier*,	——	—	—
T. Benold, *Chandler*,	——	—	—
W. Purchas,	——	—	—
Agnes Silverside, *Widow*,	——	—	—
H. Ewring, *Married wo.*	——	—	—
E. Folkes, *Maid servant*,	——	—	—
T. Benton, *Weaver*,	Bristol,	—	—
G. Eagles, *Tailor*,	Chelmsford,	—	—
R. Crashfield,	Norwich,		
— Fryer,	——		
G. Eagles' Sister,	Rochester,	—	—
Joyce Lewis, *Gentlewoman*,	Lichfield,	—	—
R. Allerton,	Islington,	*Sept.*	—
J. Austoo,	——	—	—
Marg. Austoo, *His wife*,	——	—	—
R. Roth,	——	—	—
Marg. Thurston, *Widow*,	Colchester,	—	—
A. Bongeor, *Married wo.*	——	—	—
J. Noyes, *Shoemaker*,	Laxfield,	—	—
C. Ormes, *Married woman*,	Norwich,	—	—

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.
— *Athoth, Priest,*	Chichester,	*Sept. & Oct.*
J. Foreman,	——	*Oct.* 1557
J. Warner,	——	— —
C. Graver,	——	— —
N. Holden,	——	— —
J. Oswald,	——	— —
J. Morrice,	——	— —
J. Ashdon,	——	— —
T. Avington,	——	— —
D. Burgis,	——	— —
T. Ravensdale,	——	— —
J. Miles,	——	— —
J. Hart,	——	— —
T. Harland,	——	— —
T. Dougate,	——	— —
Ann Try,	——	— —
Marg. Morrice,	——	— —
J. Spurdance, *Queen's serv.*	Norwich,	*Nov.* —
J. Hallingdale,	Smithfield,	— —
W. Sparrow,	——	— —
R. Gibson, *Gentleman,*	——	— —
J. Rough, Priest,	——	*Dec.* —
Margaret Mearing,	——	— —
C. Symson, Deacon,	——	*March* 1558
H. Fox,	——	— —
J. Devenish,	——	— —
W. Nichol,	Haverfordwest,	— —
W. Seaman, *Husbandman,*	Norwich,	*May* —
T. Hudson, *Glover,*	——	— —
T. Carman,	——	— —
W. Haines,	Colchester,	— —
R. Day,	——	— —
C. George, *Married wom.*	——	— —
Walter Mill, Priest,	St. Andrew's,	— —
H. Pond,	Smithfield,	*June* —
R. Eastland,	——	— —
R. Southam,	——	— —
M. Ricarby,	——	— —
J. Floyd,	——	— —
J. Holliday,	——	— —
R. Holland,	——	— —
R. Willes,	Brentford,	*July* —
S. Cotton,	——	— —

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	
R. Dynes,	Brentford,	*July*	1558
S. Wright,	——	—	—
J. Slade,	——	—	—
W. Pikes,	——	—	—
R. Yeoman, Priest,	Norwich,	—	—
J. Dale, *Weaver,*	Bury Gaol,	—	—
J. Alcock, *Servant,*	Newgate,	—	—
T. Benbridge, *Gentleman,*	Smithfield,	—	—
J. Cooke, *Sawyer,*	Bury,	*Aug.*	—
R. Miles, *Sheerman,*	——	—	—
A. Lane, *Wheelwright,*	——	—	—
J. Ashley,	——	—	—
A. Gouch,	Ipswich,	*Nov.*	—
Alice Driver,	——	—	—
P. Humfrey,	Bury,	—	—
J. David,	——	—	—
H. David,	——	—	—
E. Prest, *Married Woman,*	Exeter,	—	—
J. Corneford,	Canterbury,	—	—
J. Hurst,	——	—	—
C. Brown,	——	—	—
Alice Snoth,	——	—	—
Katharine Tynley,	——	—	—

"The noble army of Martyrs praise Thee."